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THE MAN IN THE HIGH-WATER BOOTS

By F. Hopkinson Smith

NOW and then in my various prowlings I have met a man with a personality; one with mental equipment, heart endowment, self-forgetfulness, and charm—the kind of charm that makes you glad when he comes and sorry when he goes.

One was a big-chested, straight-backed, clear-eyed, clean-souled sea-dog, with arms of hickory, fingers of steel, and a brain in instant touch with a button marked "Experience and Pluck." Another was a devil-may-care, bare-footed Venetian, who wore a Leporello hat canted over one eye and a scarlet sash about his thin, shapely waist, and whose corn teeth gleamed and flashed as he twisted his mustache or threw kisses to the pretty bead-stringers crossing Ponte Lungo. Still a third was a little sawed-off, freckled-faced, red-headed Irishman, who drove a cab through London fogs in winter, poled my punt among the lily-pads in summer, and hung wall-paper between times.

These I knew and *loved;* even now the cockles of my heart warm up when I think of them. Others I knew and *liked;* the difference being simply one of personality.

This time it is a painter who crosses my path—a mere lad of thirty-two or three, all boy—heart, head, and brush. I had caught a glimpse of him in New York, when he "blew in" (no other phrase expresses his movement) where his pictures were being hung, and again in Philadelphia when some crushed ice and a mixture made it pleasant for everybody, but I had never examined all four sides of him until last summer.

We were at Dives at the time, lunching in the open courtyard of the inn, three of us, when the talk drifted toward the young painter, his life at his old mill near Eure and his successes at the Salon and elsewhere. Our host, the Sculptor, had come down in his automobile—a long, low, double-jointed crouching tiger—a forty-devil-power machine, fearing neither God nor man, and which is bound sooner or later to come to an untimely end and the scrap heap.

All about, fringing the tea-tables and filling the summer air with their chatter and laughter, were gathered not only the cream, but the very top skimmings of all the fashion and folly of Trouville—twenty minutes away, automobile time—their blossoming hats, full-blown parasols, and pink and white veils adding another flower-bed to the quaint old court-yard.

With the return of the Man from the Latin Quarter, his other guest, who knew the ins and outs of the cellar, and who had gone in search of a certain vintage known only to the initiated (don't forget to ask for it when you go—it has no label, but the cork is sealed with yellow wax; M. Ramois, the good landlord, will know the kind—*if he thinks you do*), our host, the Sculptor, his mind still on his friend the painter, looked up and said, as he reached for the corkscrew:

"Why not go to-morrow? The mill is the most picturesque thing you ever saw—an old Louis XIII house and mill on the River Rille near Beaumont-le-Roger, once inhabited by the poet Chateaubriand. The river runs underground in the sands for some distance and comes out a few miles from Knight's—cold as ice and clear as crystal and packed full of trout. Besides Knight is at home—had a line from him this morning."

The Man from the Quarter laid down his glass.

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"How far is it?" This man is so daft on fishing that he has been known to kiss the first trout he hooks in the spring.

"Only fifty-six miles, my dear boy—run you over in an hour."

"And everything else that gets in the way," said the Man from the Quarter, moving his glass nearer the Sculptor's elbow.

"No danger of that—I've got a siren that you can hear for a mile—but really, it's only a step."

I once slid down a salt mine on a pair of summer pantaloons and brought up in total darkness (a godsend under the circumstances). I still shudder when I think of the speed; of the way my hair tried to leave my scalp; of the peculiar blink in my eyes; of the hours it took to live through forty seconds; and of my final halt in the middle of a moon-faced, round-paunched German who was paid a mark for saving the bones and necks of idiots like myself.

This time the sliding was done in an overcoat (although the summer sun was blazing), a steamer cap, and a pair of goggles. First there came a shivery chuggetty-chug, as if the beast was shaking himself loose. Next a noise like the opening of a bolt in an iron cage, and then the Inn of William the Conqueror—the village—beach, inlet—wide sea, streamed behind like a panorama run at high pressure.

The first swoop was along the sea, a whirl into Houlgate, a mad dash through the village, dogs and chickens running for dear life, and out again with the deadly rush of a belated wild goose hurrying to a southern clime. Our host sat beside the chauffeur, who looked like the demon in a ballet in his goggles and skull-cap. The Man from the Quarter and I crouched on the rear seats, our eyes on the turn of the road ahead. What we had left behind, or what might be on either side of us was of no moment; what would come around that far-distant curve a mile away and a minute off was what troubled us. The demon and the Sculptor were as cool as the captain and first mate on the bridge of a liner in a gale; the Man from the Quarter stared doggedly ahead; I was too scared for scenery and too proud to ask the Sculptor to slow down, so I thought of my sins and slowly murmured, "Now I lay me."

When we got to the top of the last hill and had swirled into the straight broad turnpike leading to Lisieux, the Sculptor spoke in an undertone to the demon, did something with his foot or hand or teeth—everything with which he could push, pull, or bite was busy—and the machine, as if struck by a lash, sprang into space. Trees, fences, little farmhouses, haystacks, canvas-covered wagons, frightened children, dogs, now went by in blurred outlines; ten miles, thirty miles, then a string of villages, Liseau among them, the siren shrieking like a lost soul sinking into perdition.

"Watch the road to the right," wheezed the Sculptor between his breaths; "that is where the Egyptian prince was killed—" this over his shoulder to me—"a tramcar hit him—you can see the hole in the bank. Made that last mile in sixty-five seconds—running fifty-nine now—look out for that cross-road——" Wow-wow-oo—wow-wow (siren). "Damn that market cart——" Wow-wow-o-o-wow. "Slow up, or we'll be on top of that donkey—just grazed it. Can't tell what a donkey will do when a girl's driving it." Wow-oo-w-o——.

Up a long hill now, down into a valley—the road like a piece of white tape stretching ahead—past school-houses, barns, market gardens; into dense woods, out on to level plains bare of a tree—one mad, devilish, brutal rush, with every man's eyes glued to the turn of the road ahead, which every half-minute swerved, straightened, swerved again; now blocked by trees, now opening out, only to close, twist, and squirm anew. Great fun, this, gambling with death, knowing that from behind each bush, beyond every hill-crest, and around each curve there may spring something that will make assorted junk of your machine and send you to Ballyhack!

"Only one more hill," breathed the Sculptor, wiping the caked dust from his lips. Woo-oo-wow-o-o (nurse with a baby-carriage this time, running into the bushes like a frightened rabbit). "See the mill-stream—that's it flashing in the sunlight! See the roof of the mill? That's Aston Knight's! Down brakes! All out—fifty-six miles in one hour and twenty-two minutes! Not bad!"

I sprang out—so did the Man from the Quarter—the flash of the mill-stream glistening in the sunlight had set his blood to tingling; as for myself, no sheltering doorway had ever looked so inviting.

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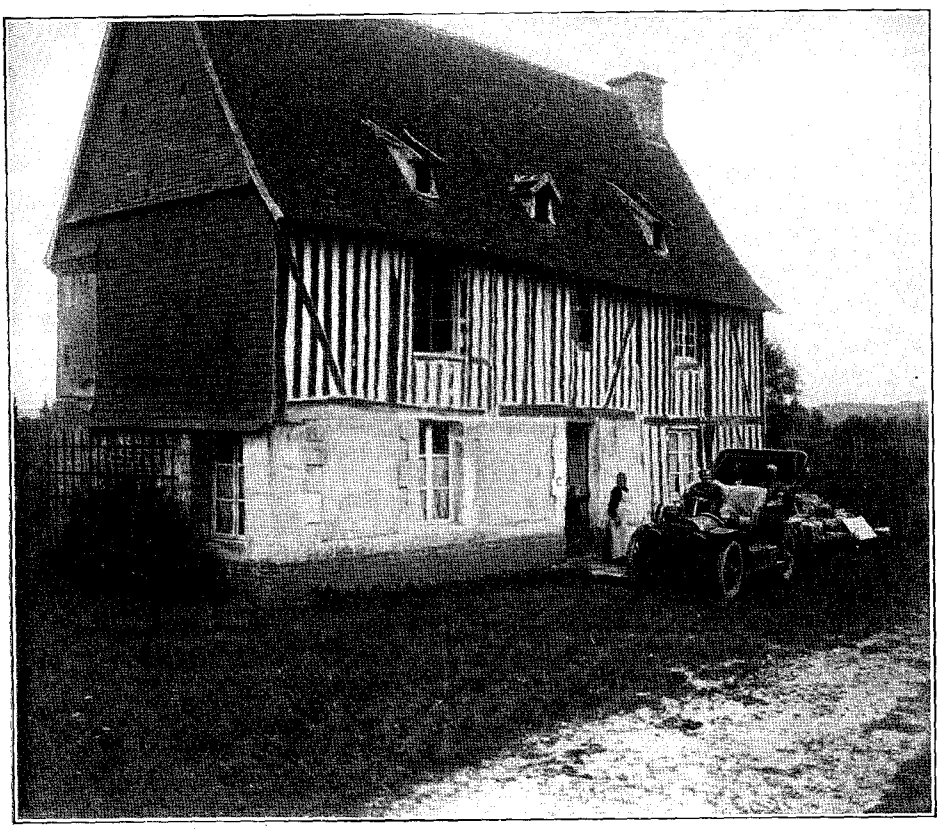

"Marie! Marie!" cried out the Sculptor.

"Marie! Marie! Where's monsieur?" cried out the Sculptor from his seat beside the demon.

"Upstairs, I think," answered a stout, gray-haired, rosy-cheeked woman, wiping her hand and arms on her apron as she spoke. She had started on a run from the brook's edge behind the house, where she had been washing, when she heard the shriek of the siren, but the machine had pulled up before she could reach the door-step.

"He went out early, but I think he's back now. Come in, come in, all of you. I'm glad to see you—so will he be."

Marie was cook, housemaid, valet, mother, doctor, and any number of things beside to Knight; just as in the village across the stream where she lived—or rather slept, o' nights—she was bill-poster, bell-ringer, and town-crier, to say nothing of her being the mother of eleven children, all her own—Knight being the adopted twelfth.

"The mill might as well be without water as without Marie," said the Sculptor. "Wait until you taste her baked trout—the chef at the Voisin is a fool beside her." We had all shaken the dear woman's hand now and had preceded her into the square hall filled with easels, fresh canvases, paintings hung on hooks to dry, pots of brushes, rain-coats, sample racks of hats, and the like.

All this time the beast outside was snorting like a race horse catching its breath after a run, the demon walking in front of it, examining its teeth, or mouth, or eyes, or whatever you do examine when you go poking around in front of it.

Up the narrow stairs, now in single file, and into a bedroom—evidently Knight's—full of canvases, sketching garb, fishing rods and creels lining the walls; and then into another—evidently the guest's room—all lace covers, cretonne, carved chests, Louis XVI furniture, rare old portraits, and easy-chairs, the Sculptor opening each closet in turn, grumbling, "Just like him to try and fool us," but no trace of Knight.

Then the Sculptor threw up a window

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"Stay where you are till I get this high light."

and thrust out his head, bringing clearer into view a stretch of meadow bordered with clumps of willows shading the rushing stream below.

"Louis! Louis! Where the devil are you, you brute of a painter?"

There came an halloo—faint—downstream.

"The beggar's at work somewhere in those bushes, and you couldn't get him out with dynamite until the light changed. Come along!"

There's no telling what an outdoor painter will submit to when an uncontrollable enthusiasm sweeps him off his feet, so to speak. I myself barely held my own (and within the year, too) on the top step of a crowded bridge in Venice in the midst of a cheering mob at a regatta, where I used the back of my gondolier for an easel, and again, when years ago, I clung to the platform of an elevated station in an effort to get, between the legs and bodies of the hurrying mob, the outlines of the spider-web connecting the two cities. I have watched, too, other painters in equally uncomfortable positions—that is, out-of-door painters; not steam-heated, easy-chair fellows, with pencil memoranda or photos to copy from—but it was the first time in all my varied experiences that I had ever come upon a painter standing up to his armpits in a swift-flowing mill, or any other kind of a stream, the water breaking against his body as a rock breasts a torrent, he working away like mad on a 3×4 lashed to a huge ladder high enough to scale the mill's roof.

"Any fish?" yelled the Man from the Quarter.

"Yes, one squirming around my knees now—shipped him a minute ago—foot slipped. Awful glad to see you—stay where you are till I get this high light."

"Stay where I am!" bellowed the Sculptor. "Do you think I'm St. Peter or some long-legged crane that——"

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"All right—I'm coming."

He had grabbed both sides of the ladder by this time, and with head in the crotch was sloshing ashore, the water squirting from the tops of his boots.

"Shake! Mighty good of you fellows to come all the way down to see me. Here, you stone-cutter—help me off with these boots. Marie's getting luncheon. Don't touch that canvas—all this morning's work—got to work early." (It looked to be a finished picture to me.)

He was flat on the grass now, his legs in the air like an acrobat about to balance a globe, the water pouring from his wading boots, soaking the rest of him, all three of us tugging away—I at his head, the Sculptor at his feet. How Marie ever helped him squirm out of this diving-suit was more than I could tell.

We had started for the mill now, the Man from the Quarter lugging the boots, still hoping there might be some truth in the trout story, the Sculptor with the palette (big as a tea-tray), Knight with the ladder, and I with the wet canvas.

Again the cry rang out: "Marie! *Marie!*" and again the old woman started on a run—for the kitchen this time (she had been listening for this halloo—he generally came in wringing wet)—reappearing as we reached the hall door, her apron full of clothes swept from a drying line stretched before the big, all-embracing fireplace. These she carried ahead of us upstairs and deposited on the small iron bedstead in the painter's own room, Knight close behind, his wet socks making Man-Friday footprints in the middle of each well-scrubbed step. Once there, Knight dodged into a closet, wriggled himself loose, and was out again with half of Marie's apronful covering his chest and legs.

It was easy to see where the power of his brush lay. No timid, uncertain, niggling stroke ever came from that torso or forearm or thigh. He hewed with a broad axe, not with a chisel, and he hewed true—that was the joy of it. The men of Meissonier's time, like the old Dutchmen, worked from their knuckle joints. These new painters, in their new technique—new to some—old really, as that of Velasquez and Frans Hals—swing their brushes from their spinal columns down their forearms (Knight's biceps measure seventeen inches) and out through their finger-tips, with something of the rhythm and force of an old-time blacksmith welding a tire. Broad chests, big

He had grabbed both sides of the ladder and was sloshing ashore.

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boilers, strong arms, straight legs, and stiff backbones have much to do with success in life—more than we give them credit for. Instead of measuring men's heads, it would be just as well, once in a while, to slip the tape around their chests and waists. Steam is what makes the wheels go round, and steam is well-digested fuel and a place to put it. With this equipment a man can put "GO" into his business, strength into his literature, virility into his brush; without it he may succeed in selling spool cotton or bobbins, may write pink poems for the multitude and cover wooden panels with cardinals and ladies of high degree in real satin and life-like lace, but no part of his output will take a full man's breath away.

Sunshine, flowers, open windows letting in the cool breezes from meadow and stream; an old beamed ceiling, smoke-browned by countless pipes; walls covered with sketches of every nook and corner about us; a table for four, heaped with melons, grapes, cheese, and flanked by ten-pin bottles just out of the brook; good-fellowship, harmony of ideas, courage of convictions—with no heads swelled to an unnatural size; four appetites—enormous, prodigious appetites; Knight for host and Marie as high chamberlainess, make the feasts of Lucullus and the afternoon teas of Cleopatra but so many quick lunches served in the rush hour of a downtown restaurant! Not only were the trout-baked-in-cream (Marie's specialty) all that the Sculptor had claimed for them, but the fried chicken, soufflés—everything, in fact, that the dear woman served—would have gained a Blue Ribbon had she filled the plate of any committeeman making the award.

With the coffee and cigars (cigarettes had been smoked with every course—it was that kind of a feast) the four mouths had a breathing spell.

From a sketch by Aston Knight.

Evidently the guest's room.—Page 643.

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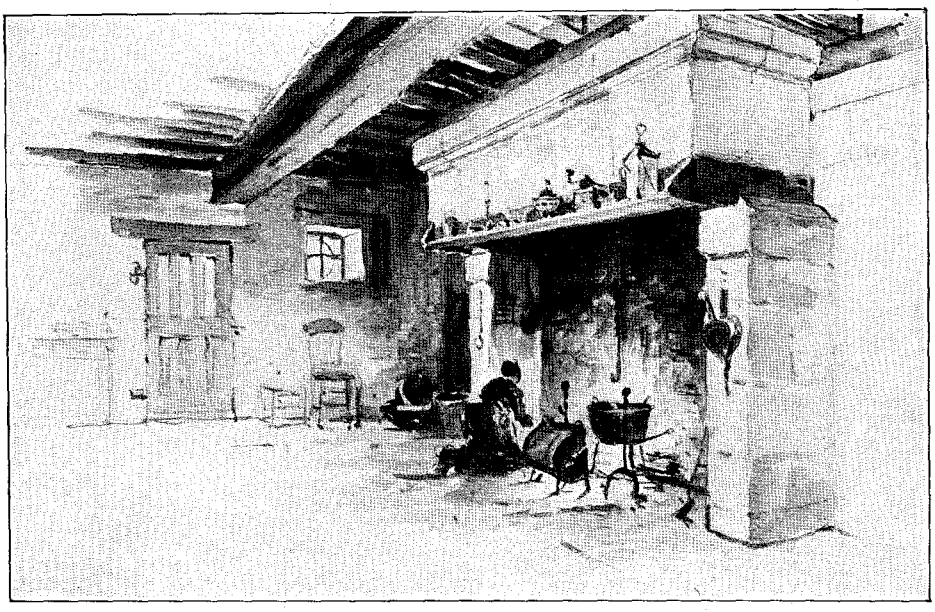

From a sketch by Aston Knight.

Not only were the trout-baked-in-cream (Marie's specialty).—Page 646.

Up to this time the talk had been a staccato performance between mouthfuls:

"Yes—came near smashing a donkey—don't care if I do—no—no gravy" (Sculptor). "Let me put an extra bubble in your glass" (Knight). "These fish are as firm as the Adirondack trout" (Man from the Quarter). "More cream—thank you. Marie!" (Knight, of course) "more butter." "Donkey wasn't the only thing we missed—grazed a baby carriage and——" (Scribe). "I'm going to try a red ibis after luncheon and a miller for a tail fly—pass that melon" (Man from the Quarter). That sort of hurried talk without logical beginning or ending.

But now each man had a comfortable chair, and filled it with shoulders hidden deep in its capacious depths, and legs straight out, only the arms and hands free enough to be within reach of the match-safe and thimble glasses. And with the ease and comfort of it all the talk itself slowed down to a pace more in harmony with that peace which passeth all understanding—unless you have had a seat at the table.

The several masters of the outdoor school were now called up, their merits discussed and their failings hammered: Thaulow, Sorolla y Bastida, the new Spanish wonder, whose exhibition the month before had astonished and delighted Paris; the Glasgow School; Zorn, Sargent, Winslow Homer—all the men of the direct, forceful school, men who swing their brushes from their spines instead of from their finger-tips—were slashed into and made mincemeat of or extolled to the skies. Then the "patty-pats," with their little dabs of yellow, blue, and red, in imitation of the master Monet; the "slick and slimies," and the "woollies"—the men who essayed the vague, mysterious, and obscure—were set up and knocked down one after the other, as is the custom with all groups of painters the world over when the never-ending question of technique is tossed into the middle of the arena.

Outdoor work next came into review and the discomforts and hardships a painter must go through to get what he is after, the Man from the Quarter defending the sit-by-the-fire fellows.

"No use making a submarine diver of yourself, Knight," he growled. "Go and look at it and then come home and paint the impression and put something of yourself into it."

Knight threw his head back and laughed. "I'd rather put the brook in—all of it."

"But I don't see why you've got to get soaked to the skin every time you want to make a sketch.

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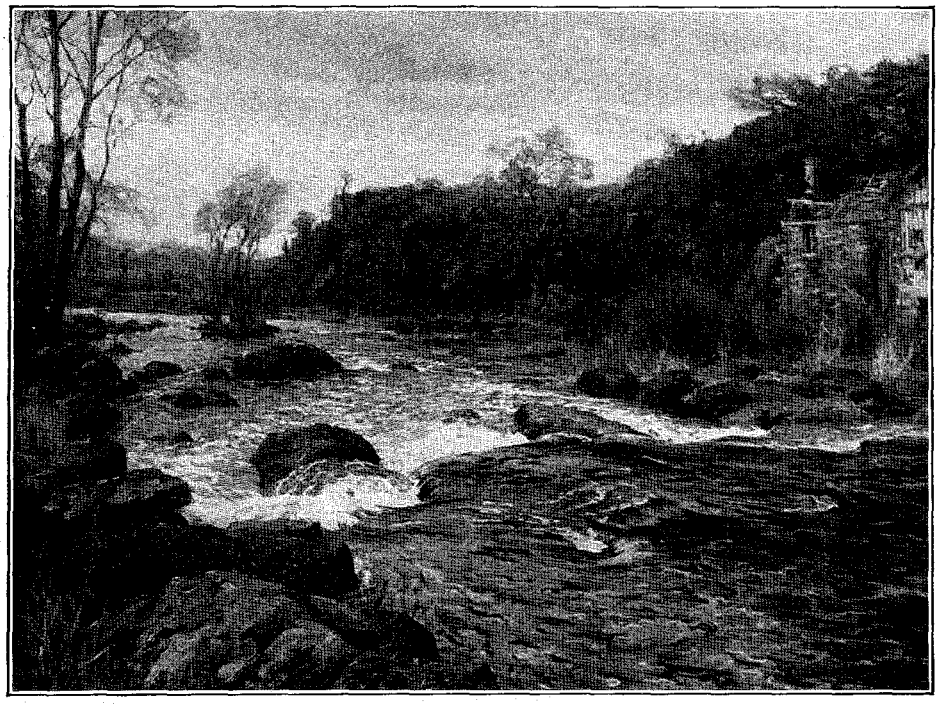
"The soaking is what helps," replied Knight, reaching for a match. "I like to feel I'm drinking some of it in. Then, when you're right in the middle of it you don't put on any airs and try to improve on what's before you and spoil it with detail. One dimple on a girl's cheek is charming; two—and you send for the doctor. And she's so simple when you look into her face—I'm talking of the brook now, not the girl—and it's so easy to put her down as she is, not the form and color only, but the *mood* in which you find her. A brook is worse, really, than your best girl in the lightning changes she can go through—laughing, crying, coquetting—just as the mood seizes her. There, for instance, hanging over your head is a 'gray day'"—and he pointed to one of his running-water sketches tacked to the wall. "I tried to cheer her up a little with touches of warm tones here and there—all lies—same kind you tell your own chickabiddy when she's blue—but she wouldn't have it and cried straight ahead for four hours until the sun came out; but I was through by that time and waded ashore. You can see for yourselves how unhappy she was." He spoke as if the sketch was alive—and it was.

"But I always work out of doors that way," he continued. "In winter up in Holland I sit in furs and wooden shoes, and often have to put alcohol in my water-cups to keep my colors from freezing. My big picture of 'The Torrent'—the one in the Toledo Art Gallery—was painted in January, and out of doors. As for the brush-work, I try to do the best I can. I used to tickle up things I painted; some of the fellows at Julian's believed in that, and so did Fleury and Lefebvre to some extent.



From a painting by Aston Knight.

The Torrent.
Property Toledo Art Gallery.

"And when did you get over it?" I asked.

"When my father persuaded me to send a bold sketch to the Volney Club, which I had done to please myself, and which they hung and bought. So I said to myself: 'Why trim, clean up, and make pretty a picture, when by simply painting what I love in nature in a free, breezy manner while my enthusiasm lasts—and it generally lasts

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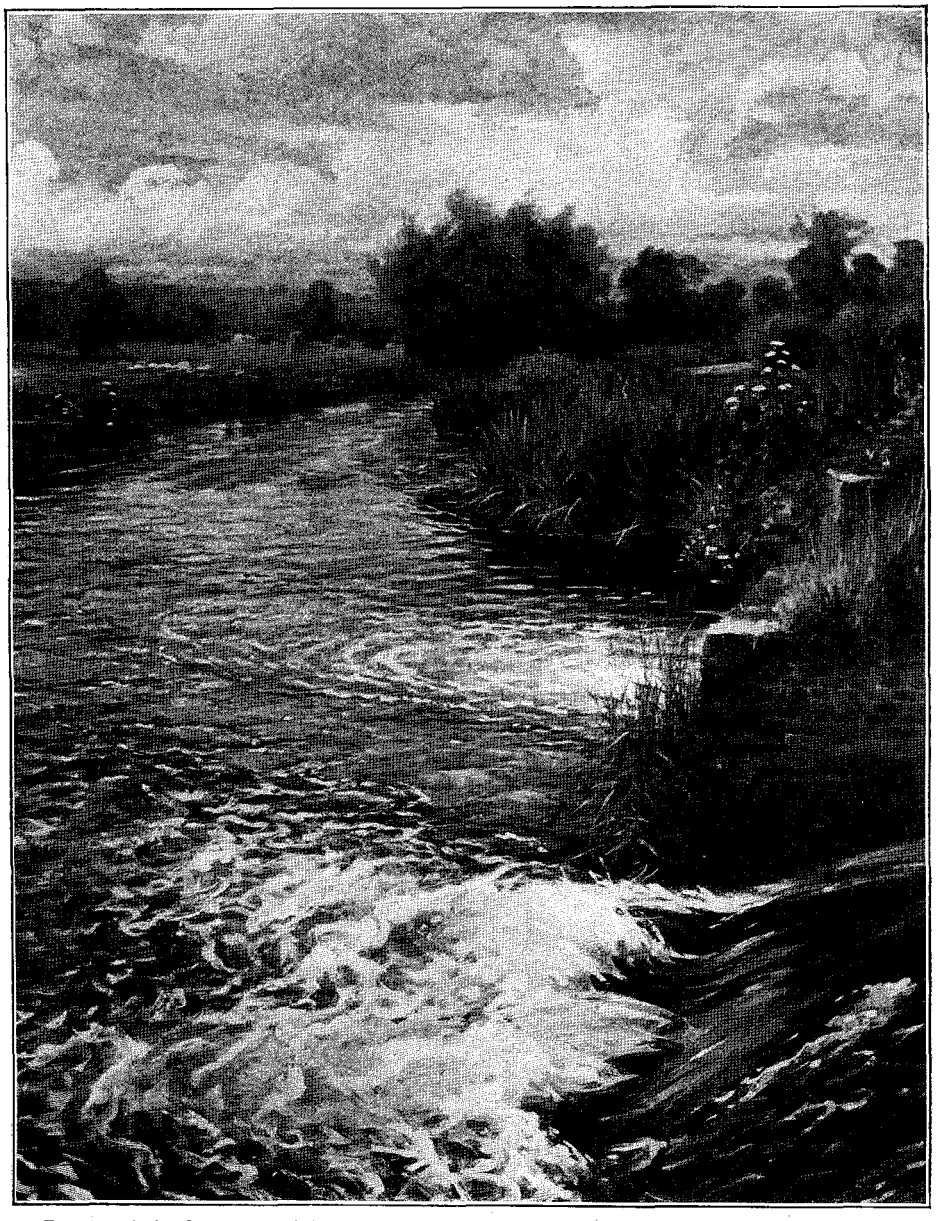

From a painting by Aston Knight.

He spoke as if the sketch was alive—and it was.—Page 648.

until I get through—sometimes it spills over to the next day—I please myself and a lot of people beside."

We were all on our feet now examining the sketches—all running-brook studies—most of them made in that same pair of high-water boots. No one but the late Fritz Thaulow approaches him in giving the reality of this most difficult subject for an out-door painter. The ocean surf repeats itself in its recurl and swash and by close watching a painter has often a chance to use his "second barrel," so to speak, but the up-turned face of an unruly brook is not only million-tinted and endless in its expression, but so sensitive in its reflections that every passing cloud and patch of blue above it saddens or cheers it.

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From a triptych by Aston Knight. The Giant Cities—New York, Paris, London.

"Yes, painting water is enough to drive you mad," burst out Knight, "but I don't intend to paint anything else—not for years, any way. Hired the mill so I could paint the water running *away* from you downhill. That's going to take a good many years to get hold of, but I'm going to stick it out. I can't always paint it from the banks, not if I want to study the middle ripples at my feet, and these are the ones that run out of your canvas just above your name-plate. *Got* to stand in it, I tell you. Then you get the drawing, and the drawing is what counts. Oh, I love it!" Knight stretched his big arms and legs and sprang from his chair.

"Really, fellows, I don't know anything about it. All I do is to let myself go. I always *feel* more than I *see*, and so my brush has a devil of a job to keep up. Marie! *Marie!*"

Had the good woman been a mile down the brook she could have heard him—she was only in the next room. "Bring in the boots—two pair this time—we're going fishing. And, Marie—has the chauffeur had anything to eat?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Anything to drink?"

"No, monsieur."

"*What!* Hand him this," and he grabbed a half-empty bottle from the table.

I sprang forward and caught it before Marie got her fingers around it.

"Not if I know it!" I cried. "We've got to get back to Dives. When he lands me inside my gar-

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den at the inn he shall have a magnum, but not a drop till he does."

When the two had gone the Sculptor and I leaned back in our chairs and lighted fresh cigars. My enthusiasm has not cooled for the sports of my youth. With a comfortable stool, a well-filled basket, and a long jointed rod, I, like many another staid old painter, can still get an amazing amount of enjoyment watching a floating cork, but I didn't propose to follow those two lunatics. I knew the Man from the Quarter—had known him from the day of his birth—and knew what he would do and where he would go (over his head sometimes) for a poor devil of a fish half as long as his finger, and I had had positive evidence of what the other web-footed duck thought of ice-cold water. No, I'd take a little sugar in mine, if you please, and put a drop of——but the Sculptor had already foreseen and was then forestalling my needs, so we leaned back in our chairs once more.

Again the talk covered wide reaches.

"Great boy, Knight," broke out the Sculptor in a sudden burst of enthusiasm over his friend. "You ought to see him handle a crowd when he's at work. He knows the French people—never gets mad. He bought a calf for Marie last week, and drove it home himself. Told me it had ten legs, four heads, and twenty tails before he got it here. Old woman lost hers and Knight bought her another—he'd bring her a herd if she wanted it. All the way from the market the boys kept up a running fire of criticism. When the ringleader came too near Knight sprang at him with a yelp like a dog's. The boy was so taken aback that he ran. Then Knight roared with laughter, and in an instant the whole crowd were his friends—two of them helped him get the calf out of town. When a French crowd laughs with you you can do anything with them. He had had more fun bringing home that calf, he told me, than he'd had for weeks, and he's a wonder at having a good time."

Then followed—much of which was news to me—an account of the painter's earlier life and successes.

He was born in Paris August 3, 1873; his father, Ridgway Knight, the distinguished painter, and his mother, who was Rebecca Morris Webster, both being Philadelphians. Not only is he, therefore, of true American descent, but his eight great-grandparents were Americans, dating back to Thomas Ridgway, who was born in Delaware in 1713. Thus by both the French and American laws he is an American citizen.

At fourteen he was sent to Chigwell School in England by his father, to have "art knocked out of him" by the uncongenial surroundings of the quiet old school where the great William Penn had been taught to read and write. He left in 1890, having won the Special Classical Prize, Oxford and Cambridge Certificate Prize, besides prizes for carpentering, gymnasium, running, and "putting the weight."

At home the boy always drew and painted for pleasure, as well as at school during the half-holidays. Some water-colors made during a holiday trip in Brittany in 1890 decided his father to allow him to follow art as a career. He entered Julian's studio, with Jules Lefebvre and Tony Robert-Fleury as professors in 1891, and studied from the nude during the five following winters. His principal work was, however, done in the country at and around Poissy, under the guidance of his father.

His exhibits in the Paris Salon (*artistes Français*) were twenty-four oils and water-colors from 1894 to 1906, obtaining an honorable mention in 1901 with the "Thames at Whitchurch"; a gold medal, third class, in 1905, with "The Torrent"; and a gold medal, second class, in 1906, with his triptych "The Giant Cities" (New York, Paris, London), which makes him *hors concours*, with the great distinction of being the first American landscape painter to get two Salon gold medals in two consecutive years. He won also a bronze medal in the American section of the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1900 with a water-color, and a gold medal of honor at Rheims, Cherbourg, Geneva, and Nantes.

His most important pictures are: "The Torrent," 4½ × 6 feet, owned by the Toledo Art Gallery; "The Abandoned Mill," 4½ × 6 feet; "The End of the Island," 6 × 8 feet; "Clisson Castle," 3 × 4½ feet, a water-color; "After the Storm," 3 × 5 feet; and "Winter in Holland," 3 × 4 feet.

I had listened to the Sculptor's brief account of his friend's progress with calm attention, but it had not altered my opinion

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of the man or his genius. None of it really interested me except that somebody beside myself had found out the lad's qualities—for to me he is still a lad. None of the jury who made the awards ever looked below the paint—that is, if they were like other juries the world over. They saw the brush-mark, no doubt, but they missed the breeze that came with it—was its life, really—a breeze that sweeps through and out of him, blowing side by side with genius and good health—a wind of destiny, perhaps, that will carry him to climes that other men know not of.

But what a refreshing thing, this breeze, to come out of a man, and what a refreshing kind of man for it to come out of! No pose, no effort to fill a No. 8 hat with a No. 7 head; just a simple, conscientious, hard-working painter, humble-minded in the presence of his goddess, and full to overflowing with an uncontrolled spontaneity. This in itself was worth risking one's neck to see.

Again the cry rang out, "Marie!" and two half-drowned water-rats stepped in; the Man from the Quarter in his underpinning—his pair of boots leaked and he had stripped them off—and Knight with his own half full of water. Both roared with laughter at Marie tugging at the huge white-rubber boots, the floor she had scrubbed so conscientiously spattered with sand and water.

Then began the customary recriminations: "Hadn't been for you I wouldn't have lost him!" "What had I to do with it?" etc., etc.—the same old story when neither gets a bite.

That night, bumping over the thank-you-marms, flashing through darkened villages, and scooting in a dead heat along ribboned roads ghostly white in the starlight, on the way back to my garden—and we did arrive safely, and the chauffeur had his magnum (that is, his share of it)—I could not help saying to myself:

"Yes, it's good to be young and buoyant, but it is better to be one's self."

IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY

By Charlotte Wilson

Sleeping, still sleeping, after all the years!
My earliest memory recalls them so—
Stretching away, white row upon white row.
'Tis meet the sward still velvet green appears,
The wall its solemn weight of ivy wears,
But they—so many men with blood aglow!—
To see them still so patiently laid low,
It stirs a pain too passionate for tears.

Strange! For the buried struggle had grown tame
When first my father told it me: the ires
Of battle but a story and a name;
Yet, still they sleep as one who never tires,
And still, where autumn sets the trees aflame
Some ghostly sentinel tends their signal-fires.

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THE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN AMERICANISMS

By Henry Cabot Lodge

Some words on language may be well applied,
And take them kindly, though they touch your pride.
Words lead to things.

THE accepted manner of defining Americans, either male or female, in the London comic papers or in second-rate English novels is to lard their speech plentifully with "calculate" and "guess," and with "well" at the opening of each sentence. This mode of marking, or any other, is in itself totally unimportant, but linguistically it is not without interest, for while it is purely conventional as now used and has no relation to any American habits of the present day, whether good or bad, it is pleasant to note that the hard-worked insular humorists need not have gone so far afield to find the words necessary for the identification of Americans. They really had but to turn to the "New Letters" of Thomas Carlyle (vol. i, p. 178) and there read the following sentence: "He has brought you a Fox's book of Martyrs, which I *calculate* will go in the parcel to-day; you will get *right good* reading out of it, I *guess*."*

This was a private letter in which Carlyle was neither satirizing nor imitating anybody, and used quite naturally words to which he was accustomed. Yet every one of those which are printed in italics are employed by British writers to characterize American speech and to show at the same time how vulgar and degenerate it is. "Calculate," as used by Carlyle, was three-quarters of a century ago typically American and especially characteristic of New England. It is now rarely heard anywhere in the United States.

Carlyle's use of "guess" in the American fashion also, as meaning to "think" or "suppose," has behind it the best authority —one at least much older than Shakespeare, who was likewise American enough "to guess"; for Chaucer says, in the Prologue (i, 82), "Of twenty yeer of age, he was, I gesse." Gray has the American "guess" in his letters (vol. ii, p. 109), and Coleridge was addicted to it. He uses it in "Christabel" (Pickering Ed., 1836, vol. ii, p. 32), "I guess, 'twas frightful there to see," and also in his letters, "I guess I shall be there in seven days" (vol. i, p. 434); and again (vol. ii, p. 664), "which formed, I guess, part of the impulse which occasioned my last letter."

Wordsworth also has it in "He was a lovely youth, I guess," a line which it seems almost cruel to quote, because it reflects so severely upon the memory of a great poet. Indeed, it almost surpasses that other bit of champion prosaic verse, "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," so beloved of Tennyson and Fitzgerald.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Gray, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle—at least we Americans sin in good company when we "guess," and we might aptly say to the insular humorist who is unread in these authors that it is better

. . . to err with Pope than shine with Pye.

But of course, seriously speaking, the word "guess" is a good old English word, and the American usage is both excellent and correct, as well as far truer to the tradition and spirit of the language than the British substitutes of "fancy," "imagine," or "expect"; which last is grotesquely wrong, because it can properly apply only to the future.

Pope's name in Byron's line is a reminder that the other italicized phrase of "right good" in Carlyle's letter still demands a word of explanation. In justice to Carlyle it should be said, in passing, that he is not the only great writer of that period who used "right good." Dickens, who hated Americans and all things American with a sleepless hatred difficult now to comprehend, even as the result of wounded vanity, speaks of a "right good income" in one of his letters (Forster's "Life," Gadshill Ed., vol. i, p. 481). "Right good" is common in colloquial speech in certain parts of the United States, and "real good" in all. Both are, as I have said, colloquial;

*The italics are my own

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neither would be considered good English or be employed by any careful writer or speaker. Yet I am sorry to say, for I dislike the use of either phrase, that those who indulge in them will find, if they turn to Spence's "Anecdotes" (p. 2), that Pope, the very apostle of "correctness," speaks of Prior as not a "right good man," and a little later (p. 46) is quoted as saying that Garth, Vanbrugh, and Congreve were the three most honest-hearted, "*real good men* of the poetical members of the Kitcat Club." I have tried to convince myself that Pope, if correctly quoted by Spence, used "real" as an adjective, but the punctuation renders this explanation, a strained one at best, impossible. Yet even the high authority of the greatest of Queen Anne's poets, while it shows whence Carlyle, Dickens, and Americans alike derive these phrases, cannot make "right good" the best English, or "real good" anything but a vulgarism. Yet it is well for the British critic to remember that when he is defending our common language from these two Americanisms he is at the same time condemning Pope, Dickens, and Carlyle, who would be surprised, I think, to find that they had been guilty of two typical instances of American short-comings in the difficult art of speaking English.

Let me pause a moment before I go further to say that I have not forgotten Mr. Lang's reply to Mr. Matthews, who had been printing some hideous neologisms and coinages taken from current British publications, of which we in the United States were quite guiltless. Mr. Lang then wrote, "A word or a phrase does not become a Briticism because one good writer lets it fall from his pen, nor because it appears in the prose of a writer of advertisements," and again, "I hope Mr. Matthews will understand that to pick a few neologisms or vulgarisms of no general currency out of such sources as he searches in is not to prove that the peccant terms are in general national use." If Mr. Lang would apply these rules in criticising the English spoken by a majority of those who now use and love that splendid speech, it would be well. But this does not concern me here. The examples I have thus far quoted and all that I shall quote are not culled from advertisements. Still less are they given to convict the inhabitants of Great Britain of using neologisms or vulgarisms. The phrases I quote have been picked up casually in that desultory reading which Dr. Johnson so wisely defended, and which was not indulged in with any linguistic purpose. My object is merely to show that those British writers who talk idiotically (it is impossible to find a civil word) about the "American Language" and groan over the injury wrought in our common speech by American innovations, ought to know English literature, at least superficially, before they cry out. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, Gray, Coleridge, and Carlyle cannot be brushed aside as "advertisements" or as good writers who "let fall a word." They represent the best English of their times, and phrases they used, whether good or bad, may be set down as characteristic and accepted English in Great Britain at their respective periods. The employment of phrases by writers like these demonstrate the usage of the time. In this way we get the pedigree of many "Americanisms," and it is well to remember that because the men who brought Shakespeare's and Milton's English (the only English they could bring) to the New World retained phrases and words which have since become obsolete in England, it does not therefore follow that those words and phrases thus preserved are American inventions or dangerous and vulgar innovations.

Although it has not been so much insisted upon lately, not many years ago—from the time of Dickens and the "American Notes" onward—it used to be solemnly pointed out that Americans could be immediately identified by their shocking habit of using "well" constantly at the beginning of a sentence, either reflectively or as an exclamation. Some years since, in a brief essay, I pointed out that Shakespeare constantly used "well" in this fashion at the beginning of sentences. Since then I have noted some other authors of repute who were guilty of this habit, thereby identifying themselves as Americans with an imperfect knowledge of their native tongue. It occurs constantly, for example, in Sir Thomas Mallory's version of the "Morte d'Arthur," and we find it at the beginning of one of Marlowe's "mighty lines" when Cosroe says:

"Well, since I see the state of Persia droop."
Tamburlaine, Sc. I.

Another phrase for which we were wont

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to be much censured was "good time," in the sense that one had enjoyed one's self. The clumsy circumlocution necessary to explain the words thus combined shows at once the soundness and excellence of the phrase. Yet in the later nineteenth century the British undertook to restrict the use of "good time" to a woman's confinement, just as in the same period they insisted that "sick," despite Shakespeare and the Bible and the Prayer-Book, must be limited to describing nausea and no other ill that flesh is heir to.

We need only go to Dryden to demonstrate that the American use of "good time" has the best authority. In "Absalom and Achitophel" (Scott's Ed., vol. ix, p. 235) occur these lines:

> During his office treason was no crime;
> The sons of Belial had a glorious time.

So "glorious time" or "good time" was good seventeenth-century English, approved by Dryden, and the English-speaking people in America used it, and being isolated in those days, let it take root and kept it. They were wise in so doing, wiser than their English brethren, for it is a terse, sound phrase, good English, and not easily replaced. It must in justice be said that the British are now coming round to the usage of Dryden and of the United States. Sir Leslie Stephen, than whom there was no more careful writer, uses "good time" in the American sense in his introduction to the letters of J. R. Green (p. 22), and I have also found it employed in similar fashion by Canon Ainger ("Life," p. 142), who was certainly most fastidious in all things literary. So we may feel sure, I think, that this sound seventeenth-century "Americanism" has been vindicated and is returning to the complete possession of that wide application of which insular usage tried at one time to deprive it.

In the same way "mad" was used with the American sense of "angry" in the seventeenth century. We find it in Pepys (vol. ii, p. 72). It is also found in Defoe ("The Compleat Gentleman," p. 158):

> "My lord," said I, "you are in a passion."
> "It makes me mad," said he.

Here it is used explicitly in the sense of angry, but with Defoe, as with Pepys, it seems to be wholly colloquial. Yet still it remained in use, never sinking apparently to the condition of a vulgarism or of mere slang. The seventeenth and eighteenth century usage, lost in England, has been retained in the United States, and the position of the word in the sense of angry has continued unchanged. No good writer or speaker would use it either in book or speech, but in the common talk of daily life "mad" for angry is still thought permissible, and if neither elegant nor of literary propriety, it is equally removed from being considered a mere vulgarism.

Another word not infrequently used, like "calculate," to mark an American in English books and comic papers is "smart" in the sense of "bright," "quick," "clever," descriptive of the intelligence, but with a shade of meaning which none of these equivalents exactly conveys. The word in this form is widely diffused in the United States, although it has been, perhaps, peculiarly characteristic of New England, where "smartness" was greatly admired. In England "smart" has of late been applied only to external objects, to appearance, to dress, to equipages, and the like. Both usages are old and good. One has been abandoned in England, both have remained in America. We find "smart" applied to dress in a "Lincolnshire Tale," cited by Halliwell in his "Dictionary of Archaisms." On the other hand, the word is employed in the American sense by Goldsmith in "The Citizen of the World" (vol. ii, p. 153), who there speaks of a "youth of smart parts." Again he speaks of "Smart Verses" (vol. ii, p. 451). Gilman in his unfinished "Life of Coleridge" says (p. 259), "he [Coleridge] was according to modern phraseology, 'smart and clever.'" Gilman's book appeared in 1838, and this statement is curious, for it seems to indicate that the American usage, familiar to Goldsmith, was making a reappearance in England, and was regarded as a novelty. If it did so appear the word evidently failed to make its way at that time. Another interesting thing in Gilman's sentence is that he includes "clever" in the quotation marks with "smart," as if "clever" in the sense of quick and intelligent was a novel usage, one not thoroughly established. "Clever" is now generally, if not exclusively, used in that sense in both Great Britain and the United States, but in the middle of the last century and for twenty years later

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"clever" was used universally in New England, and quite generally, I think, in the United States, in the sense of "good-natured," "honest and kindly," without any suggestion of keen intelligence. I well remember hearing people say sometimes when using the word in what is now the universally accepted manner, "I mean English clever." It seems evident that the old use of "smart" in both senses continued in England down to the end of the eighteenth century, and then the application of the word to a man's intelligence disappeared, while in America both applications survived. As to "clever" in the old American sense of "good-natured" not only Goldsmith, but Gray in his "Letters" (vol. ii, p. 318), are witnesses that this use of the word was in good and recognized standing in the England of the eighteenth century. The usage lingered on in the popular speech of America long after it had disappeared in England, and now is abandoned in both countries.

"Different from" can hardly be called an Americanism, because it can be found in English writers of the highest mark at all periods. Byron, for example, uses "different from" in his letters (Prothero Ed., vol. iv, p. 422). But during the last century a fashion grew up in England of saying and writing "different to." I have met with it in many recent authors of repute, and some Americans—the few who like to ape English habits, good or bad—undertook to use it in this country with very slight success. There never was either warrant or reason for "different to" and it is clearly ungrammatical, as was strongly shown by a writer in the "Spectator" not long since in an article condemning this practice among some of his countrymen. "Different from" is not only correct, but if anyone desires authority he can find a great one in Dr. Johnson, who uses it in his letters (Hill Ed., i, p. 189). The universal American usage, I am glad to think, is again prevailing in England, where it was set aside only in obedience to some strange freak for which no cause can be alleged.

In the latter part of the last century, also, it was the fashion in England to condemn "mutual friend" and insist upon "common friend." The latter never effected a lodgment in America except among those who wished to be "different to" their fellow-countrymen. Without discussing the merits of the two forms, it may be noted that there is excellent and abundant authority for the American usage. Not only did Dickens use "Mutual Friend" as the title of one of his novels, but I have found it more than a century earlier in one of Sterne's letters to Lydia (Letter II, 1740), and have also come across it in both Gilman's and Cottle's "Memoirs of Coleridge," as well as in Mr. Dyce's preface to his edition of Marlowe.

Turning from words and phrases which are admitted to good verbal society, there are some curious and ancient pedigrees to be found for others which do not now pass beyond popular speech and are, in many instances still lower in the scale, never having risen above the level of slang.

"Tramps" for vagrants has risen to an established position and may be said to be accepted in literature. But its lowly origin as convenient slang is still recent, and yet I find that it was used by De Quincey ("Confessions," vol. i, p. 147), who says, "tramps as they are called in solemn Acts of Parliament." So the ancestry of this Americanism is not only old English, but has statutory recognition.

"Slouch" as a noun, and generally in the form "he's no slouch," to express extreme effectiveness or skill, was widely used some years ago in the United States. The word is good English in other connections, and in the slang form was vigorous and expressive. But we cannot claim priority of invention in this phrase, for Gay in his first "Pastoral" (vol. i, p. 77, Underhill Ed.) writes, "Thou vaunting slouch." I also noticed that Michael Kelly in his "Reminiscences," published in 1825 (vol. ii, p. 54), says, "Captain Stanley, who for many years was no slouch at the bottle," which shows that the phrase was current in England at that time.

Many years older than "slouch" used as slang was the use of the word "notions" in popular American speech, and especially in New England, where it might be seen as a sign over village shops to indicate to passers-by that all sorts of things, and particularly articles of dress, might be bought within. "Yankee notions" was a current and common phrase. This, like so many other words in America, was a case of survival in the New World of a usage which had faded out in the Old. How old it was I do not

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know, but that it was well understood in England in the American sense during the eighteenth century is clear, for Young in his "Night Thoughts" (Book II) has these lines:

And other worlds send odours, sauce and song,
And robes and notions framed in foreign looms!

"Yankee notions," which smacks so strongly of New England in earlier days, reminds me of the old pronunciation in that part of the country of "shire" as "sheer." Within thirty years "Shiretown was generally pronounced "Sheer-town" by the country folk of New England. This pronunciation continues, of course, everywhere where "shire" is a final syllable, but when used alone or at the beginning of a word phonetic spelling has triumphed, and shire is pronounced as spelled. Yet the old Yankee pronunciation was not only the old English practice, but was that of cultivated society in Queen Anne's day. We may read it in the prologue to the "Satires" (lines 364-365), where Pope writes:

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire.

Swift, on the other hand, makes "shire" as a termination rhyme with "hire," which would be rather forced even at the present day.

There is another word, now growing old-fashioned, I think, much used on the coast in fishing, and I believe, formerly at least, widely used in a figurative sense, signifying to entice, or to draw on by degrees. This is the verb to "tole." Whether it survives in England I do not know, but in American speech it still continues a well-understood and descriptive term. If it be an Americanism it is one our earliest settlers brought with them from England, where it then mingled in the best society, for we find it used by Fletcher in the "Faithful Shepherdess" (act i, sc. i):

Or voices calling me in dead of night,
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools to find my ruin.

The fact that Mr. Dyce thinks a note necessary to explain the meaning of "tole" leads me to believe that since the days of Fletcher it has become an Americanism, and has been lost to British speech.

Some years ago a Southern member of Congress used the phrase "where are we at," which had a success little anticipated, I imagine, by its author, for it was caught up by the newspapers and passed widely into the current speech of the moment. I think it gained its attraction not merely because it was expressive, but because it was thought odd and ungrammatical. However this may be, the phrase was not new, for Leigh Hunt in his introduction to the "Dramatists of the Restoration" (p. xviii) writes, "The dramatic power of Wycherly would not have known what to be at with the unseasonable and arbitrary superfluities of Dryden." The parallel is not exact, but the relationship is very close. "What to be at," in the sense of, "what to do," is not far removed from "where are we at," in the sense of "where are we."

Leigh Hunt, I am sorry to say, was guilty of something much worse than this, despite the fact that he was not only a graceful writer, but an accomplished man, and both a lover and student of literature. He "let fall from his pen" ("Corresp.," ii, p. 104, letter to R. Bell, 1845) the entirely odious word "brainy." I fear that this word must now be called an Americanism, for it may be frequently seen in our newspapers, and not even the example of Leigh Hunt can redeem it from its utter hideousness. The fact is, and it always seems a very strange one, that many of our newspaper writers, especially our reporters, when they sit down to address the public do so in a strange language found only in newspapers and which they would never think of using when talking or writing to their wives, their children, or their friends. I commend to their consideration the following passage from Macaulay's "Essay on Johnson":

"When he wrote for publication, he did his sentences out of English into Johnsonese. His letters from the Hebrides to Mrs. Thrale are the original of that work of which the 'Journey to the Hebrides' is the translation; and it is amusing to compare the two versions. 'When we were taken upstairs,' says he in one of his letters, 'a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie.' This incident is recorded in the 'Journey' as follows: 'Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose started up, at our entrance, a man black as Cyclops from the forge.' Sometimes Johnson translated aloud. '"The

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Rehearsal,"' he said, very unjustly, 'has not wit enough to keep it sweet'; then, after a pause, 'it has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction.'"

Johnson was a great man from whom much wisdom may be learned, but here he gives us a vivid example, by his own bad habit, of what to avoid. If all newspaper men would only write as they talk, more carefully, of course, and without slang, but in the plain, simple, excellent words of their daily speech, they would render a real service both to their fellow-citizens and to the English language, and they would keep clear of such repulsive coinages as "brainy."

This objectionable word, however, reminds me of another slang term which has lately come into vogue. This is "dotty," signifying the decay of the faculties or debility of mind. I was interested to discover in the "Life of Edward Fitzgerald" that "dotty," with precisely the same significance as the modern slang, was used by the Suffolk peasants. Probably, therefore, it is a very ancient word, although a recent immigrant to the United States.

There is another word, of interest not only in itself, but on account of the brutal action which it represented. In the first half of the nineteenth century both word and custom were held to be characteristically American, and were flung at us as a reproach. Every reader of "Bon Gaultier's Ballads" will remember the very savage one about "Jabez Dollar," which attacked us for every conceivable shortcoming, but particularly for "gouging" as a recognized mode of fighting by forcing out an opponent's eyeball with the thumb or finger. How generally this barbarous and unutterably brutal form of attack was diffused among the criminal classes or the wild and rough population of the frontier it is impossible to say. There is no doubt that this mode of savage fighting, as well as the word which described it, was unfortunately well known in the United States. But we came by it by descent. Both word and habit existed in Yorkshire. Mrs. Gaskell, in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," when describing Haworth (p. 26, Harper Ed.) writes: "As few 'shirked their liquor' [the occasion was funeral feasts] there were very frequently 'up and down fights' before the end of the day; sometimes with the horrid additions of 'pawsing' [apparently a peculiarly painful mode of kicking] and 'gouging' and biting." From this part of England, where is also found the very characteristic American word "bottom" (ibid., p. 3) to describe low-lying lands in a valley; came many immigrants to colonial and provincial America, bringing their words and customs, good or bad, with them, and "gouging" was one of the latter. So the British satirist, with his eyes tight shut toward Yorkshire, held us up to scorn as peculiarly guilty of a particularly brutal kind of fighting.

There seems to be a moral to be drawn from this identification of the origin of a word and custom, and that is that it is well to exercise a little charity as well as to know one's ground before accusing one's neighbor of either barbarism or bad English. Indeed, all the pedigrees which I have brought together, and which have been gathered casually, without research, from authors whom everyone reads, teach the same lesson. There is no particular satisfaction, although there is some amusement, in pointing out the origin of words and phrases which reveal the absurdity of the British fault-finding that sets them down as Americanisms and as vulgar distortions of our common speech. But there is something far more important than this involved in any study, no matter how slight, of the varying forms of English words, and that is the language itself. People ordinarily accept the language to which they are born as they do the air they breathe, without any feeling of either responsibility or gratitude. Yet is the English language one of our greatest and most precious possessions, to be jealously watched and guarded. To take only the practical side, I have often wondered how many people have stopped to consider that our language is one of the greatest bonds which hold the Union together, perhaps the strongest, as it is the most impalpable of all. If it were not for our common speech Lincoln's "mystic chords" would be dumb indeed. In the language, too, lies the best hope of assimilating and Americanizing the vast masses of immigrants who every year pour out upon our shores, for when these new-comers learn the language they inevitably absorb, in greater or less degree, the traditions and beliefs, the aspirations and the modes of thought, the ideals and the attitude toward life, which that language alone enshrines.

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These immeasurable gifts have a peculiar significance to us of the New World, but in addition are those, no less beneficent, which all who speak English share in common. To possess English as a birthright opens to every man so born, without effort and without price, the greatest literature except that of Greece, which the world has known. It makes us kin to both the Teutonic and the Latin languages, and the doors to both those great literatures open easily to any of us who would enter in.

A few years ago a German philologist (German, of course) counted the words in some of the principal modern languages and found that English had 260,000 in its vocabulary. Next, *longo intervallo*, came German, with 80,000 words, then Italian with 75,000, French with 30,000, Turkish with 22,500 and Spanish with 20,000. Mere size of vocabulary, as the French *Figaro* said in commenting upon the figures, does not imply literary excellence, or the reverse —literary deficiency. But the enormous number of English words, so much greater apparently than that of any other modern tongue, shows beyond question the assimilative, expansive quality of the language, as well as its richness and flexibility. It proves that the language has grown and spread with the growth and spread of the people who speak it, keeping pace with the exploration of all corners of the globe and with the multiplication of industries and the widening of knowledge. In the number of people who speak it, and in its distribution throughout the world, it comes to-day nearer to being a world language than any other now spoken.

Such a language, with its history and traditions, with its literature and its unequalled richness, is a great heritage, and the duty devolves upon all to whom it belongs as a birthright to guard and cherish it, to preserve its purity and strength, and in order that it may retain its commanding place not to encourage and cultivate differences, but strive to secure the greatest possible uniformity in its use in all quarters of the globe.

The importance of uniformity in usage, not only to the quality, but to the growth and spread of the language, can hardly be overestimated. Uniformity in pronunciation cannot be hoped for, because variations in pronunciation will range from the strange dialects of remote and isolated communities to those fine shades of difference which exist even among the best educated people who are in contact with the world of men and books and which are of little practical importance. Men may be capable of keeping their minds unchanged when they change their sky, but not the manner in which they sound their vowels and consonants. The fact that a hundred miles is enough, sometimes, to cause a difference in the manner in which people speaking precisely the same language sound the letter "a," for instance, is sufficient to show how inept it is to talk about phonetic spelling.

But although uniform pronunciation, desirable, no doubt, but not essential, may be unattainable, substantial uniformity in meaning and spelling is not only attainable, but practically attained. No matter where a book or a newspaper may be written or printed everyone in the English-speaking world can read it. This is the uniformity which should be sedulously maintained, for confusion or multiplication of forms, either of meaning or spelling, would be disastrous to the language.

Uniformity of meaning can be trusted in the long run to take care of itself, either by the process of adopting new meanings or abandoning old. But spelling excites a constant desire among many persons to effect instantaneous reforms and improvements, for both reforms and improvements seem so delightfully obvious and so easy to accomplish. No one will deny that there are many English words in which the spelling might be advantageously simplified, and the natural movement of the language has been in this direction. But the attempt to effect such changes suddenly and arbitrarily is as undesirable as it is difficult.

I have recently read Defoe's "Compleat Gentleman," which has just been printed for the first time from the original manuscript in the British Museum. Spelling reformers can find in its pages authority for many simplified spellings which would no doubt delight their hearts. But we can also find on many pages the same word spelled in different ways, the multiplication of silent and double letters, and we perceive, in short, that confusion reigns supreme. This book was written only a few years before Johnson brought out his dictionary and thereby rendered the inestimable service of erecting a standard, thus producing a uniformity in spelling which never existed before.

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Since Johnson's time the whole movement of the language has been toward simplification, and silent letters have been silently and steadily disappearing. There are those who think that it is best to allow the language to work out its destiny in its own way and in accordance with its genius and spirit. It is possible that if Mr. Archer's plan of a meeting of representative scholars and writers from all parts of the English-speaking world, who should agree on certain changes in spelling, were carried out spelling might be simplified at one blow and at the same time uniformity be preserved. But it is absolutely certain that no self-constituted committee, no association here or there, no executive order, no body of men representing only themselves or groups of individuals in one or even two countries, can force a sudden reform in spelling. Such attempts only add confusion, and it is infinitely better to express an idea by a clumsy symbol which everybody uses than to try to inject a far more accurate symbol which only a small minority will employ. As things are, it is much better to permit the language to work out its own modifications as it does its extensions in its own way. The cardinal object of all who love the English language should be to maintain its strength and purity and the greatest enemies to strength and purity are the abuse which warps and distorts the meaning of words and the confusion which results from efforts to reform either meanings or spelling to suit the taste and fancy of individuals. Let us be content with our great possession, which has come down to us through the centuries, meeting victoriously every chance and adventure and never failing those who have called upon it, whether for the simple needs of daily life or to express in the noblest verse the thoughts and visions of the greatest poets.

BETWEEN THE LUPIN AND THE LAUREL

By Henry van Dyke

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. E. SCHOONOVER AND H. T. DUNN

NO other time of the year, on our northern Atlantic seaboard, is so alluring, so delicate and subtle in its charm, as that which follows the fading of the bright blue lupins in the meadows and along the banks of the open streams, and precedes the rosy flush of myriad laurels in full bloom on the half-wooded hillsides, and in the forest glades, and under the lofty shadow of the groves of yellow pine. Then, for a little while, the spring delays to bourgeon into summer: the woodland maid lingers at the garden gate of womanhood, reluctant to enter and leave behind the wild sweetness of freedom and uncertainty.

Winter is gone for good and all. There is no fear that he will come sneaking back with cold hands to fetch something that he has forgotten. Nature is secure of another season of love, of mating, of germination, of growth, of maturity—a fair four months in which the joyful spirit of life may have its way and work its will. The brown earth seems to thrill and quicken everywhere with new impulses which transform it into springing grass and overflowing flowers. The rivers are at their best: strong and clear and musical, the turbulence of early floods departed, the languor of later droughts not yet appearing. The shrunken woods expand; the stringent, sparkling wintry stars grow mild and liquid, shining with a tremulous and tender light; the whole world seems larger, happier, more full of untold, untried possibilities. The air vibrates with wordless promises, calls, messages, beckonings; and fairy-tales are told by all the whispering leaves.

Yet though the open season is now secure, it is not yet settled. No chance of a relapse into the winter's death, but plenty of change in the unfolding of the summer's life. There are still caprices and wayward turns in nature's moods; cold nights when

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the frost-elves are hovering in the upper air; windy mornings which shake and buffet the tree-tassels and light embroidered leaves; sudden heats of tranquil noon through which the breadth of sunlight pours like a flood of eager love, pressing to create new life. Birds are still mating; and quarrelling, too. Their songs, their cries of agitation and expectancy, their call notes, their lyrical outpourings of desire are more varied and more copious than ever. All day long they are singing, and every hour on the wing, coming up from the southward, passing on to the northward, fluttering through the thickets, exploring secret places, choosing homes and building nests. In every coppice there is a running to and fro, a creeping, a scampering, and a leaping of wild creatures. At the roots of the bushes and weeds and sedges, in the soft recesses of the moss, and through the intricate tangle of withered grass-blades pierced with bright-green shoots, there is a manifold stir of insect life. In the air millions of gauzy wings are quivering, swarms of ethereal, perishable creatures rising and falling and circling in mystical dances of joy. Fish are leaping along the stream. The night breeze trembles with the shrill, piercing chorus of the innumerable hylas. Late trees, like the ash, the white oak, the butternut, are still delaying to put forth their full foliage; veiled in tender, transparent green, or flushed with faint pink, they stand as if they were waiting for a set time; and the tiny round buds on the laurels, clustered in countless umbels of bright rose among the dark-green, glistening leaves, are closed, hiding their perfect beauty until the day appointed. It is the season of the unfulfilled desire, the eager hope, the coming surprise. To-day the world is beautiful; but to-morrow, next day —who knows when? — something more beautiful is coming, something new, something perfect. This is the lure of wild nature between the lupin and the laurel.

At such a season it is hard to stay at home. The streets all seem to lead into the country, and one longs to follow their leading, out into the highway, on into the winding lane, on into the wood-road, on and on, until one comes to that mysterious and delightful ending, told of in the familiar saying, where the road finally dwindles into a squirrel track and runs up a tree—not an ending at all, you see, but really a beginning! For there is the tree; and if you climb it, who knows what new landscape, what lively adventure, will open before you? At any rate, you will get away from the tyranny of the commonplace, the conventional, the methodical, which transforms the rhythm of life into a logarithm. Even a small variation, a taste of surprise, will give you what you need as a spring tonic: the sense of escape, a day off.

Living in a university town, and participating with fidelity in its principal industry, I find that my own particular nightmare of monotony takes the form of examination papers—quires of them, reams of them, stacks of them—a horrid incubus, always oppressive, but then most unendurable when the book-room begins to smell musty in the morning, and the fire is unlit upon the hearth, and last night's student-lamp is stuccoed all over with tiny gnats, and the breath of the blossoming grape is wafted in at the open window, and the robins, those melodious rowdies, are whistling and piping over the lawn and through all the trees in voluble mockery of the professor's task. "Come out," they say, "come out! Why do you look in a book? Double, double, toil and trouble! Give it up—tup, tup, tup! Come away and play for a day. What do you know? Let it go. You're dry as a chip, chip, chip! Come out, won't you? will you?"

Truly, these examination questions that I framed with such pains look very dull and tedious now—a desiccation of the beautiful work of the great poets. And these answers that the boys have wrought out with such pain, on innumerable pads of sleazy white paper, how little they tell me of what the fellows really know and feel! Examination papers are "requisite and necessary," of course; I can't deny it—requisite formalities and necessary absurdities. But to turn the last page of the last pad, and mark it with a red pencil and add it to the pile of miseries past, and slip away from books to nature, from learning to life, between the lupin and the laurel—that is a pleasure doubled by release from pain.

I think a prize should be offered for the discovery of good places to take a free and natural outing within easy reach of the great city and the routine of civilized work—just-over-the-fence retreats, to which you can run off without much preparation, and from

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which come back again before your little world discovers your absence. That was the charm of Hopkinson Smith's sketch, "A Day at Laguerre's"; and an English writer who calls himself "A Son of the Marshes" has written a delightful book of interviews with birds and other wild things, which bears the attractive title, "Within an Hour of London Town." But I would make it a condition of the prize that the name of the hiding-place should not be published, lest the careless, fad-following crowd should flock thither and spoil it. Let the precious news be communicated only by word of mouth, or by letter, as a confidence and gift of friendship, so that none but the like-minded may strike the trail to the next-door remnant of Eden.

It was thus that my four friends—Friends in creed as well as in deed—told to me, one of "the world's people," toiling over my benumbing examination papers, their secret find of a little river in South Jersey, less than an hour from Philadelphia, where one could float in a canoe through mile after mile of unbroken woodland, and camp at night in a bit of wilderness as wildly fair as when the wigwams of the Lenni-Lenapé were hidden among its pine groves. The Friends said that they "had a concern" to guide me to their delectable retreat, and that they hoped the "way would open" for me to come. Canoes and tents and camp-kit? "That will all be provided; it is well not to be anxious concerning these sublunary things." Mosquitoes? "Concerning this, also, thee must learn to put thy trust in Providence; yet there is a happy interval, as it were, between the fading of the hepatica and the blooming of the mosquito, when the woods of South Jersey are habitable for man, and it would be most prudent to choose this season for the exercise of providential trust regarding mosquitoes." Examination papers? Duty? "Surely thee must do what thee thinks will do most good, and follow the inward voice. And if it calls thee to stay with the examination papers, or if it calls thee to go with us, whichever way, thee will be resigned to obey." Fortunately, there was no doubt about the inward voice; it was echoing the robins; it was calling me to go out like Elijah and dwell under a juniper-tree. I replied to the Friends in the words of one of their own preachers: "I am resigned to go, or resigned to stay, but most resigned to go"; and we went.

The statue of William Penn seemed to look benignantly down upon us as we passed, bag and bundle in hand, along the regular Philadelphia short-cut which leads through the bowels of the Court-house, from the Broad Street station to John Wanamaker's store. Philadelphians always have the air of doing something very modern, hurried, and time-saving when they lead you through that short-cut. But we were not really in a hurry; we had all the time there is; we could afford to gape a little in the shop-windows. The spasmodic Market Street trolley-car and the deliberate Camden ferry-boat were rapid enough for us. The gait of the train on the Great Sandy and Oceanic Railway was neither too fast nor too slow. Even the deserted condition of Hummingtown, where we disembarked about eleven o'clock in the morning, and found that the entire population had apparently gone to a Decoration Day ball-game, leaving post-office, telegraph station, fruit store, bakery, all closed—even this failure to meet our expectations did not put us out of humor with the universe, or call forth rude words on the degeneracy of modern times.

Our good temper was imperturbable; for had we not all "escaped as a bird from the hand of the fowler"—Master Thomas from the mastery of his famous boarding-school in Old Chester, and Friends Walter and Arthur from the uninspired scripture of their ledgers and day-books, and I from the incubation of those hideous examination papers, and the gentle Friend William from his—there! I have forgotten what particular monotony William was glad to get away from; but I know it was from something. I could read it in his face; in his pleased, communicative silence; in the air of almost reckless abandon with which he took off his straight-breasted Quaker coat, and started out in his shirt-sleeves to walk with Walter, ahead of the cart which carried our two canoes and the rest of us over to the river.

It was just an ordinary express wagon, with two long, heavy planks fastened across the top of it. On these the canoes were lashed, with their prows projecting on either flank of the huge, pachydermatous horse, who turned his head slowly from one side to the other, as he stalked along the level road, and looked back at his new environment with stolid wonder. He must have felt as if he

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were suffering "a sea change," and going into training for Neptune's stud. The driver sat on the dashboard between the canoes; and Master Thomas, Arthur, and I were perched upon the ends of the planks with our feet dangling over the road. It was not exactly what one would call an elegant equipage, but it rolled along.

The road was of an uncompromising straightness. It lay across the slightly undulating sandy plain like a long yellow ruler; and on each side were the neatly marked squares and parallelograms of the little truck farms, all cultivated by Italians. Their new and unabashed frame houses were freshly painted in incredible tones of carrot yellow, pea green, and radish pink. The few shade trees and the many fruit trees, with whitewashed trunks, were set out in unbending regularity of line. The women and children were working in the rows of strawberries, which covered acre after acre of white sand with stripes of deep green. Some groups of people by the wayside were chattering merrily together in the language which Byron calls

> That soft bastard Latin
> Which melts like kisses from a woman's mouth.

It was a scene of foreign industry and cheerfulness, a bit of little Italy transplanted. Only the landscape was distinctly not Italian, but south Jersey to the core. Yet the people seemed at home and happy in it. Perhaps prosperity made up to them for the loss of picturesqueness.

At New Prussia the road was lifted by a little ridge, and for a few minutes we travelled through another European country. Two young men were passing ball in front of a beer saloon. "Vot's der news?" said one of them in a strong German accent. We were at a loss for an answer, as it was rather a dull time in international politics; but Master Thomas began to say something about the riots in Russia. "Russia hell!" said the young man. "How's der ball-game? Vas our nine of Hummingtown ahead yet?" We could give no information on this important subject, but we perceived that New Prussia was already Americanized.

A mile or so beyond this the road dipped gently into a shallow, sparsely wooded valley and we came to a well-built stone bridge which spanned, with a single narrow arch, the little river of our voyage. It was like a big brook, flowing with deep, brown current out of a thicket, and on through a small cranberry bog below the bridge. Here we launched and loaded our canoes, and went down with the stream, through a bit of brushy woodland, till we found a good place for luncheon. For though it was long past noon and we were very hungry, we wanted to get really into the woods before we broke bread together.

Scanty woods they were, indeed; just a few scrub pines growing out of a bank of clean white sand. But we spread a rubber blanket in their thin shade, and set forth our repast of biscuits and smoked beef and olives, and fell to eating as heartily and merrily as if it had been a banquet. The yellow warblers and the song sparrows were flitting about us; and two cat-birds and a yellow-throat were singing from the thicket on the opposite shore. There were patches of snowy sand-myrtle and yellow poverty-plant growing around our table; tiny, hardy, heath-like creatures, delicately wrought with bloom as if for a king's palace; irrepressible and lovely offspring of the yearning for beauty that hides in the poorest place of earth. In a still arm of the stream, a few yards above us, was a clump of the long, naked flower-scapes of the golden club, now half entered upon their silvery stage.

It was strange what pleasure these small gifts of blossom and song brought to us. We were in the mood which Wordsworth describes in the lines written in his pocket-copy of "The Castle of Indolence":

> There did they dwell, from earthly labor free,
> As happy spirits as were ever seen;
> If but a bird, to keep them company,
> Or butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,
> As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-queen.

But our "earthly labor" began again when we started down the stream; for now we had fairly entered the long strip of wilderness which curtains its winding course. On either hand the thickets came down so close to the water that there were no banks left; just woods and water blending; and the dark topaz current swirling and gurgling through a clump of bushes or round the trunk of a tree, as if it did not care what path it took so long as it got through. Alders and pussy-willows, viburnums, clethras and fringe-trees, choke-cherries, swamp maples, red birches, and all sorts of trees and

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shrubs that are water-loving, made an intricate labyrinth for the stream to thread; and through the tangle, cat-briers, blackberries, fox grapes, and poison ivy were interlaced.

Worst of all was the poison ivy, which seemed here to deserve its other name of poison oak, for it was more like a tree than a vine, flinging its knotted branches from shore to shore, and thrusting its pallid, venomous blossoms into our faces. Walter was especially susceptible to the influence of this poison, so we put him in the middle of our canoe, and I, being a veteran and immune, took the bow-paddle. It was no easy task to guide the boat down the swift current, for it was bewilderingly crooked, twisting and turning upon itself in a way that would have made the far-famed Mæander look like a straight line. Many a time it ran us deep into the alders, or through a snarl of thorn-set vines, or crowded us under the trunk of an overhanging tree. We glimpsed the sun through the young leaves, now on our right hand, now on our left, now in front of us, and now over our shoulders. After several miles of this curliewurlie course, the incoming of the Penny Pot Stream on the left broadened our flowing trail a little. Not far below that, the Hospitality Branch poured in its abundant waters on the right, and we went floating easily down a fair, open river.

There were banks now, and they were fringed with green borders of aquatic plants, rushes, and broad spatter-docks, and flags, and arrow-heads, and marsh-marigolds, and round-leaved pond-lilies, and pointed pickerel-weed. The current was still rapid and strong, but it flowed smoothly through the straight reaches and around the wide curves. On either hand the trees grew taller and more stately. The mellow light of afternoon deepened behind them, and the rich cloud colors of approaching sunset tinged the mirror of the river with orange and rose. We floated into a strip of forest. The stream slackened and spread out, broadening into the head of a pond. On the left, there was a point of higher land, almost like a low bluff, rising ten or twelve feet above the water and covered with a grove of oaks and white pines. Here we beached our canoes and made our first camp.

A slender pole was nailed horizontally between two trees, and from this the shelter tent was stretched with its sloping roof to the breeze and its front open toward the pond. There were no balsam or hemlock boughs for the beds, so we gathered armfuls of fallen leaves and pine needles, and spread our blankets on this rude mattress. Arthur and Walter cut wood for the fire. Master Thomas and William busied themselves with the supper. There was a famous dish of scrambled eggs, and creamed potatoes, and bacon, and I know not what else. We ate till we could eat no more, and then we sat in the wide-open tent, with the camp-fire blazing in front of us, and talked of everything under the stars.

I like the Quaker speech: the gentle intimacy of their "little language," with its quaint "thees" and "thous," and the curious turn they give to their verbs, disregarding the formalities of grammar. "Will thee go," "has thee seen," "does thee like"—that is the way they speak it; an unjustifiable way, I know, but it sounds pleasantly. I like the Quaker spirit and manners, at least as I have found them in my friends: sober but not sad, plain but very considerate, genuinely simple in the very texture of their thoughts and feelings, and not averse to that quiet mirth which leaves no bitter taste behind it. One thing that I cannot understand in Charles Lamb is his confession, in the essay on "Imperfect Sympathies," that he had a prejudice against Quakers. But then I remember that one of his best bits of prose is called "A Quaker's Meeting," and one of his best poems is about the Quaker maiden, Hester Savory, and one of his best lovers and companions was the broad-brim Bernard Barton. I conclude that there must be different kinds of Quakers, as there are of other folks, and that my particular Friends belong to the tribe of Bernard and Hester, and their spiritual ancestry is in the same line with the poet Whittier.

Yet even these four are by no means of one pattern. William is the youngest of the group, but the oldest-fashioned Friend, still clinging very closely to the old doctrines and the old ritual of silent simplicity, and wearing the straight-cut, collarless coat, above which his youthful face looks strangely ascetic and serene. I can imagine him taking joyfully any amount of persecution for his faith, in the ancient days; but in these tolerant modern times, he has the air of waiting very tranquilly and with good-humor for

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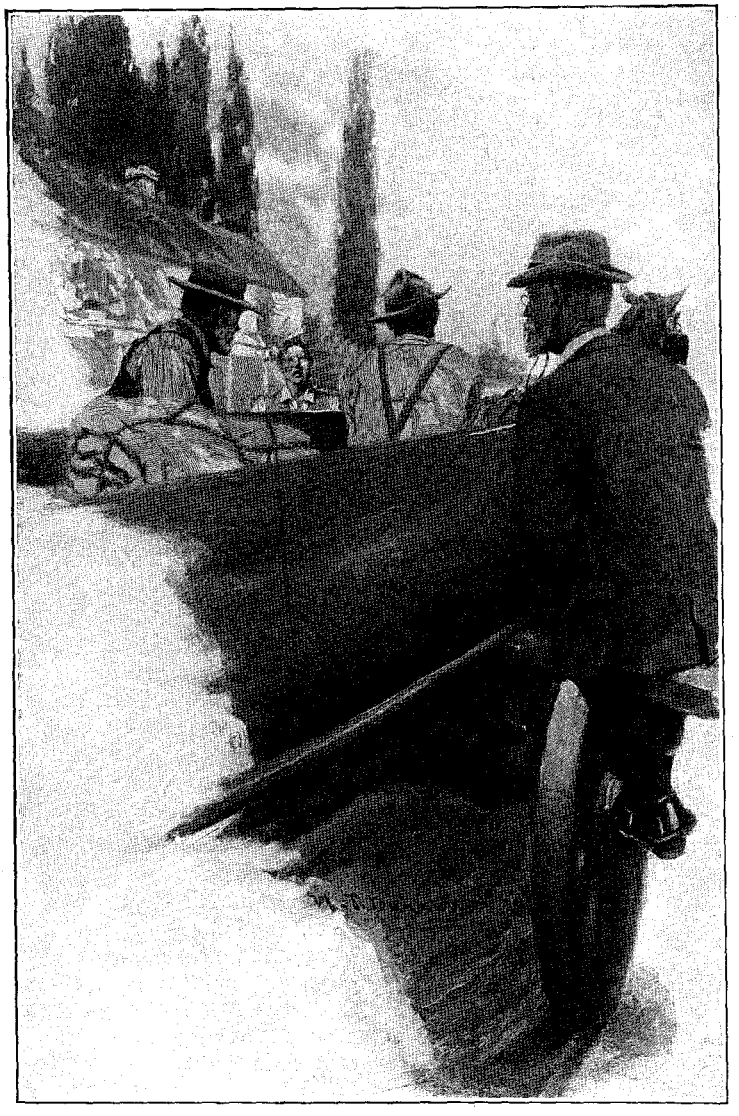

It was not what one would call an elegant equipage, but it rolled along.—Page 663.

the world to see that the old ways are the best, and to come round to them again.

Walter and Arthur are Young Quakers, men of their time, diligent in business, fond of music and poetry, loyal to the society of their fathers, but more than willing to see its outward manners and customs, and even some of its ways of teaching, quietly modified to meet the needs and conditions of the present. In appearance you could hardly tell them from the world's people; yet I perceive that inwardly the meeting-house has made its indelible mark upon them in a certain poise of mind and restraint of temper, a sweet assurance of unseen things, and a mind expectant of spiritual visitations.

Master Thomas, the leader of our expedition, is a veteran school-teacher, in one of the largest and most successful of the Friends' boarding-schools. To him I think there is neither old nor new in doctrine; there is only the truth, and the only way to be sure of it is by living. He is a fervent instructor, to whom an indifferent scholar is a fascinating problem, and a pupil who "cannot understand mathematics" offers a

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new adventure. But part of his instruction, and the part to which he gives himself most ardently, is the knowledge and love of the great out of doors. Every summer he runs a guest-camp in the Adirondacks, and in the fall he gives a big camp-supper for the old pupils of his school, who come back by the hundred to renew their comradeship with "Master Thomas." It is good to have an academic title like that. Arthur and William and Walter are among his old boys, and they still call him by that name. But it is partly because he has also been their master in fire-making, and tent-pitching, and cooking, and canoe-building, and other useful arts which are not in the curriculum of book-learning.

Here, then, I have sketched the friends who sat with me before the glowing logs on that cool, starry night, within a few miles of the railroad and not far away from the roaring town, yet infinitely deep in the quietude of nature's heart. Of the talk I can remember little, except that it was free and friendly, natural and good. But one or two stories that they told me of a famous old Philadelphia Quaker, Nicholas Waln, have stuck in my memory.

His piety was tempered with a strong sense of humor, and on one occasion when he was visiting a despondent sister, he was much put out by her plaintive assertions that she was going to die. "I have no doubt," said he finally, "but that thou will; and when thou gets to heaven give my love to the Apostle Paul, and tell him I wish he would come back to earth and explain some of the hard things in his epistles." At another time he overtook a young woman Friend in worldly dress, upon which he remarked, "Satin without, and Satan within." But this time he got as good as he gave, for the young woman added, "And old Nick behind!" When it was the fashion to wear a number of capes, one above another, on a great-coat, Nicholas met a young acquaintance dressed in the mode. Taking hold of one of the capes, the old Quaker asked innocently what it was. "That is Cape Hatteras," said the pert youth. "And this?" said Nicholas, touching another. "Oh, that is Cape Henlopen," was the answer. "Then, I suppose," said Nicholas gravely, pointing to the young man's head, "this must be the lighthouse." I think that Charles Lamb, despite his imperfect sympathy with Quakers, would have liked this turn to the conversation.

Bedtime comes at last, even when you are lodging at the Sign of the Beautiful Star. There were a few quiet words read from a peace-giving book, and a few minutes of silent thought in fellowship, and then each man pulled his blanket round him and slept as if there were no troubles in the world.

Certainly there were none waiting for us in the morning; for the day rose fresh and fair, and we had nothing to do but enjoy it. After fishing for an hour or two, to supply our larder, we paddled down the pond, which presently widened into quite a lake, ending in a long, low dam with trees growing all across it. Here was the forgotten village of Watermouth, founded before the Revolution, and once the seat of a flourishing iron industry, but now stranded between two railways, six miles on either side of it, and basking on the warm sand-hills in a painless and innocent decay.

Watermouth had done nothing to deserve ill fortune. But the timber which had once been floated down its river was all cut and gone; and the bog iron which had once been smelted in its furnaces was all used up; and the forest glass-makers and charcoal-burners who had once traded in its store had all disappeared; and the new colonies of fruit-growers and truck-farmers from Italy and Germany did not like to settle quite so far from the railway; and there was nothing left for Watermouth but to sit in the sun and doze, while one family after another melted away, and house after house closed its windows and its doors.

The manor-house stood in spacious grounds sloping gently down to the southern shore of the lake, well planted with a variety of shade trees and foreign evergreens, but overgrown with long grass and straggling weeds. Master Thomas and I landed, and strolled through the neglected lawn toward the house, in search of a possible opportunity to buy some fresh eggs. The long, pillared veranda, with its French windows opening to the floor; the wide double door giving entrance to a central hall; a score of slight and indefinable signs told us that the mansion had seen its days of comfort and elegance. But there were other signs—a pillar leaning out of plumb, a bit of railing sagging down, a board loose at the corner—which seemed to speak of the pluperfect tense. In a fragment of garden at one side, where a broken trellis led

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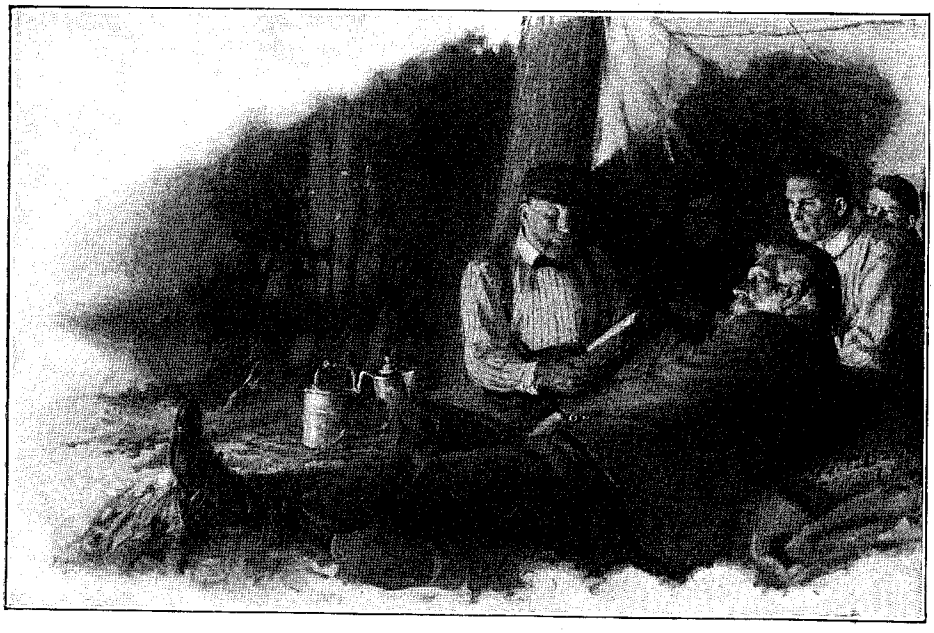

There were a few quiet words read from a peace-giving book.—Page 666.

to an arbor more than half hidden by vines, we saw a lady, clad in black, walking slowly among the bewildered roses and clumps of hemerocallis, stooping now and then to pluck a flower or tenderly to lift and put aside a straggling branch.

"This is plainly the mistress of the house," said Master Thomas; "does thee think that we could make bold to speak with her upon the subject of fresh eggs?"

"I think," said I, "that with thy friendly tact thee could speak with anybody upon any subject."

"But my coat?" said Master Thomas, for he had left it in the boat.

"'Tis a warm day, Master Thomas," I answered, "and doubtless the lady will know that thee has a coat, when she hears thee speak. But in any event, it is wise not to think too much of these mundane things. Let us go up."

So we made our salutations, stated our names and our occupations, and described the voyage which had brought us to Watermouth, in a way that led naturally to an explanation of our present need and desire for fresh eggs: though indeed it was hardly necessary to be explicit on that point, for our little tin pail betrayed us as foragers. The lady in black received us with gracious dignity, identified and placed us without difficulty (indeed she knew some relation of each of us), and gave us hospitable assurance that our wants in the matter of eggs could easily be satisfied. Meantime we must come up to the house with her and rest ourselves.

Rest was not an imperative necessity for us just then, but we were glad to see the interior of the old mansion. There was the long drawing-room, with its family portraits running back into the eighteenth century—one of them an admirable painting by Sully—and the library, with its tall book-shelves, now empty, and engravings and autographs hanging on the walls. The lady in black was rather sad; for her father, a distinguished publicist and man of letters, had built this house; and her grandfather, a great iron-master, had owned most of the land hereabouts; and the roots and tendrils of her memory were all entwined about the place; but now she was dismantling it and closing it up, preparatory to going away, perhaps to selling it.

By this time the tin pail had come in, filled with the nutritious fruit of the industrious and faithful hen. So we said farewell to the lady in black, with suitable recognition of her courtesy and kindness, and not without some silent reflections on the mutability of human affairs. Here had been a

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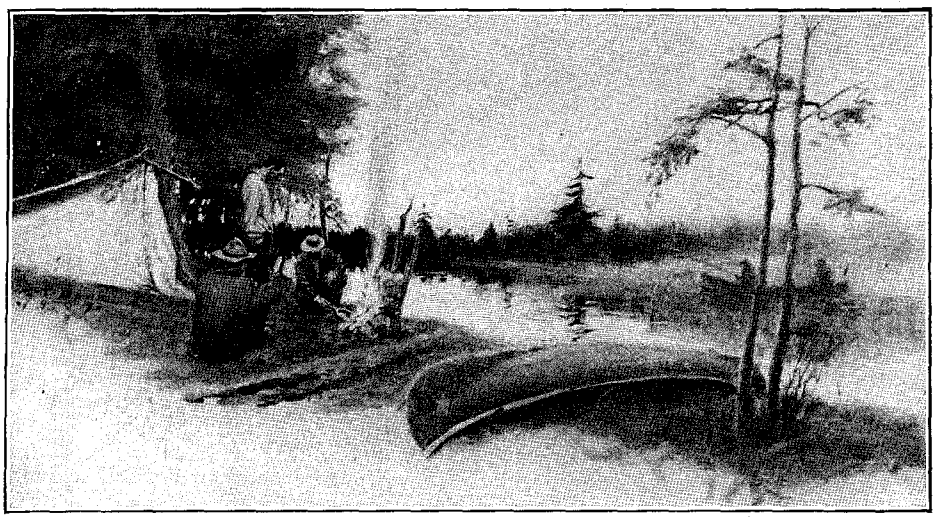

Here we made our second camp.—Page 670.

fine estate, a great family, a prosperous industry firmly established, now fading away like smoke. But I do not believe the lady in black will ever disappear entirely from Watermouth while she lives; for is there not the old meeting-house, a hundred years old (with the bees' nests in the weather-boarding), for her to watch over, and care for, and worship in?

The young men were waiting for us below the dam. Here was a splendid water-power running away almost idle. For the great iron forge, with its massive stone buildings, standing (if the local tradition is correct) on the site where the first American cannon-balls had been cast for the Revolutionary War, and where that shrewd Rhode Islander, Gen. Nathanael Greene, had invested some of the money he made in army contracts, had been put out of business many years ago by the development of iron-making in North Jersey and Pennsylvania. An attempt was made to turn it into a wood-pulp factory; but that had failed because the refractory yellow pine was full of hard knots that refused to let themselves be ground into pulp. Now a feeble little saw-mill was running from time to time in one corner of the huge edifice; and the greater part of the river out of work was foaming and roaring in wasteful beauty over the gates of the dam.

It was here, on the slopes of the open fields and on the dry sides of the long embankment, that we saw the faded remnants of the beauty with which the lupins had surrounded Watermouth a few days ago. The innumerable plants with their delicate palmate leaves were still fresh and vigorous; no drought can wither them even in the dryest soil, for their roots reach down to the hidden waters. But their winged blossoms, with which a little while since they had "blued the earth," as Thoreau says, were now almost all gone; as if a countless flock of blue butterflies had taken flight and vanished. Only here and there one could see little groups of belated flowers, scraps of the cerulean color, like patches of deep-blue sky seen through the rents on a drifting veil of clouds.

But the river called us away from the remembrance of the lupins to follow the promise of the laurels. How charming was the curve of that brown, foam-flecked stream, as it rushed swiftly down, from pool to pool, under the ancient, overhanging elms and willows and sycamores! We gave ourselves to the current, and darted swiftly past the row of weather-beaten houses on the left bank, into the heart of the woods again.

Here the forest was dense, lofty, over-arching. The tall silver maple, the black ash, the river birch, the swamp white oak, the sweet gum and the sour gum, and a score of other trees closed around the course of the stream as it swept along with full, swirling waters. The air was full of a diffused, tranquil green light, subdued yet joyous, through which flakes and beams of golden sunshine flick-

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ered and sifted downward, as if they were falling into some strange, ethereal medium —something half liquid and half aërial, midway between an atmosphere and the still depths of a fairy sea.

The spirit of enchantment was in the place; brooding in the delicate, luminous midday twilight; hushing the song of the strong-flowing river to a humming murmur; casting a spell of beautiful immobility on the slender flower-stalks and fern-fronds and trailing shrubberies of the undergrowth, while the young leaves of the tree-tops, far overhead, were quivering and dancing in the sunlight and the breeze. Here Oberon and Titania might sleep beneath a bower of motionless royal Osmunda. Here Puck might have a noon-tide council with Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustardseed, holding forth to them in whispers, beneath the green and purple sounding-board of a Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Here, even in this age of reason, the mystery of nature wove its magic round the curious mind of man,

> Annihilating all that's made,
> To a green thought in a green shade.

Do you remember how old Andrew Marvell goes on from those two lovely lines, in his poem?

> Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
> Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
> Casting the body's vest aside,
> My soul into the boughs does glide;
> There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
> Then whets and claps its silver wings,
> And, till prepared for longer flight,
> Waves in its plumes the various light.

There were many beautiful shrubs and bushes coming into bloom around us as we drifted down the stream. Two of the fairest bore the names of nymphs. One was called after Leucothoë, "the white goddess," and its curved racemes of tiny white bells hanging over the water were worthy emblems of that pure queen who leaped into the sea with her babe in her arms to escape from the frenzy of Athamas. The other was named for Andromeda; and the great Linnæus, who gave the name, thus describes his thought in giving it: "*Andromeda polifolia* was now in its highest beauty, decorating the marshy grounds in a most agreeable manner. The flowers are quite blood-red before they expand, but when full-grown the corolla is of a flesh-color. As I contemplated it, I could not help thinking of Andromeda as described by the poets; and the more I meditated upon their descriptions, the more applicable they seemed to the little plant before me. Andromeda is represented by them as a virgin of most exquisite and unrivalled charms. . . . This plant is always fixed on some little turfy hillock in the midst of the swamps, as Andromeda herself was chained to the rock in the sea, which bathed her feet as the fresh water does the roots of the plant. Dragons and venomous serpents surrounded her, as toads and other reptiles frequent the abode of her vegetable resembler. As the distressed virgin cast down her face through excessive affliction, so does this rosy colored flower hang its head. . . . At length comes Perseus in the shape of summer, dries up the surrounding water and destroys the monsters."

But more lovely than any of the shrubs along the river was that small tree known as the sweet bay or the swamp laurel. Of course it is not a laurel at all, but a magnolia (*Magnolia glauca*), and its glistening leaves, dark green above, silvery beneath, are set around the large, solitary flowers at the ends of the branches, like backgrounds of malachite, to bring out the perfection of a blossom carved in fresh ivory. What creamy petals are these, so thick, so tenderly curved around the cone-like heart of the flower's fertility! They are warm within, so that your finger can feel the soft glow in the centre of the blossoms. But it is not for you to penetrate into the secret of their love mystery. Leave that to the downy bee, the soft-winged moth, the flying beetle, who, seeking their own pleasure, carry the life-bestowing pollen from flower to flower. Your heavy hand would bruise the soft flesh and discolor its purity. Be content to feast your eyes upon its beauty, and breathe its wonderful fragrance, floating on the air like the breath of love in the south and wild summer.

About the middle of the afternoon, after passing through miles of enchanted forest, unbroken by sign of human habitation, we

> Came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon.

Low-rolling ridges of gravel, clothed with pine and oak, came down along the river. The bank on the right rose higher, and, at a sharp angle in the stream, lifted itself into

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a bluff-like point. Opposite was the serpentine course of the Dead River, coiling through an open marsh-meadow. Below the junction of the two streams our own river flowed swiftly, through a straight reach, to the mouth of the still lagoon where Mare Run came in.

Here we made our second camp, on the point, among the pines and the hollies. For here, at last, we were in the heart of the region of laurels, which we had come to see. All along the river we had found some of them, just beginning to open their flowers, here and there. But above and below the mouth of the Dead River the banks and ridges, under the high shadow of the pines, were crowded with shining clumps of the *Kalmia latifolia*, and something in the soil and exposure, or perhaps even the single day of warm sunshine that had passed since we began our voyage, had brought them already into the young flood of bloom.

I have seen the flame azaleas at their bright hour of consummation in the hill country of central Georgia—lakes of tranquil and splendid fire spreading far away through the rough-barked colonnades of the pineries. I have seen the thickets of great rhododendrons on the mountains of Pennsylvania in coronation week, when the magic of June covered their rich robes of darkest green with countless sceptres, crowns, and globes of white bloom divinely tinged with rose, superb, opulent, imperial flowers. I have seen the Magnolia Gardens near Charleston when their "Arabian Nights'" dream of color was unfolding beneath the dark cypresses and moss-bannered live-oaks. I have seen the tulip and hyacinth beds of Holland rolled like a gorgeous carpet on the meadows beneath the feet of Spring; and the royal gardens of Kew in the month when the rose is queen of all the flowers; but never have I seen an efflorescence more lovely, more satisfying to the eye, than that of the high laurel along the shores of the unknown little river in South Jersey.

Cool, pure, innocent, and virginal in their beauty, the innumerable clusters of pink and white blossoms thronged the avenues of the pine woods, and ranged themselves along the hillsides and sloping banks, and trooped down by cape and promontory to reflect their young loveliness in the flowing stream. It was as if some quiet and shadowy region of solitude had been suddenly invaded by companies of maidens attired for a holiday and joyously confident of their simple charms. The dim woodland was illumined with the rosy blush of conscious pleasure.

Seen at a distance the flower clusters look like big hemispheres of flushed snow. But examine them closely and you see that each of the rounded umbels is compounded of many separate blossoms—shallow, half-translucent cups poised on slender stems of pale green. The cup is white, tinted more or less deeply with rose-pink, the color brightest along the rim and on the outside. The edge is scalloped into five points, and on the outer surface there are ten tiny projections around the middle of the cup. Looking within, you find that each of these is a little red hollow made to receive the crimson tip of a curving anther, cunningly bent like a spring, so that the least touch may loosen it and scatter the pollen. There is no flower in the world more exquisitely fashioned than this. It is the emblem of a rustic maid in the sweet prime of morning.

We were well content with our day's voyage and our parting camp on the river. We had done no harm; no accident had befallen us; we had seen many lovely things and heard music from warbler and vireo, thrush and wren, all day long. Even now a wood thrush closed his last descant in flute-like notes across the river. Night began silently to weave her dusky veil upon the vast loom of the forest. The pink glow had gone from the flower-masses around us; whitely they glimmered through the deepening shadows, and stood like gentle ghosts against the dark. To-morrow we must paddle down to the village of Way's Landing, where the railroad crosses the river, and hurry back to civilization and work. But to-night we were still very far off; and we should sleep at the foot of a pine-tree, beneath the stars, among the blooming laurels.

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THE CALL OF THE WEST:
AMERICA AND ELIZABETHAN ENGLAND

BY SIDNEY LEE

II—THE TEACHING OF THE HUGUENOTS

I

IT is hard to state precisely when mariners of France first obeyed the call which drove seafarers of Europe across the veiled ocean of the West. There is a likelihood that, while Columbus was still a humble pilot of the Mediterranean, a sailor of Dieppe found his way from a West Indian island to the mainland of Brazil, and, making an inland expedition there, came home with supplies of dye-wood, monkeys, and parrots. It is unquestioned that at the opening of the sixteenth century the ports of Dieppe, Honfleur, St. Malo, and St. Jean de Luz despatched fleet after fleet of tiny craft in the vain hope of sharing with the captains of Cadiz, Palos, and Huelva the profits and perils of the American venture. Throughout the sixteenth century French sagacity lagged behind Spain, quite as far as English sagacity, in formulating and executing successful plans of exploration or occupation. But, in the early decades of the Spanish triumph, Normans, Bretons, and French Basques, with a persistency unknown at the date to Englishmen, repeatedly challenged adventure in both the northern and southern continents of the New World.

The colonial methods and motives of France may seem, at a first rapid glance, merely to reflect Spanish endeavor with pale and ineffectual fire. The earliest French explorers of America shared Spain's enthusiasm for bringing the heathen natives of the New World within the ecclesiastical fold of the Old. The French adventurers, like their Spanish compeers, marked their landing-places on the new continent by the erection of wooden crosses and of pillars surmounted by the arms of the sovereign of France. Such symbols implied that the French explorers, no less than the Spanish discoverers, claimed to be European missionaries of the settled order of things at home, both in Church and State. In point of fact, the French explorers were soon moved by quite other hopes; it was small part of their ultimate ambition slavishly to reproduce on American soil the institutions of their mother-country. Yet the material results of the colonial aspirations of France through the wonderful century look so puny, when they are compared with the triumphal issue of the Spanish effort, that the superficial observer might well be pardoned for treating the whole series of early French experiments as futilities signifying nothing.

Closer investigation throws another light on the story of French endeavor. Sixteenth-century Frenchmen never acquired the priceless practical arts of colonial organization of which the sixteenth-century Spaniard enjoyed the mastery as if by intuition. But the French mind was then, as always, more accessible than the Spanish to broad original ideas. Out of the early sporadic expeditions across the Atlantic of Norman, Breton, and French-Basque mariners, there gradually grew a series of conceptions about America which were quite alien to the Spanish spirit, and were as big with meaning for after ages as the material spoils of Spain. For the moment French aspirations either found no record on the American map or were inscribed there very faintly, but French ideas about America proved in the long run hardly less memorable than the consummated conquest of Spain.

French minds first matured the notion of colonizing with Europeans the wintry latitudes of the northern continent which lay beyond the sunlit range of Spanish ambition. The vision had already flitted across English and Portuguese brains; English aspiration was subsequently to make it a permanent and an imposing reality, but France first gave the fancy definite shape.

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Other conceptions which French intelligence especially cherished and developed were cast in more philosophic or speculative moulds. Frenchmen eagerly credited native American society with simplicity of life and strict adherence to natural law; the culture of the Old World was seething with corruption and its only chance of cure lay in assimilating the purity of the New World. An even more stimulating French conception breathed the confident faith that the thinly peopled paradises of the West were destined to give asylum to those who were yearning at home for a liberty of thought or action which the existing polity of Europe denied them. Such ideas of life and liberty reflected more or less distinctly phases of enlightenment which were peculiarly characteristic of the liberality of the French Renaissance. Something of their inception may be traced to foreign suggestion. More's "Utopia" enshrines cognate speculation. But France contrived to stamp her American ideas with her own individuality, and England learned of French teachers the crowning conception of the New World as the unfettered land of freedom.

The French endeavored during the sixteenth century to give practical effect to this trinity of conceptions. They sought to prove by experiment the capacity of Europeans to live in the frozen zone; they taught by active example faith in the innocence of native America, and in the boundless opportunity of liberty on American soil. It was such notions which brightened French colonial philosophy alike in its infancy and its manhood. At the outset the attempts to put these ideas into practice reaped only tragedy. The record is permeated by frustrated hopes. But in spite of the chill of early disappointment, none of the aspirations which America bred in the French mind perished altogether. All in due time blossomed into flower, ripened, indeed, into rich fruit. The French conception of the "simple life" of America and of the beneficence of nature's reign there bore the least opulent harvest; yet it excited that fruitful kind of scepticism regarding the meaning of civilized progress which Rousseau was to systematize in the eighteenth century; it generated a rational interest in aboriginal history and a humanity in the treatment of the natives which lay beyond the mental range of most of the conquering Spaniards. The fertility of the other two conceptions is more obvious. The hope of a vast European settlement amid North American snows issued in the imposing settlement of Canada; while the French vision of America as a limitless expanse of liberty, although it merely flashed like an insubstantial pageant over the early colonial history of France, acquired lasting substance in the momentous colonial ventures of Puritan England.

II

It is my main aim to sketch here the conception of liberty which Frenchmen came to reckon indigenous to American soil, and to indicate the effects which that conception worked on the Elizabethan spirit. In the middle distance of the picture there gleams the allied fancy of the golden age of innocence which glorified native America in French eyes. In the background there looms French adventure in the extreme north of the American continent which preceded the birth of both the emancipatory and the Utopian ideals, and, after a brief period of suspense, marched onward to effective victory. The perspective of history requires brief preliminary notice of these impressive features of the scene, amid which the French notion of New-World freedom grew to maturity.

Frenchmen's attention was first drawn to the northern territories of America by very prosaic motives—by the expectation of finding new fishing grounds, for which their scent was keener than that of the other maritime peoples of Europe. The early predominance of Breton and French Basque in the North American fisheries is indicated on the earliest American maps by the title of Cape Breton, which was crudely bestowed for all time on an island off the Nova Scotian coast, and by the Basque appellation of Baccalaos (*i. e.*, codfish) which was borne by the sea-girt territory of Canada through the early years of the sixteenth century. But the exploits of French fishermen off Newfoundland and Labrador quickly generated in France the larger hope of a Northwest waterway, which should conduct French enterprise to the imaginary empire of Cathay. English and Portuguese pilots, Italian and German geographers, had long vaguely suggested a north-west passage to the fabled

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treasury of the East. It was French mariners who first put the theory to a sustained test. South America had already aroused their curiosity, but it was in North America that they achieved their first genuine triumphs of exploration.

Francis I, who absorbed the venturesome spirit of the French Renaissance, was ambitious of extending French power at sea. When he was warned that Spain and Portugal had already divided the New World among themselves, he replied by asking to see Adam's will in order to acquaint himself with the original terms of the bequest. Under the French king's patronage, the Italian pilot, Giovanni de Verrazano, surveyed, at close quarters, the North American coast. He passed from Florida to Newfoundland in the vain quest of a north-west avenue to wealth. He succeeded in outlining North American territory on map and globe with a precision that had no precedent. By his pencil for the first time the title of Nova Gallia or New France was written on the American continent, and places so familiar under their subsequent designations as Charleston (South Carolina), Newport (Rhode Island), and Portsmouth (New Hampshire), were given a "local habitation." Six decades afterward the records of Verrazano's experiences helped to fire belated endeavor in Elizabethan England.

This Franco-Italian achievement was quickly surpassed in its own sphere of activity by the experiment of a mariner of pure Breton blood. Jacques Cartier, of St. Malo, first crossed the Atlantic in 1534 in a fixed resolve to sail the north-west passage. For eight years he clung persistently to hopes of triumph. The outcome of his efforts belied his expectations. Something better than he anticipated was achieved. A great tract of Canadian territory was explored and described. The first foundations were laid within the zone of snow and ice of a spacious and prosperous French colony under the established law and religion of France. In his second, and again in his third expedition Cartier spent more than a year on Canadian soil. He learned by experience the rigors of the wintry climate. Yet he pronounced the country capable of conquest and settlement by the French. On the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence he set up, in the presence of a great assembly of natives, the heraldic symbol of the *fleur-de-lis*, and he entered into friendly relations with the tribes who occupied the sites of Quebec and Montreal. His courteous attitude to the natives inaugurates a new tradition on the North American continent. His disinterested curiosity regarding their language and customs renders his narratives of travel the most enlightened of all early records of American exploration and well fitted them to become text-books of Elizabethan enterprise.

The communistic ideal of the simple native life roused in Cartier keen admiration, and he brought home from his first expedition ten of the aborigines to teach his enlightened sovereign and fellow-countrymen new views of social conduct. Yet it was as a work of orthodox piety that Cartier mainly recommended the Canadian venture to his fellow-countrymen. He lost no opportunity of testifying his loyalty to his faith. His ambition was to spread among the American Indians the light of Rome, and he solemnly assured his sovereign, Francis I, that it was the will of God that he should teach them his religion. He adopted the Spanish custom of naming the places he discovered after saints or festivals of the Roman Church. The great island at the mouth of St. Lawrence's Gulf he called Assumption, because he descried it on the day consecrated to the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The Gulf of St. Lawrence he so designated because he entered it on the day of St. Lawrence, the Roman deacon and martyr.

Intense as was Cartier's spiritual ardor, sincere as was his sympathetic attitude to the natives, it was his persevering adherence to the northern trails which most boldly differentiated his achievement from that of the Spaniards, and gave it its importance in the future. The third and last expedition to North America in which Cartier engaged was not destined at the moment to fulfil his plan of establishing "New France" in the north of the western hemisphere as firmly as "New Spain" was rooted in the south. Cartier was not to blame for the want of success. A miscellaneous band of colonists sailed under the command of a lord of Picardy, Le Sieur de Roberval. The noble leader was formally appointed by the French Crown the first viceroy and lieutenant-general of Canada, and was also decorated with other titles drawn from native place names of the region. Cartier, the pioneer, now

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filled a subordinate post. His noble chief proved unequal to his exalted office. The viceroy's chosen pilot, a heroic mariner of southern France, Jean Alphonse de Saintonge, had only enjoyed experience of Eastern and tropical seas. The French colonists' knowledge and equipment yielded for the time to the strain of the climatic conditions, and Cartier failed to retrieve the situation.

The last ambitious attempt of Cartier and his companions to erect a Canadian viceroyalty thus ended in apparent failure. But there were pregnant compensations. The country was never again completely shut to French trade. Thenceforward French merchants fetched from North America year by year rich skins and furs. The French fishing fleets off the coast grew larger annually and returned home with heavier spoils. More than half a century was still to pass away while individual Frenchmen, fired by commercial ambition, made inland excursions summer after summer. But at the end of the period of probation French dominion over Canada was to emerge full-fledged.

III

GREAT French literature always kept in close touch with French colonial effort and spurred it onward. The magnetic attraction which the American North possessed for Cartier and his fellow-sailors found an echo in the later pages of Rabelais. That master comedian expounded fantastically the whole spirit of the age, and kept the essence of it alive through many generations. It is a strange medley of current maritime experience which Pantagruel undergoes on his voyage from the port of Thalasse to the country of Bacbuc, where lies the shrine of the Divine Bottle. But the author crudely fuses with his heterogeneous news from East and West the current story of North American exploration. Rabelais's Thalasse is Cartier's St. Malo; Rabelais's Captain Brayer is the hero himself. Many grotesque sounds and sights which afflict Pantagruel distort very slightly the records of Cartier's experience off Newfoundland or Labrador. So, too, the adventures which Rabelais puts to the credit of Xenomanes, Pantagruel's strangely learned hydrographer, reflect the moving accidents which befell Cartier's rival, Jean Alphonse of Saintonge, who piloted to Canada Le Sieur de Roberval, the first French viceroy of Canada.

Jean Alphonse, although a somewhat shadowy figure in the history of exploration, left as marked an impression as Cartier himself on the French literature of his epoch. He penned his own gallant story, in which a great poet of the time, Mellin de St. Gelais betrayed an even deeper interest than Rabelais acknowledged. Not merely did St. Gelais defray the expenses of publishing Jean Alphonse's record, but he commended in original prefatory verse the seamanship which disclosed unsuspected marvels of ocean, heaven, and earth. It was such sort of literary fuel which ministered to the flame of French maritime energy in North America.

The work of Rabelais and St. Gelais lived long, but the authors passed away long before Cartier's mantle found a fit wearer. Samuel de Champlain, who came, like Roberval's pilot, Jean Alphonse, from the neighborhood of La Rochelle, ultimately proved to be the most successful of all French explorers or colonists of North America. It was in cruises along the West Indies and Mexico, at the extreme end of the sixteenth century, that he won his spurs. There he gave earnest of his sagacity by suggesting the formation of a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. That project, which had already occurred to a Biscayan pilot, has waited long for realization. Subsequently Champlain faced the more familiar problem of a short way to Asia by a north-west passage. But he did not set a foot on North American soil until the year of Queen Elizabeth's death, when England, at length dimly conscious of her colonial destiny, had commenced her own gallant attack on the geographical puzzle. Then Champlain's companions set out to enforce a trade monopoly which the Crown of France had granted them over the natural products of Canada. But Champlain subordinated mercantile hopes to his passion for discovery. He pursued an original inland clew. His bold endeavors first brought within the ken of Europeans the mighty chain of Canadian lakes. The existing town of Quebec was his foundation. His quest well served the assertion of French sovereignty over Canada. Although British political rivalry for a time rendered the issue doubtful, the French claim was formally admitted before Cham-

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plain's death. When he breathed his last in Quebec in 1637, he knew that genuine fruit had come of the aspirations which Cartier formulated, and he and his companions revived and developed. At length a French province was established, with boundless possibilities of expansion, about the mysterious oceans and lakes of the far north. French maritime energy had aimed first at new fishing grounds in the north, and then at a rapid seaway to Eastern opulence. Finally its scope broadened, under stress of commercial instinct, into a colonial empire. The victory had been won over snow and ice which looked impenetrable.

IV

THE French attack on North America in the sixteenth century consisted of a series of brilliant reconnaissances. It was no continuous campaign and never absorbed the whole of French colonial effort. American territory lying farther to the south from the outset divided French colonial aspirations. Through the early, and especially through the middle years of the century, it was to Brazil or to Florida that philosophic and religious speculation drew some of the most enlightened hopes of France.

The early associations of France and Brazil form a somewhat obscure episode in the history of the New World. Their beginnings can be vaguely traced to a period anterior to the first Spanish landing in South America. But certainty is only reached after the Spanish monopolists of empire abandoned Brazil to Portuguese rivals in the first year of the sixteenth century. That measureless region was sixteen times the size of France, and not very much smaller than the whole of Europe. The Portuguese long exerted mere nominal control of their unwieldy American province. The restricted scope of the organized government of Portugal gave opportunity for unlicensed invasion, of which French adventurers took much advantage, both before and after they had turned their attention to the less tractable north.

No sooner had the Portuguese set up their first outpost at San Salvador (Bahia de Todos or Santos), the midmost point of the long, winding Brazilian coast, than a brave Norman adventurer, Captain de Gonneville, of Honfleur, was driven by adverse winds from the African passage to a distant point on the expansive Brazilian main. There, in accord with Spanish ritual, he planted, in view of the sea, on Easter Day, 1504, amid beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, firing of guns, and intoning of prayer, a cross thirty-five feet high, on which he carved the names of the Pope, Julius II, and of his sovereign, King Louis XII of France.

French sovereignty in the New World was asserted with the accepted formalities on Brazilian soil for the first time. Cartier's like ceremonial procedure in the north was anticipated by De Gonneville. The captain of Honfleur himself stayed in Brazil only six months, and never revisited the land; but his experience and spoils stimulated French hopes of the future. He brought home with him red dye-wood and brilliantly plumed birds. His cargo appealed to his countrymen's sense of color, and sharpened French interest in the New World. There also accompanied De Gonneville the son of a Brazilian chieftain, who was the first of a long line of American natives to visit sixteenth-century France. His presence excited vast curiosity about an unsuspected phase of human life. The Catholic Church was quick to claim the captive's soul, and he was baptized. The geniality of his French host's temperament and the pliancy of his own reconciled him to his new environment. He soon married his captor's daughter, and founded a family which long flourished in France. Such a precedent had no precise sequel. But it challenged ancient prejudice and tended to broaden sympathy.

Until the sixteenth century well rounded its meridian France displayed no small zest in maintaining association with Brazil and the Brazilians. Cartier schooled himself for his passage northward by engaging in an expedition to Brazil. Ships from St. Malo, Dieppe, and La Rochelle constantly challenged the artillery of Spanish fleets in order to fetch home from the Brazilian forests rich wood and birds, rare fruits and plants, which found a ready market among fashionable purveyors of Paris. Natives, in small numbers, invariably returned in the train of the voyagers, and were warmly welcomed by clergy and laity. Cartier, in bringing Eskimos from the north, was conforming to a custom which was in force already among those sailing to southern seas.

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In the Cathedral of Rouen and the chief church of St. Malo Brazilians received from time to time rites of baptism. An early sixteenth-century *bas relief*, which may still be seen in the Church of St. Jacques, at Dieppe, shows a group of Brazilian natives, their heads decorated with plumes of feathers. The carved stone was the gift of a rich merchant of the port, who organized much maritime exploration. The highest ranks of society showed active interest in the native visitors. In the middle of the century members of a Brazilian tribe called Tupinamba took prominent part in the pageants which celebrated the entry of the King of France (Henri II) and Catherine de Medici into Rouen. The scenery of Brazil was artificially reproduced on the banks of the Seine. In a mimic forest the Brazilian chief addressed his followers in their own tongue, and the savages gave an imitation of native modes of warfare. Twice in the following year did American aborigines play a like part in the ceremonials of the French court, and on the latest of these occasions the most enlightened Frenchman of his epoch, Montaigne, was moved to inquire of one of the strangers his impressions of civilized France. The American confided to the French philosopher his difficulty in accounting for the presence of rich and poor, of well-fed and ill-fed, side by side. He wondered at the respect which was paid by strong, bearded men to weak, beardless youths on grounds of high hereditary rank.

In his romance of "Utopia," Sir Thomas More pictured the ideal polity and economy of a primal age of golden purity, which he located in an imaginary island near Brazil. Rabelais borrowed literally some of More's invented topography of the New World. The direct intercourse of Frenchmen with their Brazilian guests reanimated in France More's beatific vision of an American Utopia, and gave it new strength and reality. Montaigne's conversation with the Brazilian suggested to him an half-ironic eulogy of the natural state of man and a new social philosophy.

In this region of speculation Montaigne had many companions. The most melodious and thoughtful poet of the French Renaissance, Ronsard, versified the theory of uncivilized man's purity. Free from sin or fear of law, ignorant of the names of virtue or vice, of senate or king, the natives, according to Ronsard's verse, pursued a life of unsullied pleasure cherishing their own idiosyncrasies and exercising a rare faculty of self-control (*seul maistre de soi*). The perfection of social order was reached in the communistic ideal of savage Brazil, where possession of the earth was no more restricted than ownership of the air or the water of the sea. The aboriginal American was no degenerate. He still cultivated the Garden of Eden. It was not the European who could teach the American how to live; the European must crave that instruction of the American.

> Ils vivent maintenant en leur âge doré. . .
> Vivez, heureuse gent, sans peine et sans souci,
> Vivez ioyeusement, ie voudrais vivre ainsi.

The poetic fancy long scorned all scientific refutation, and fostered a spirit of criticism which touched the oldest of religious, social, and political institutions in France. Elizabethan thought and literature showed traces of the conception, which travelled far beyond French boundaries. The powerful impulse which Montaigne's argumentative presentation gave the theory colored some of Bacon's speculation, and found a faint echo in the work of Shakespeare.

V

MEANWHILE religious revolution threatened France, and her social and civil equilibrium tottered. The claims of the Church of Rome to the allegiance of Christians were called in question throughout Europe. The new model of Christianity, which Luther had devised in Germany, was welcomed with enthusiasm by masses of Frenchmen and was carried even further from the original pattern by the zeal of a Frenchman, Calvin. The French reformers of religion, who adopted the designation of Huguenot from the German word *Eidgenossen* (*i. e.*, confederate), were soon to acknowledge discipleship to none but Calvin. In north, south, and west bands of Frenchmen abjured the old papal traditions. A Presbyterian form of church government was adopted, and congregations which lacked neither rank, nor wealth, nor intelligence multiplied in the great centres of population. The Catholic Church appealed to the French king to crush by physical force this re-

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bellion of the spirit which stirred thought of change in the political as well as in the religious sphere. A furious persecution of the Huguenots was initiated. The Church denounced the apostates as pestilent heretics, and not obscurely recommended to the secular power a policy of massacre. The law of the land soon prohibited the Huguenots' form of worship, made it a penal offence to acknowledge or publish their opinions, questioned their title to property, banished them from public employment, overwhelmed with heavy penalties any who harbored them, and bribed informers to bring forward damnatory evidence. Neither the Protestants in England under Queen Mary nor the Catholics there under Queen Elizabeth were exposed to so merciless a storm of penal legislation as the Huguenots of France endured in the middle of the sixteenth century. But neither fire nor sword, neither fine nor imprisonment, killed the new creed. Its growth was very slightly retarded. So far from dying, it developed new means of life.

The poetic theory of the persistence in America of the primeval age of innocence seems first to have moved a section of the Huguenots when the persecution was nearing its full tide to look across the Atlantic for relief from immediate torment and for opportunity of final enfranchisement. The New World, which was imagined to preserve human nature in its primordial simplicity, might well serve as an asylum for the Christian faith, which had at length been restored to its original purity. The persecuted Huguenots were easily persuaded to identify the uncorrupted evil of America with their land of promise. Many of them proclaimed it their mission to rebuild God's violated temple in the Far West. Their hope of enjoying free scope for their own spiritual development was sustained and strengthened by the consolation that they would be spreading spiritual salvation among the innocent heathen, who did not yet number among their felicities true knowledge of Christ. The Catholic invaders had infected large numbers of the aborigines of the new continent with their erroneous teaching, and their missionary triumphs provoked loud exultation among the servants of Rome. It was the destined duty of a Protestant immigration to provide an antidote in the recovered Christian truth.

In the highest quarters of the state the French conception of America as the future home of Protestant freedom first found substantial encouragement. Coligny, the admiral of France, and a statesman of sagacity, long cherished sympathy with the Huguenot faith before he openly declared himself the militant chief of the Huguenot movement. It was, when Coligny's relations with his Protestant fellow-countrymen were still in doubt, that he lent the weight of his great name to a scheme for founding a Protestant empire of liberty on the other side of the Atlantic. A man of paradoxical character came forward to put the aspiration to practical tests. Nicholas Durand, Seigneur de Villegagnon, had, a quarter of a century before, been one of Calvin's fellow-students at the University of Paris. He had since seen both naval and military service in many parts of Europe, and had risen to the position of vice-admiral of Brittany. Acquiring a taste for theological controversy, he acknowledged the force of the Huguenot argument. But abnormal vanity played a prominent part in his visionary and mystical temperament, and the event proved that his religious convictions rested on shifting foundations. As a bold and efficient naval officer, he attracted the favor of Coligny, and his patron approved a scheme of his propounding to raise the Huguenot flag in South America.

Brazil, the spacious province of South America, whither a long succession of French mariners had already voyaged, was Villegagnon's chosen haven. In the summer of 1555 a little fleet of three vessels under his command brought from Havre and Dieppe to the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro a hundred Protestant Frenchmen, after a four months' voyage. Christening the land "La France Antarctique," Villegagnon formed, on a palm-clad island in the bay, a settlement which was named by him Coligny, but is now called after himself. The tropical vegetation and the strange splendor of the flowers and birds satisfied him and his fellow-voyagers for a moment that they had reached the heavenly paradise. But the expedition was ill-equipped for the practical needs of colonial life. A library of theological books, which Villegagnon brought with him, proved a poor substitute for stores and implements of building and agriculture which he left behind. In a few months

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Villegagnon sent most of his companions home to crave of Coligny adequate supplies and re-enforcements of Protestant enthusiasm.

The most significant message that Villegagnon's envoys carried to Europe was addressed not to French laymen, but to the spiritual chief of the Huguenot faith. It was of Calvin in Geneva, whither the reformer had been driven by persecution in France, that Villegagnon begged help in building a Protestant empire in Brazil. Calvin was by accident absent when Villegagnon's messengers arrived in Switzerland. But French and Swiss ministers and magistrates welcomed them to Geneva, and at a special service in the Church of St. Pierre, there was preached the obligation to plant in Brazil a free community of Calvinists. Fervent thanks were offered to God for having given French lovers of the true doctrine a home where threats of suppression lost significance and where God's saints might reign in peace.

A large band of Genevans offered themselves as colonists, and two ministers of Calvin's Church, Pierre Richer and Guillaume Chartier, accepted the posts of chaplains. These two men were the earliest ordained ministers of the Reformed Church who reached the American continent. Calvin, dreaming of the day when priests should fill the places of kings, gave the enterprise his blessing. Coligny invited the leader of the Genevan contingent to visit him on his way through France, and dismissed him with encouraging courtesies. Hundreds of Huguenot enthusiasts, including students and mechanics, flocked to Honfleur, where the embarkation took place. On the eve of their departure the emigrants suffered a cruel reminder of the murderous rancor which their new faith bred. While a party of them was celebrating the Lord's Supper in their lodgings, an angry Catholic mob broke in, and one of their number was slain. But at length, on November 20, 1556, three vessels, crowded with the Protestant zealots, put out to sea. The pure Christian faith was openly crossing the Atlantic to expand and fructify under new skies. With the emigrants and their preachers and teachers there sailed six French boys and six French girls, who were to learn the native language and were in due course to interpret the faith to the aborigines. No Frenchwomen had previously ventured on the American continent. Every hope of the Pilgrim Fathers was stirring in these French adventurers of 1556, although sixty years and more were to elapse before the *Mayflower* left Plymouth Sound.

A four months' voyage brought the Calvinist zealots to Villegagnon's settlement on Coligny Island, off Rio de Janeiro (in the spring of 1557). Villegagnon gave the new-comers a fitting Puritan welcome. He warned them against vice and bade them flinch not from the simple life. He promised a refuge to all persecuted believers in a land which was free from fear of king, emperor, or potentate. Leading the newcomers to a chapel fashioned on a Genevan model in the centre of the island, he bade all sing in unison (in the version of the French Protestant poet, Clement Marot) one of David's psalms of exile (Psalm v):

> Mon Dieu, guide moy et convoye
> Par ta bonté, que ne soys mis
> Soubz la main de mes ennemis,
> Et dresse devant moy ta voye,
> Que ne fourvoye.

Then the Genevan minister, Richer, preached with fervor from Psalm xxviii, verse 4: "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life."

The hope that the pathless Brazilian forests would provide the van-guard of Christianity with the security that Europe denied it seemed for a time on the road to realization. Ministers soon wrote home to Calvin that the colony resembled the Christian household which Nymphas founded in the time of the apostles (Colossians iv, 15). They assured friends at home that Calvinism was destined to be the religion of America. But the perversity of the chieftain, Villegagnon, stirred clouds on this sunlit horizon. Liberally interpreting Calvin's theocratic theory of government, he constituted himself high priest and chief magistrate. In all that pertained to morality or theology he declared himself sole arbiter. Extravagance in dress or diet became a criminal offence. He revised the ritual of worship, and suffered no religious service to conclude without a sermon of an hour's duration. He himself cultivated a gift for extemporaneous prayer, which he exercised mercilessly.

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The only recreation in which Villegagnon suffered any to indulge was discussion of recondite points of dogmatic theology. Thence came grievous peril to the whole colonial fabric which had been raised under tropical skies. The theological debates led to dissensions which spread from minutiæ to fundamentals. The despotic ruler began an inquiry into the fitness of American corn for use in the manufacture of sacramental bread, and then challenged the mysterious problem of transubstantiation. Villegagnon himself grew distracted by perplexities, and Pastor Chartier was ordered home to invite Calvin's judgment. The minister took with him an incongruous gift of ten Brazilian natives for the French king. Meanwhile a young colonist from the Paris Sorbonne, who was no mean dialectician, acquired a singular influence over Villegagnon, and the despot's Calvinist convictions showed signs of weakening. The poison spread quickly. Villegagnon renounced allegiance to Calvin and pronounced him a heretic.

Stanch Calvinists made an attempt to depose the erratic and despotic governor, and when they failed, sought a new asylum on the mainland. There the natives welcomed them with warmth, and the loyal Huguenots consoled themselves for their companions' apostasy by missionary energy. The natives delighted in the Frenchmen's psalmody, and heard sermons in an unknown tongue with exemplary patience. Villegagnon meanwhile passed beyond redemption. Four rebellious Protestants who approached him with an appeal for peace he condemned to death. They were flung by his order into the sea. In such paradoxical circumstances was the martyrdom of Protestants inaugurated on the American continent.

Finally almost all the settlers returned to Brittany, after a voyage which exposed them to tragic hardships. Villegagnon followed in their train, and a handful of adherents whom he left behind on Coligny Island, fell a prey to Portuguese vengeance three years later (1560). The Portuguese tardily awoke to the trespass of Frenchmen on their territory and, swooping down on the survivors of Villegagnon's colony, killed or imprisoned them all. Amid massacre and theological broils the first endeavor to settle the Reformed Church in America came to a violent end.

Not that Huguenot hopes of Brazil were thereby quenched. Huguenot sailors of Normandy were ill-content to abandon to the sway of Romanist Portugal the land which had been watered with Calvinist blood, but they adopted methods of asserting their pretensions which hardly entitled them to success. Religious scruples did not deter Huguenot enthusiasts from overhauling unprotected Portuguese ships on the Brazilian voyage in order to kill or drive into the sea priests or Jesuits who were found aboard. Guns and ammunition were regularly sold by Huguenot buccaneers to Brazilian natives. The desperate policy was pursued to the end of the century. But it failed to retrieve the situation that Villegagnon's perverseness was thought to have flung away.

Yet there remains to mention one pleasant trace of the Huguenots' association with Brazil. The natives long cherished tender memories of their guests. Near the close of the century, fortune condemned an English sailor, Anthony Knivet, to many years' wanderings among the aborigines of South America; and when he fell in with a Brazilian tribe, a self-protecting instinct led him to feign to be a Frenchman. Before his eyes his native hosts slew his Portuguese companions, but they gave him kindly hospitality in the belief that he belonged to a nation whom they loved.

VI

THE tragedy of Villegagnon in Brazil had not dismayed Coligny, whose Huguenot sympathies were no longer disguised. When those who had remained steadfast to Calvinism came back from Brazil, they found eight hundred sympathizers ready to carry on the great Huguenot mission across the Atlantic, while it was estimated that ten thousand more were willing, at need, to risk in the cause their lives and property. Such wide-spread zeal was not easily balked, and, within five years of Villegagnon's failure, the old hope of a Huguenot empire of the West was flaming more brightly than before. But it was not to Brazil, where the Portuguese were now active against intruders, that Coligny and the projectors of a second Huguenot colony turned their gaze.

News recently spread through France that a tract of country in the northern continent excelled in luxuriance and fragrance

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the fields and forests of Brazil. The territory was known as Florida, because the Spaniards had discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascha Florida), and not, as the word was often interpreted, because of the region's wealth of flowers. Florida then included within its ill-defined boundaries, in addition to the Southern State of the American Union which now alone bears the appellation, an expanse of land reaching as far north as Maryland, if not beyond. Many events which contemporary writers of the sixteenth century locate in Florida really took place in what are now the States of North or South Carolina, or Virginia. Spaniards had made many spasmodic attempts to occupy this vague country which they had very partially explored. In 1560 the smiling pastures were still in undisputed possession of sparse native tribes and were believed in Europe to lie open to all comers. Many Frenchmen were prone to identify the rumored beauty of the scenery and the reputed mineral wealth with the Garden of Eden or the Land of Ophir. The Huguenots were easily brought to imagine that there a final refuge had been divinely appointed for their spotless faith. At the same time Frenchmen, who were not Huguenots, moved by jealousy of Spanish predominance, favored a project of peaceful conquest which gave promise of a colonial empire of rare natural fertility.

Jean Ribaut, of a good family of Dieppe, that nursery of expert sailors, made the first step forward. He was a master of seacraft and had fully identified himself with the Huguenot movement. To him Coligny entrusted the command of the first Huguenot expedition to Florida. Joined by Calvinists of all walks in life, he steered his fleet on an original course which avoided the West Indian islands. Without sighting land, he reached, in little more than two months, the shores of North America near the present town of St. Augustine in Florida. The adjacent St. John's River, which Ribaut, like some Spanish predecessors, confusedly took to be the Jordan, he christened the River of May, because on May day he discovered it. On its bank he set up, with accustomed ceremonies, a stone pillar inscribed with the insignia of the French monarch, Charles IX; the pillar was soon worshipped by the natives as an idol. Thus the French occupation of Florida was inaugurated.

Travelling a little to the north, Ribaut reached a spot on the South Carolina coast, which he called Port Royal, and it is still so called on many maps. On a neighboring island he finally placed his Huguenot settlement, naming it Charles Fort, after his sovereign. That site is now occupied by the town of Beaufort. As soon as the foundations of the colony were laid, Ribaut and his chief officers took leave of their companions and sailed home to consult Protestant friends about large plans of future developments.

In France the Huguenot strife had developed into a furious civil war in which the Catholic forces were gaining the upper hand. It was no time to pursue a visionary project across the Atlantic. Ribaut, in despair, retired to England, and there published a spirited account of his hopes and experiences in Florida, which stirred the emulation of Protestant Englishmen. For a time Ribaut abandoned active colonial endeavor.

The trouble at home gave small opportunity of sending out assistance to those whom Ribaut had left behind in South Carolina. But after two years the domestic strife subsided, and Coligny then equipped a larger fleet than any that went before to relieve and extend the Florida colony. Ribaut was still absent from France, and the chief command was bestowed on his chief companion in the first expedition, René de Laudonnière, a pious Huguenot nobleman, who had seen service at sea, and had the merits and defects of a confident and religious naval officer. He was bidden take with him none but God-fearing Calvinists. Small attention was paid to the more useful characteristics of prospective colonists. An artist, Le Moyne, was of the company, together with noblemen, soldiers, lawyers, and artisans. Practical agriculturists were not invited. Amid psalmody the expedition left Havre, and to the like accompaniment it disembarked in Florida near St. John's River. Ribaut and Laudonnière had landed on the same spot two years before, but had not tarried there. Now Laudonnière laid there the site of a new settlement, which he christened La Caroline. That title was an accidental anticipation of the name of Carolina, which English occupiers a century later bestowed on the adjacent territory in honor of their king, Charles II of England.

Of the older Huguenot settlers in South Carolina no trace was found. They had

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rebelled against their leader, and through ignorance of colonizing arts, had been reduced to helpless starvation, which they tried to alleviate by eating one another. A few survivors built a pinnace, on which they ventured out to sea, to be rescued by an English vessel and to be landed at an English port. Unknowingly Laudonnière had crossed the path of these colonial derelicts on his recent outward voyage.

Laudonnière's colony suffered most of the torments of its predecessor. His companions despised manual labor, and, when supplies were exhausted, threatening famine bred mutiny. The malcontents were expelled, and sailed away to excite, by acts of piracy off the West Indian islands, the perilous resentment of Spain. Laudonnière's loyal adherents sought comfort in their sufferings in prayer and psalmody. The land echoed with Marot's pious verse, and friendly natives, catching the sacred tunes, adapted them to their pagan rites. For a generation afterward, Protestant melody haunted the aboriginal habitations of the land. With the natives in his near neighborhood Laudonnière cultivated cordial relations. But he challenged disaster by taking their side in warfare with more distant tribes.

After a year the prospect of the Huguenot settlers looked black. Cut off from home, they grew sullen and listless. Suddenly relief offered from an unexpected quarter. An English expedition under Sir John Hawkins, which was returning from a slave-trading errand in the West Indies, coasted along Florida. On one of the English ships was a Dieppe pilot, who had brought Ribaut out two years before. Communications were easily opened with his compatriots on shore. Laudonnière welcomed Hawkins with eagerness, and declared him to be "a good and charitable man." But, to the dismay of his companions, he declined the English captain's offer to carry him and his colonists home. He was content with purchasing of his visitor a small ship, some foodstuffs, and wax for the making of candles; he gave in exchange guns and ammunition, of which he blindly thought that he had no need.

Within three weeks of Hawkins's departure the scene suffered further change. Reports of Laudonnière's misgovernment had reached France. It was said that he was playing the tyrant, and was counterfeiting royal power. Ribaut, recalled from exile in England, was ordered out as the king's lieutenant, at the head of a large company of new settlers, to supersede the alleged pretender. After leaving Dieppe, one of Ribaut's ships spent three weeks on repairs off the Isle of Wight and spread intelligence of the venture in England. Ribaut crossed the ocean without adventure. Laudonnière received him with natural misgiving. But the days of the Huguenot colony were numbered. Spain was preparing to strike a fatal blow at the heretic invasion of her imperial sphere of dominion.

Five days after Ribaut's arrival in Florida, fifteen Spanish vessels, carrying 2,600 men, hove in sight of the luckless Huguenots, under the command of a fanatical Catholic, Don Pedro Menendez de Avila. Laudonnière wrangled with Ribaut over lines of defence, but possibilities of resistance were negligible. With a revolting brutality, which has few parallels in history, all but a score of the Huguenot colonists were massacred by the Spaniards. Not as Frenchmen, but as heretics, wrote the Spanish leader, were they done to death. Ribaut cheerfully marched to his doom chanting a psalm.

Laudonnière, with a score of Frenchmen, succeeded in escaping the barbarous slaughter of his compatriots and coreligionists. They safely emerged from the peril of an Atlantic voyage in a small boat. By error the distressed mariners landed on the coast of Wales. From Swansea they made their way to London. Laudonnière gratefully acknowledged hospitalities on the road and received assistance which enabled him finally to reach his native land. One of his companions, the artist, Jacques le Moyne, who brought from Florida a valuable collection of sketches and maps, was befriended by the English Puritans and set up a studio in Blackfriars.

Meanwhile, the French Government vainly sought through diplomatic channels some redress of the cruel wrong which Spain's agents had wrought on the Frenchmen in Florida. Private patriotism devised cruder but more effective means of vengeance. Le Sieur Dominique de Gourgues, a passionate Gascon, enlisted a troop of desperadoes, and, convoying them in three small vessels from La Rochelle to La Caroline, surprised the Spanish occupants. Relentlessly there was meted out to them the

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same barbarous penalties which they had already exacted of Ribaut and his men. The natives welcomed the avenging host with snatches of the psalm tunes which the slaughtered Huguenots had taught them, and showed active sympathy with the work of French retaliation. "Not as Spaniards, nor as mariners, but as murderers, robbers, and traitors, did the Spanish conquerors suffer," declared Gourgues, in grim mockery of the words which the Spaniards had applied to their Huguenot victims. Though Gourgues was himself no Protestant, he had punished Spain's murderous assault on the Huguenot settlement. The Huguenot town of La Rochelle gave him a triumphant reception on his return from his deed of blood.

Huguenot statesmen subsequently meditated a further experiment in Florida on the old pattern. But little came of such design save lawless buccaneering, which lacked official sanction. Among the crews of the French privateers, Calvinists commonly predominated, and they gave short shrift to Spanish priests and monks who fell into their clutches. But the formal settlement of the Huguenot colonist was stayed almost as effectually in Florida by Ribaut's murder as in Brazil by Villegagnon's apostasy.

The last of the early Huguenot efforts in America took a different direction and need not detain us here. By the end of the century the Huguenots had won toleration in France, and were exhibiting rare commercial aptitude. It was their mercantile ambition rather than their old ideal of liberty of faith which opened a new chapter in the history of their colonial endeavor. Abandoning past hopes of Southern settlements in America, they revived, mainly with a view to increase of trade, the earlier hopes of a French empire in Canada. In 1603, when England was at length turning to solve colonial problems for herself, a Huguenot leader of La Rochelle obtained a royal charter granting him a monopoly of North American commerce. The exclusive privilege excited the hostility of private traders of Brittany and Normandy and it roused resentment among Catholics. By sale or regrant the charter passed from hand to hand, and its successive holders, aided by the contemporary discoveries of the heroic explorer, Champlain, gradually brought Canada under French sway. Experience revealed practical difficulty in keeping French colonial endeavor under Calvinist control. For a few years Protestants maintained the upper hand. Then for a brief season toleration of Calvinist and Catholic was enjoined on those who were responsible for the Canadian government. But neither Protestant nor Catholic took kindly in colonial life to that principle of enlightenment. Between the two creeds there raged on American soil a furious strife, which perplexed the natives, whom both parties sought to bring into the Christian fold. Huguenot captains were reluctant to release Catholic seamen from the psalm-singing and exercises in prayer which were part of the Huguenot discipline both at sea and on land. Catholics retaliated by obstructing Protestant worship. Finally supreme power over Canada was acquired by a patroness of the Jesuits, and her protégés converted the North American colonies of France into outposts of rigid Catholicism.

VII

BEFORE this consummation was reached, England had assimilated the colonial teaching of the Huguenots in its early and most enlightened phase. At first the Elizabethans studied the Huguenot lesson listlessly, but, as the colonial spirit gained robustness among them, they paid it an earnest attention, which led to momentous consequences. In the event Protestant England fully avenged in the seventeenth century all the injuries and rebuffs which Protestant France endured in the New World during the sixteenth.

The colonial teaching of the Huguenots reached the Elizabethans through many channels. Englishmen enjoyed opportunities of personal intercourse with some who had actively engaged in the French enterprises across the Atlantic, while the voluminous French literature, which reported at first hand the whole course of the moving Huguenot story, was rendered with singular promptness into English.

Elizabethan Englishmen came into close touch with the Huguenot colonists of Florida. Survivors of the first settlement were rescued from shipwreck by English mariners. Survivors of the second settlement landed at Swansea, and, trudging through the heart of England to London, were relieved in their destitution by English sym-

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pathizers. The martyred Ribaut spent in exile in the English capital nearly the whole of the two years which intervened between his first and his second voyage to Florida. Part of his time there he devoted to describing from his own experience "the wonderful strange natures and manners of the people [of Florida], with the marvellous commodities and treasures of the country, as also the pleasant ports, havens, and ways thereunto, never found out before." Though he wrote in French, his original narrative is now only extant in the English translation, which came out in 1563 with a dedication to the chief goldsmith of London, a leading alderman of the corporation, Sir Martin Bowes. Another actor on the Florida scene, who was hardly less imposing than Ribaut, figured, too, for a season on the English stage. The Gascon Gourgues's deed of vengeance was loudly acclaimed in England. Queen Elizabeth, responding to popular sentiment, invited him to her court, where he was regally entertained and consulted as to further assaults on Spanish prestige.

News of Ribaut's tragic fate spread through Elizabethan England with lightning speed. A vivacious report of the massacre was quickly published in Paris by one of Ribaut's few surviving companions, Nicholas le Challeux, a Huguenot carpenter. Le Challeux's statement achieved instant popularity in an English translation. The humble author, on his journey out to Florida, had spent nearly three weeks in the Isle of Wight, and had made English friends there. Le Moyne, a second Huguenot survivor of the Spanish outrage, returned to Europe by way of England, and never left the country again. He was long a picturesque figure in the Huguenot colony of Blackfriars and enjoyed the patronage of Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. To Sidney's wife he dedicated a curious publication of drawings of beasts, birds, flowers, and fruits, and at Raleigh's expense he executed in colors a pictorial account of his American experience. When De Bry, the great Frankfort publisher, came to London to bargain with him for the purchase of his rich portfolio of sketches of Florida life and nature, the refugee declined to sell from a sense of loyalty to his English friends. But after his death his widow, ignoring his scruples, made over his artistic relics to the German dealer, who at once gave them to the cultured world of Continental Europe.

A complementary link between Huguenot and English colonial hopes was forged by the visits to Paris of Englishmen to whom the Huguenot adventures appealed very directly and who thirsted for precise knowledge of them. Richard Eden, the earliest English compiler of the foreign literature of New World travel, was early in Elizabeth's reign for no less than ten years secretary to a chieftain of the Huguenots, the Vidâme de Chartres. The Vidâme lived in Paris, although he often visited England to beg help for his persecuted sect, and he finally fled thither for good after the St. Bartholomew Massacre. Through nearly the whole period of the Florida adventure Eden was watching its ebb and flow at the headquarters of the Huguenot movement in France, while in the Vidâme's service. Other Englishmen emulated Eden's example. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, when preparing his spirited plea for the settlement of North America by Englishmen, consulted in Paris the aged geographer, André Thevet, who had written a fanciful account of Villegagnon's strange exploits in Brazil. Thevet, who had been a friend of Rabelais, claimed to have visited Villegagnon in Brazil. His story, which betrayed a whimsical credulity, circulated in an English translation. A few years later a greater colonial propagandist of English race than Eden or even Gilbert, Richard Hakluyt, also spent five years in Paris as chaplain to the English embassy there. With infinite zeal he cultivated personal intercourse with all who could instruct him in the French experience of America. He corresponded with Cartier's kindred, he visited Thevet and reprinted the English version of Ribaut's record. The pettiness of the advances, which Protestantism, despite the Huguenot sacrifices, had made in America, compared ill in Hakluyt's mind with the triumphal progress of Catholicism under the protection of Spain. His Parisian sojourn served to excite the passionate energy with which he urged on Protestant England the duty of retrieving the Huguenot defeat. Sir Walter Raleigh's persevering attempt to colonize Virginia, which formed part of the vaguely defined territory then bearing the name of Florida, was a reply to Hakluyt's summons.

Great as was Sir Walter Raleigh's debt

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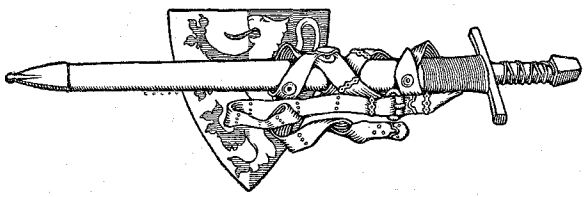
to Spanish example, the teaching of the Huguenots left on his mind abiding and fruitful traces. Hakluyt spread in France the notion that Raleigh was the hope of the Protestant cause in America. In 1586 there came out in Paris, in the French tongue, a collection of all the records of the Florida settlement, including not only Ribaut's narrative, but the reports of Laudonnière and of Gourgues, the avenger of the Huguenot massacre. The Huguenot editor dedicated the book to Raleigh, as the hero of colonial Protestantism. There mingled in those pages tales of adventurous exploits with pregnant comments on the theory and practice of colonization from religious, moral, and economic points of view. A year later Hakluyt published in London his own English translation of this "notable history." Again the dedication was addressed to Raleigh, who was adjured to redress in Virginia the Huguenot failure in Florida.

Meanwhile the Huguenot teaching acquired additional force from chance meetings of Huguenot sailors with Elizabethan adventurers in remote corners of South America. The mutual relations were invariably as cordial as those which distinguished the intercourse of Laudonnière and Sir John Hawkins in Florida in 1564. It was off the Isthmus of Panama that Francis Drake fell in with a Huguenot ship of Havre, whose captain brought him the first pathetic tidings of the St. Bartholomew Massacre and gave him as proof of friendship a pair of pistols and a fair gilt scimetar. At Drake's invitation the Huguenot mariner joined him in an inland exploring raid through the Isthmus of Panama, so unreservedly did French and English Protestants acknowledge the unity of their cause. A quarter of a century later courtesies of like character were exchanged off Brazil by Sir James Lancaster, the adventurous voyager of London, and Captain Noyer, a merchant seaman of Dieppe, both of whom were raiding with Protestant zeal the Portuguese stations of the Brazilian coast. Through the same period Norman pilots of Calvinist sentiment readily found berths on Elizabethan fleets which were bound for the Spanish main. A pilot of Dieppe sailed with Sir John Hawkins in 1565. A pilot of Havre accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh to Guiana thirty years later. The Huguenot message repeatedly passed to the Elizabethan sailor by word of mouth.

It was in the Huguenot spirit that the Puritans of England, when penal legislation drove them from their homes, looked to America for protection and salvation. The vision of religious liberty in the New World was a Huguenot creation. It was slow to acquire stern enough sway over the minds of Englishmen to move them to action. But under stress of events the experiences of English Puritans fell into closer and closer agreement with those of the French Huguenots. Then the word written and spoken in France of the Calvinist colonies did penetrating work in England. The beginnings of New England were cast in the Huguenot mould. The great American project of Puritan England differed from the French schemes in Brazil and Florida neither in motive nor in principle, but in practical achievement and enduring triumph. From the colonial failures of Protestant France flowed the colonial successes of Protestant England.



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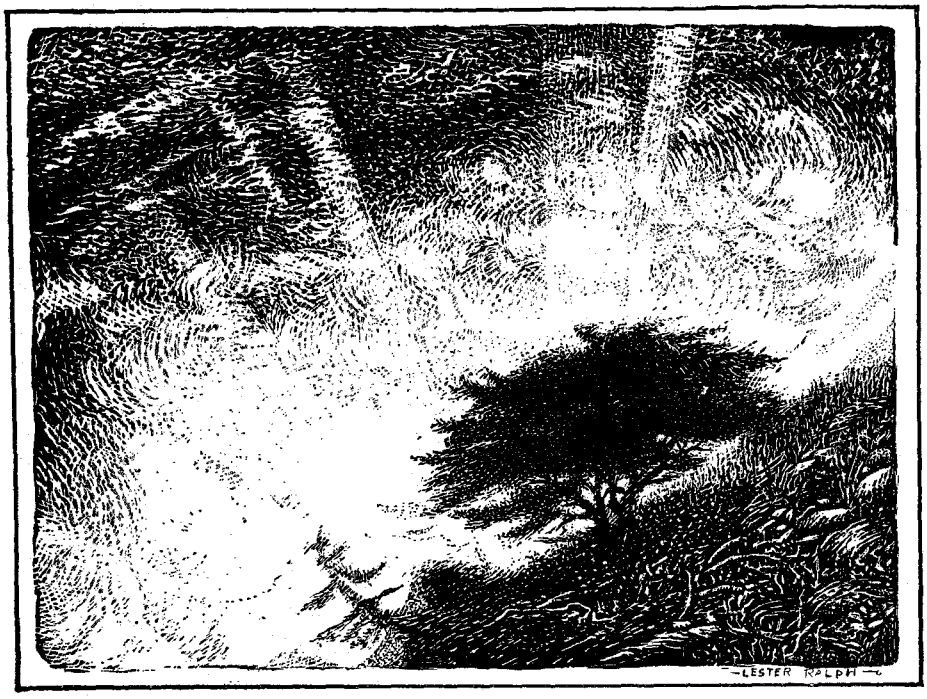

"INTERMONT"

By John Finley

DECORATIONS BY LESTER RALPH

THE EAST MOUNTAINS

(MORNING)

OVER my mountains the morning is breaking,
Out of the darkness my day is awaking,
Day which the yesterdays' myriad dying
All of their gold would have spent for the buying,
Day which is mine, without asking, to measure
All that I will from its infinite treasure.
. . . . . .

Mountains, my mountains, fling open your portals,
Ye who beheld the first day come to mortals,
Saw the first miracled sky of their seeing,
Heard the first heavenward cry of their being;
Let in the hours with their splendors supernal,
Journeying out of past ages eternal
Into the other far-stretching forever,
Bearing the gifts of the ages' endeavor.
Far have they come to this soul-dwelling planet,
Seeking my valley of green and of granite;
Father of Lights, may no shadowing sorrow
Fall on their path as they go to the morrow.

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THE SOUTH MOUNTAINS

(NOON)

OVER my mountains the noontide is burning,
Past their still summits a continent's yearning
Cries to the sky for the gifts of its giving,
Cries for the food and the raiment of living,
Praying for bread with the wheel and the hammer,
Praying for drink with a hoarse-throated clamor,
Praying for light with the lens and the prism,
Praying for faith with the cross and the chrism.

. . . . . .

Here 'mid my mountains of transfigurations
Would I have builded my lone habitations,
Tents for the friends of my soul, far from others,
Far from the greeds and the woes of my brothers;
Father of Men, give me pardon. Descending
O'er the dun highway, Thy spirit attending,
Back to the streets of the multitude's dwelling
Grateful I go. Do thou give me the telling
Often to those who have not known the glory,
Often to ears that have not heard the story,
Often to eyes that have not seen the vision,
What I have known in this valley Elysian,
Till from the whirring of wheels and their grinding,
Till from the shadows of walls and their blinding,
I shall at eve climb again to these mountains,
Rest in their quiet and drink of their fountains.

THE WEST MOUNTAINS

(EVENING)

OVER my mountains the sunset is glowing,
Yonder the rivers of argent are flowing
Down through the flower-lit fields, and my Vesper
Pales o'er the golden-boughed orchards of Hesper.
Here in my valley the day is declining,
Yonder the sun of a new day is shining,
There is the valley of youth and its questland,
There is the wonderful, ever-far westland.

. . . . . .

Mountains, I care not to cross your dim ranges
Into the land where the seasons' dread changes
Come not to furrow, or wither, or whiten;
Come not to worry, or torture, or frighten
Youth into age. Not for youth and its gladness,
Not for its heart that has never known sadness,
Not for its strength that has never known tiring,
Not for its boundless undaunted aspiring—
Not for all these would I give what is left me,
If in its giving one friend were bereft me,
If in its giving I lost me the keeping,
Close to my heart till the hour of my sleeping,
What I have loved in my valley of living,
Though I should win me all else in the giving.

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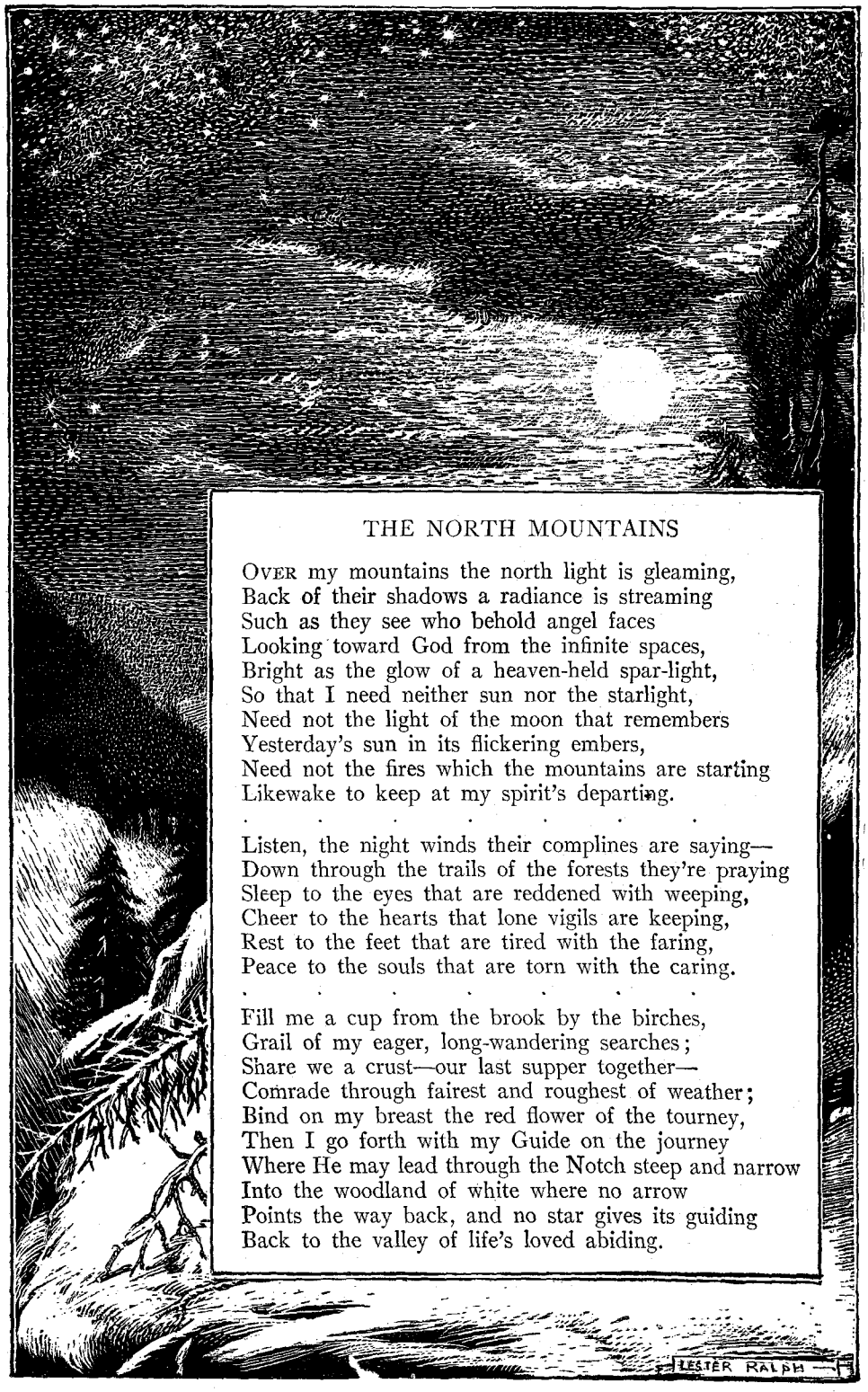

THE NORTH MOUNTAINS

OVER my mountains the north light is gleaming,
Back of their shadows a radiance is streaming
Such as they see who behold angel faces
Looking toward God from the infinite spaces,
Bright as the glow of a heaven-held spar-light,
So that I need neither sun nor the starlight,
Need not the light of the moon that remembers
Yesterday's sun in its flickering embers,
Need not the fires which the mountains are starting
Likewake to keep at my spirit's departing.

. . . . . .

Listen, the night winds their complines are saying—
Down through the trails of the forests they're praying
Sleep to the eyes that are reddened with weeping,
Cheer to the hearts that lone vigils are keeping,
Rest to the feet that are tired with the faring,
Peace to the souls that are torn with the caring.

. . . . . .

Fill me a cup from the brook by the birches,
Grail of my eager, long-wandering searches;
Share we a crust—our last supper together—
Comrade through fairest and roughest of weather;
Bind on my breast the red flower of the tourney,
Then I go forth with my Guide on the journey
Where He may lead through the Notch steep and narrow
Into the woodland of white where no arrow
Points the way back, and no star gives its guiding
Back to the valley of life's loved abiding.

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THE HAT TRICK

By Churchill Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

MY name is George Cuthbert, and I am on the pay-roll of a large retail jewelry firm, though you would never guess that unless you had a daughter married, or celebrated your silver wedding, or something of that sort. Even then, when I presented myself at your house in frock-coat or evening clothes you probably would pay me the compliment of momentarily doubting my introduction. For I do not look my part, and whatever success I have achieved is due partly to the offices of a good tailor, partly to an inheritance of gentle blood some way back in the family of which I am rather proud. Yet, for all that, I am a detective and my particular business it is to watch over wedding presents and the like while they are on display in your house.

A "near" detective, some of the facetious among my profession dub me, in derisive reference to the apparently passive nature of my duties and to the inexpertness as criminals of most of those against whom I pit myself. But, though my job usually calls for no greater physical exertion than holding down a chair in some inconspicuous corner or strolling among well-dressed people and showing a casual interest in grandfather clocks, impracticable vases, silverware, crystal, and piles of painted china, I am always busy hearing and seeing things which I am not supposed to hear or see, and maybe, putting these together and pulling them apart again in an effort to keep myself from being fooled by my ears and eyes. For in my business there is nothing to be mistrusted more than those same obvious deductions by which the detective at large often fortifies the indications of circumstantial evidence. There is no person, as my experience shows, upon whose countenance guilt frequently is writ so large as the unthinking individual suddenly apprised of the fact that his or her innocent examination of one of Mary's wedding gifts is being watched by a strange man. And there is nothing easier than to mistake the wealthiest or most aristocratic old lady or gentleman for someone who has no right at all in such company, so seldom do the outward and visible signs of virtue agree with those of money or pedigree. My part it is to pick out the one and occasional offender from among the hundred habitually honest men and women—an offender, too, who presents to suspicious observation the very articles of identity, behavior, and dress which have just served as passport at the front door. Moreover, for me to make a single slip is fatal; no explanation explains, no apology atones for an error on my part, whether of omission or commission. And—but I think you will see that there are difficulties in my position, and that my post calls for something besides an acceptable presence and a cultivated appreciation of luxurious surroundings and pretty girls.

Of what I accomplish—ah! there's the rub! There is relatively little that is spectacular in my part; the newspapers are the last places in the world where anything about me must appear. And negative evidence, as I have learned, is not always convincing. Perhaps, then, as it will do no harm, I cannot better illustrate what sometimes falls my way than tell you of the wedding at the Anthony Tromwells, and of the problem I was there called on to settle—all within an hour and with no chance to get at the primary facts except through hearsay.

Tromwell wasn't his name, but it will do as well as any other for the banker whose daughter had been married that evening at six o'clock, and whose wedding reception filled the big house on the avenue. There had been plenty of toasting and fun-making, and it was after ten o'clock when the last carriage rolled away and the older members of the two families, eight in all, picked their way across the flower- and rice-strewn hall to the small breakfast-room in the rear, where a table awaited them with the butler in attendance. From my post in a room near the head of the first landing I faintly

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heard them joking about their weariness, then an intervening door was closed, and the house was quiet except for the movements and whispered gossip of the maids straightening up the rooms about me.

It was my lazy hour, and, with eyes half closed, I was enjoying the prospect of one of Mr. Tromwell's excellent cigars, when the electric lights about me lost their incandescence and the room was in darkness. Instantly I rose to my feet and moved to the doorway, standing across its threshold and blocking entrance to the room. Looking through a window, I noted that the street lamps, too, had failed, showing that the loss of light was accidental. Still, I remained in the doorway. But nothing happened, and, when, after half a minute, the lamps flashed up again, I was the only one in the room and a long look at the tables made me sure that none of the gifts had been disturbed. I returned to my chair, and fifteen minutes, perhaps, had passed when I heard a door below sharply opened and my own name called by Mr. Tromwell. His voice was very even, obviously restrained in view of the fact that he was calling me himself when servants were plenty; and I was at the head of the stairs almost at once. He stood in the doorway of the breakfast-room and beckoned me to come down. I did so, wondering and just a bit apprehensive of what champagne and the spirit of the evening might have suggested to him as a joke. But it was no joke; that I saw immediately I entered the room.

"The point is—it *must* be found."

It was a square room of moderate size, and lighted with softly shaded incandescent globes. In its centre was a round table of mahogany, now bare of cloth, and on this were a partly demolished plateau of fruit with plates of nuts, wine-glasses, a flagon of Burgundy, and a flask of cordial. The chairs about the table had been pushed back. Five of them were still occupied by ladies, among whom I recognized Mrs. Tromwell. Three chairs were empty, and for these Mr. Tromwell and two elderly men who stood back of them accounted.

Mr. Tromwell had closed the door behind him, locking it as my ears informed me, and now came forward. "This is Mr. Cuthbert," he said to the rest, and went on, after an instant's pause in which I noticed his throat working spasmodically: "Mr. Cuthbert, there has been an accident—a rather unusual accident, in a way. One of the ladies has lost a jewel—she believes, within the past twenty minutes. As we have all looked for it vainly, at my suggestion we have called you down. You see, it is—well, a very valuable jewel—a large ruby, and, I suppose we are all a little overstrained. Anyhow, we haven't been able to find it, though we've hunted everywhere and done everything that suggested itself. Of course, it's absurd—the ruby is somewhere in the room and we have overlooked it. The point is—it *must* be found. So we ask you to find it, if you can, and——" he looked at me significantly—"find it as quickly as possible. There are reasons, you will understand, why none of us should leave this room until—that is why no one else should enter the room—a servant, for instance—until it *is* found. The ruby was missed a minute or so after the lights went out; Mrs. Campion is sure it was in her tiara a few minutes earlier. I had dismissed Treadwell, my butler, a little while before that, and I am absolutely sure, as are we all, that no one was in the room at the

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What I learned from their answers did not help me much.—Page 691.

time except ourselves. I am sure of this, because an oil-lamp burns in the hall and the pantry is lighted by gas, and while it was dark I happened to notice the streaks of light under both doors. Had they been opened by anyone—— But—well, that is all, except that you are to go ahead, do what you see fit, and ask whatever questions you wish. We are all agreed on that, I believe?" He looked at the others, and I observed no sign of dissent.

But my own face, if expressive of my feelings, must have indicated a decided distaste for the task set me. In point of fact, the wish uppermost in my mind was that I had never seen the inside of Mr. Tromwell's house; for already it was patent to me that the chances of my coming out of the experience with anything but discredit were about one to ten. Why did I feel that way? You will laugh at me, but it remains so. From the moment Mr. Tromwell ceased speaking and I let my glance travel over his guests I was pretty sure of one thing. The ruby had not been lost; it had been stolen, and stolen by somebody still in the room. This extraordinary suggestion which may have been born, in my own case, of the atmosphere of tense nerves and the despatch with which I was summoned to the room, I distinctly perceived reflected in the faces of those about me. Just how this expressed itself so definitely I cannot say, but it was there. These people were uneasy; they avoided looking at one another. It was plain they shared a common suspicion, to

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which not one of them would give name or direction, and yet each instinctively knew that he was suspected by the rest. But at *me* they did look, and it was that which warned me of danger ahead. I had been brought down to try to find the ruby. It was my business to find it. I must ask questions to do so. They foresaw that. Of what else I would do they had a very hazy, but very uncomfortable apprehension. And because of this and of what might result, already they were putting themselves in an attitude of defence—of defiance. Under such circumstances it was plain that I could expect but very little help from them. Also—and this is what concerned me personally the most—it was perfectly plain that, whether or not I found the ruby, I would probably earn their everlasting ill-will in trying to find it. If I failed to find it, each of them would continue to suspect the others and blame me for the suspicion. If I fixed upon the thief I would be held responsible for putting the brand upon one to whom they were bound by ties of blood and affection.

But it was too late for me to retreat, and inaction would do me no good. The best I could do was to go ahead and play for time; perhaps circumstance might accomplish for me what I balked at doing myself. So, because it was obviously the first move (though it was to be an empty performance, as, I believe, they also foresaw), I asked them all to move to the end of the room while I made a search. The result of twenty minutes of this sort of thing, in which I twice went over every square inch of the floor, as well as the table and chairs, was only to tighten the nerves of us all and bring the crisis closer; and, as I straightened up and pretended to be busy picking a bit of fluff from my trousers, I felt rather than heard the intake of breath with which my watchers prepared themselves against what they anticipated would be my next move.

A glass raised to her lips.—Page 694.

But for any suggestion of a search of their persons I was no more ready than I was inclined, and that is saying that I refused to consider it even privately. Before I did that—well, I was prepared to do a good many other things. So I asked them separately to tell me what they could remember of the few minutes immediately preceding and following the discovery of the jewel's loss; and I gave them the idea that the fact that a hit-or-miss hunt had failed only showed that the search must be gone at more systematically.

What I learned from their answers, however, did not help me much. They were alike sure that the ruby had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara, and that it was missed a few minutes after the lights had flashed up again. Also they were certain that no one but themselves had been in the room during the interval. Most of the rest of what they said I was convinced was borrowed of their wishes, or colored by their individual temperaments.

Mrs. Campion, a stout, elderly and, except for her rings and the tiara, rather se-

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I kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced.—Page 695.

verely dressed lady, whose extreme pallor was accented by two bright spots at the cheek-bones, contributed the only suggestive information. When the lights went out, she said, she was leaning forward and slightly toward a Mr. Crane, who sat on her left. Startled at the sudden darkness, she had straightened up and dropped both hands upon the arms of her chair; an instant afterward, she thought, she felt a slight tug at her hair, but to this, at the time, she had paid no attention. Indeed, she hastened to add, she had not recalled the impression until the present moment.

I had questioned Mrs. Campion the last of all, and I had purposely avoided showing any interest in the tiara to which the ruby had been attached. But her mention of that tug at her hair made it unwise, if not impracticable, for me to do so any longer. I asked to be allowed to examine the tiara. The moment it was in my hand the absurdity of the theory that the jewel had been accidentally shaken loose became too plain to be entertained even for the temporary ease of mind of the party. The ornament was somewhat oddly fashioned. It was of finely wrought gold and supported two slender sprays of diamonds of moderate size but excellent value. Between these the ruby had swung in a stout arch of gold by a thin, gold, split ring; and this ring, luckily, still remained in place. But now it was split in *two* places—once where the jeweller had opened and closed it to fasten the setting of the jewel in position, again where it was severed, as if by some edge not overly sharp which had sheared through it unevenly, leaving a gap of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch.

So much I took in at a glance, and it did not particularly surprise me. Nor do I think a muscle quivered in my face. At least, there was nothing in my voice which would have encouraged those about me to think that the tiara had revealed anything. Nevertheless, it was very much in my mind to wish I could inspect the pocket-knives in the room, and particularly those pocket-knives which might be fitted with nail-scissors, if stout ones. That, however, being out of the question just yet, I turned once more to the room, and, with what had just been told me, reconstructed for myself a picture of the party around the table as it must have looked at the moment the lights went out.

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The room had but two windows, which, as I had assured myself, were locked on the inside. I therefore dismissed finally from my mind the idea that the ruby had been stolen by someone not now in the room. A massive sideboard, a serving-table behind a shoulder-high, three-fold, leather screen in one corner, and the dining-table, with the chairs, were its only furniture. The table, now pushed back, had stood in the centre of the room. Mr. Tromwell had sat with his back toward the door into the hallway; Mrs. Tromwell, with her back toward the only other door, which was partly behind the screen and opened into the pantry. On Mrs. Tromwell's right had sat a Mr. Crane, the father of the bridegroom; and at his right hand had been seated Mrs. Campion. It was toward this Mr. Crane that Mrs. Campion said she had been turned when the lights went out; and it was Mr. Crane who specially interested me at this moment. For, other things being equal, and so they appeared to be, it was the persons who had been seated on either side of Mrs. Campion during those few seconds of darkness who would have had the best, if not the only chance, of securing the ruby without attracting the attention of the rest of the table; and it was the person on Mrs. Campion's left who would have been in a position to use his right hand to most advantage in reaching around and above her shoulder in doing this. Decidedly there were reasons why Mr. Crane should interest me.

And yet, as I looked at the man, tall, gray-haired, sober-faced, perhaps sixty, and recalled his honorable career as a merchant and his rating in Bradstreet's, I was almost for laughing at myself. Thinkable motive in his case there was none, and every dictate of common sense, every rule of life, should have restrained him. If it had not been that these same conditions and precisely the same argument applied with equal force to each and every one of his fellow-guests, I am sure I would have eliminated Mr. Crane from the calculation without a further thought.

As it was, in a sort of stubborn rebellion against the logic of the situation, and with no thought save to stave off a little longer the confession of my failure which seemed inevitable, I knelt once more at the spot where Mrs. Campion had sat, pretending to examine the floor. And then it was that I chanced upon my first real clue.

I was bending down, one hand resting on the table, my eyes lowered, when my fingers encountered something hard and metallic on the mahogany surface. It had an unfamiliar feel, and, as I rose, I casually glanced at it. It was a pair of grape-scissors, silver mounted, and, for an instant, my grasp loosened. Then a remembrance of that severed link of gold in the tiara leaped to my mind, and I covered the scissors, and presently walked over to the screen, on the excuse of looking at the door to the pantry. Under an electric light over the serving-table, unobserved, I examined the scissors; and on the cutting edge of one of the blades, near its end, I found a tiny flake of color, scarcely more than a stain, yet unmistakably a particle of gold. At the first touch it was brushed from the steel, drifted to the floor, and was lost. But I had seen it. That was enough for me just then.

I had found the scissors lying in front of where Mr. Crane had been seated; but that might mean much or nothing at all; for whatever was on the table doubtless had been moved many times in the last three-quarters of an hour. Therefore, I dismissed the connection from my mind and tried to hit upon a plan by which I could make use of what seemed sure—that the scissors had been used by the thief. But here I was confronted by the same difficulty which had hampered me all along. To disclose what I had just found was to declare my belief in a theft—and that was not to be considered. I came from behind the screen almost ready to acknowledge that I could not find the jewel, and to make my apologies and retreat as quickly as possible.

They were all looking at me, the same anxious question in their faces, and I was trying for the words which should release me when my glance wandered from Mr. Tromwell, who stood at the end of the table, to the lady who sat next to him. She had been leaning back in the chair, but now her head was craned forward, and I saw her eyes widen as, for an instant, they fixed themselves, not upon my face, but, apparently, upon my right hand, which hung by my side. Then, with a wrench which I could not miss, she controlled herself and smiled faintly, as she looked up at her host.

For a moment afterward I was motion-

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less; and, to be quite frank, what I did then was prompted rather by impulse than by reason, though afterward it was plain enough to me. But, whatever its inspiration, the move was effective. I walked down the room and, as I came close to the table, paused and laid my closed hand upon it. When I lifted it the scissors lay before the woman who had been staring at them. It was done with all the carelessness I could assume, and, I dare say, no one but she noticed that I had done it at all, or that the scissors lay there.

But she noticed it; and she knew I had deliberately done it, and that the scissors were intended to carry a message to her. Her back was toward me, but her face would have served me scarcely better; for the struggle between fright and the effort to restrain it was palpable in the convulsive movement of her head and shoulders. I have seen a good many frightened people, but this was a palsy which made me forget everything else for the moment in my pity for her, and dread lest others should observe it. Partly to cover her misery, partly to give her wits the chance to help her out of the straits she was in, as I hoped they would, I stepped back and turned on Mr. Tromwell with a question. "Is Mrs. Campion absolutely certain that the ruby is not caught in some fold of her gown?" I asked. "The longer I think of it," I added, "the more likely it seems to me that that is where it is, after all."

Mrs. Campion spoke up for herself promptly. She was very certain the ruby was not where I suggested. She called my attention to the fact that her gown was close-fitting to the neck and almost without lace or loose trimming. The other ladies who had aided her in the examination of her gown and hair were equally positive that the jewel was not concealed there.

"Then," I said, "it seems to me that almost surely it must still be caught in some fold of the clothing of those who sat next to her. It is certainly not on the floor. And what is left? The sideboard—the ceiling—the walls? Those are hardly likely places——"

Mr. Crane, contriving a laugh which was altogether miserable, interrupted me. "I never knew it before," he said; "but I am beginning to wonder if, after all, I am not, unknown to myself, a magician in disguise; or perhaps my *alter ego* was at work while we sat there in the dark and got in his fine hand with that ruby. Who knows? I don't. At any rate, I insist on the point being settled, and right now. I want to be searched and searched thoroughly—by an expert. Mr. Cuthbert——"

He had spoken with an effort, for all the lightness of his tone, and his words came slowly. But for my part I had hardly heard them; for every sense had been busy with something going on back of him, back of all of them but the woman whom I pitied. She had risen from her chair as I made my last suggestion to Mr. Tromwell, and moved toward the end of the room. It was as if she was going to speak to her hostess, and, at first, I thought this was her intention. But in front of the sideboard she paused, and I saw her hand outreached. Then she tilted her head a little, and I caught a glimpse of a glass raised to her lips. The light struck out flashes of deep red from the facets of its cutting. And on the instant I knew where the ruby had been and—where it was now. There were seven glasses on the table—three of them with a remnant of wine still in them; four of them partly emptied of the almost colorless liqueur they had held. But at the place on Mrs. Campion's right there was no glass of any kind, though a tiny red stain there showed where one had been. In that glass, concealed by the wine, the ruby must have rested while we searched. And now—now it had just passed from the glass to the mouth of the woman who had been seated there.

My pity for the woman almost changed to disgust as I realized this; for with twenty chances to drop the jewel on the floor so that I might pick it up and declare it found, she had done, it seemed, the one thing which made it most difficult to avoid complicating her. And yet, almost as quickly, I understood why she had done it. The theft of the ruby had been the act of an impulse; the temptation to secure what in her eyes was one of the most beautiful and desirable things in the world had carried away her senses. Her person, glittering with diamonds, advertised her ruling passion; and splendid as these jewels of hers were, none of them, from what I know of rubies, was probably anything like as valuable as the stone which had been in Mrs. Campion's tiara. Of that splendid stone she probably

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had been envious for a long time. Of it she had been thinking when suddenly the lights went out, and—— She had come to her senses when it was too late, and, in her extremity, her wits had deserted her. To her there had not seemed to be any way out; and the sight of those scissors and my aimless mention of the sideboard had turned her fright to blind desperation. Now—— Curiously enough the thing which I said to myself at this point was: "You drove her to that move; she's gone to pieces; you've got to help her out."

But Mr. Crane had walked around the table, and evidently expected me to carry out his demand to be cleared. "It's the first time, Mr. Cuthbert," he said, "that you've been called on to expose a magician, I suppose?"

I fell in with his spirit of jocularity. "The very first time," I said. "It's usually been the other way with me. I am something of an amateur magician myself. Still I'll try——"

So suddenly that, when I recovered myself, it was to see them staring at me, I checked myself there, smitten with an idea which, for all its grotesqueness, was an inspiration. And, more slowly I repeated: "Of course, I'll try what I can do. That is, if you'll let me do it my own way," I added.

"By all means," Mr. Crane returned. "I'm at your service. Begin."

"Very well," I said. "But not with *you*. With Mr. Tromwell, if he is willing."

Mr. Tromwell's brows came together. "I don't quite understand this, Mr. Cuthbert," he said; "but—if—if——"

"It may not amount to anything," I put in quickly. "But it may be— At any rate, have I your permission to go ahead?"

He nodded, and I did not wait for the warning which I saw was almost on his lips. "One moment," I explained, and, unlocking the door, passed into the hall. On a table there were several silk hats. I picked up one and returned to the room. At the far end I took my stand.

"If you please," I said, "this trick you have all doubtless seen before, but never done in just the way I do it. It is a variation of my own, and it requires the assistance of everyone in the room. I have named it 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' Mr. Tromwell, will you kindly go behind that screen at the other end of the room and remain there till I call you. When I do call you are to come out with your right hand clenched tightly and held at the full length of your arm in front of you. Then walk straight to me, put your hand down into this hat until it almost touches the bottom, and open it. Afterward, please take your stand over there by the door. And, remember, if the thing is to be successful, not a word must be spoken by anyone while the trick is in progress. Now, if you please!"

Mr. Tromwell walked behind the screen; I snatched two napkins from the table and, dropping one into the bottom of the hat, covered its upturned brim with the other, completely concealing its interior. Then, at my call, Mr. Tromwell came out, and, thrusting his hand beneath the enveloping napkin, did as directed. Mr. Crane came next; the ladies followed. There was some little smothered laughing, but the strain was still upon the party.

I had kept my gaze upon the face of each one as he or she advanced toward me with outstretched hand, and so when, at last, it was the turn of the woman with the diamonds, for a moment I held her eyes. They faltered and she was very pale, but in them was a question; and in mine, I believe, she read the answer she wanted. At any rate, there was at her lips, as she slid her hand beneath the napkin, a quivering twitch which warned me, if I would save her, to be quick.

As she turned away, I laid the hat, still covered with the napkin, upon the table. "In all legerdemain," I said, "the odd factor must be in the magician's favor. It is that which enables him to win. So it must be in this experiment. I have hunted for the missing jewel, perhaps, more thoroughly than any of you. I have had my opportunity to find it; and with this opportunity my—temptations. Who knows but what I did find it—upon the floor or—somewhere, and now have it? That chance you must allow to remain a—chance. But this is the trick of 'The Recovery of the Lost Ruby.' So——"

I slipped my clenched right hand into the hat and brought it out swiftly. The hat I overturned upon the table and drew away the napkins.

There was an instant's silence and the craning forward of heads; then a gasp of astonishment, an applauding laugh from the men, and from the women a little cry of delight—from all but one woman.

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BETWEEN THE HARBOR AND THE HILL

By Grace Duffield Goodwin

BETWEEN the harbor and the hill
The dead folk lie, serene and still;
Wise with the wonder of the sea,
They fearless face Eternity.

Beneath the sunset and the star
Where naught but peace and silence are,
They lie who make no haste to go
From this good earth that loved them so;
Full well content they seem to be
Within the calling of the sea.

Above their dreaming falls the dew,
Across their sleep strong, faring wings
Wake the old gladness that they knew
In days of far adventurings.
Not Heaven itself shall teach them yet
That those are blessed who forget.

Between the harbor and the hill
The earth that bore them holds them still;
The memoried sea draws closer yet,
Until each grave with mist is wet,
Beneath whose silver sheltering fold
Lies the long year's unreckoned gold.

Peace, soul that weeps—you could be still
Between the harbor and the hill;
Peace, soul that strives—you could be free
Below the hill, beside the sea.
No softer grave, no deeper tomb—
O fisher-folk, make room—make room!

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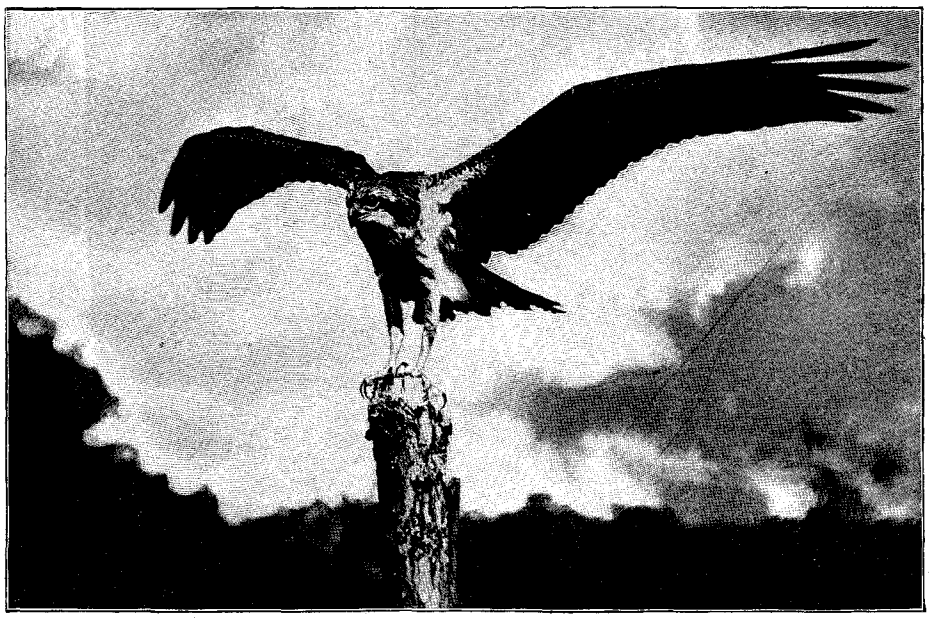
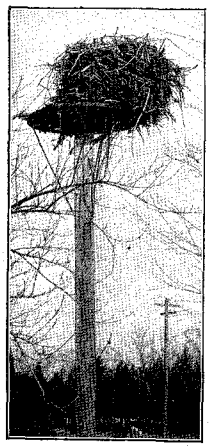


Osprey spreading wings for flight.
(Spread, 5 feet 6 inches.)

THE AMERICAN OSPREY AS A GUEST

By Ernest Harold Baynes

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



DURING the summer of 1898, when the Spanish-American War was at its height, the Third Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, in which I was a private, lay in Niantic, preparing for duty at the front. Naturally there was little chance for the study of ornithology, but there were two birds which no one could fail to notice, no matter how busy he might be. One was the whippoorwill, whose plaintive call we heard above the camp, as we lay in our tents after "taps" had sounded, or, when on guard, we paced silently in the moonlight. The other bird was the fish-hawk or osprey, who winged his way across the parade-ground while we were drilling, and whom we saw, wheeling high above the Niantic River, when we went down to swim. Sometimes, between drills, I would steal away from the bustling camp for an hour to watch this great hawk plunging into the blue water for fish, and I fancy I felt as delighted as he did when I saw him arise, wet but triumphant, and after shaking the glittering spray from his plumage, square away across the white camp with his prey, which he invariably carried in a line with his body and head foremost, that it might offer the least resistance to the wind. I loved the bird for his courage, his skill, and his picturesque beauty, but more than all, perhaps, for his wild, whistling call, a call which harmonizes with the ocean, with the sound of a north-east wind through the rigging of a ship, or with the roar of surf when it breaks upon the rocks.

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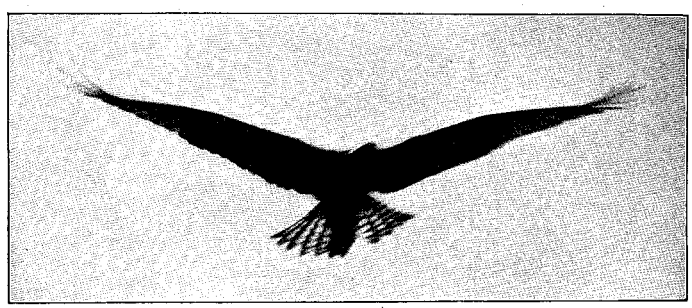
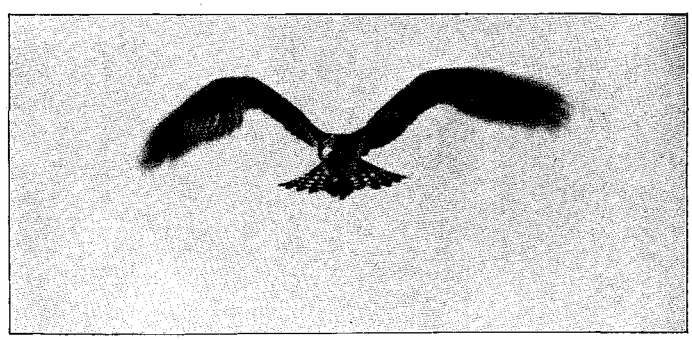
In the clouds.



Osprey soaring



Osprey flying.

I made up my mind that if fate ever brought me near Niantic in time of peace I would pay a visit to the osprey in his own home.

My opportunity came in July several years ago. I arrived at Lyme on the evening of the 9th, and began inquiries concerning the fish-hawks which nested in the vicinity. Everyone knew the birds well, and seemed proud of the osprey's long residence in Lyme, but for some time I could get no definite information concerning the whereabouts of an occupied nest. At last I heard of a man who lived far beyond the outskirts of the village, and who spent his time between poaching and stealing boats. His first name was "Tom" and we'll call the last one "Warren," and it was said that he knew every fish-hawk's nest within a radius of ten miles. I was up at daylight next morning, and walked across country to the abode of this celebrity, a cottage near the water, at the edge of a great salt-marsh. After working my way through a scratch pack of barking dogs, I was met at the doorway by a tall, broad-shouldered young man of about thirty-five, with a sun-burned face and a shock of curly red hair. His gray eye was as clear as a falcon's; it was the kind of an eye you'd hate to see looking at you along the sights of a rifle. But it was a merry eye, for all that, and sparkled with the health which comes with an open-air life.

"So you want to see a fish-hawk's nest?"

"Very much, indeed," I answered.

"Eggs or young ones?"

"Young ones; I wish to study their habits."

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"Can you climb?" looking me over from head to foot and back again.

I admitted that I could.

"Then you'll need to," was the curt rejoinder.

He then proceeded to direct me to a lonely spot on the shore, some five miles away, where he said there was a fish-hawk's nest containing young ones which should be old enough to take. I followed his directions most carefully; crossed the bridge, took the second road to the right, struck into the woods at the fifth elm-tree and followed the foot-path until I came to the water. Thence I was to walk for two miles along the shore until I came to a clump of three oak-trees, and the first oak beyond that contained the nest.

A young osprey.

In half an hour I came in sight of the oaks, and a moment later, a long-drawn, whistling cry called my attention to an osprey, homeward bound across the water. As I approached, another hawk, doubtless the mate, joined the first one, and both birds swung in wide circles far above me, uttering plaintive notes. Presently I reached the tree containing the nest, a vigorous oak, standing some fifty yards above high-water mark. The nest, a huge affair, built chiefly of sticks, rested in the solid branches some forty feet from the ground. The parent birds became more and more excited, and hovered close above the tree-top. One of them had a fish in her claws, a mackerel, judging from the size and shape, and in her excitement she dropped it. But it never reached the earth, for like a plummet the bird fell through the air, with great dexterity caught up the shining prize and bore it aloft in her strong black talons.

I now began to climb the tree, not a diffi-

An osprey over water.

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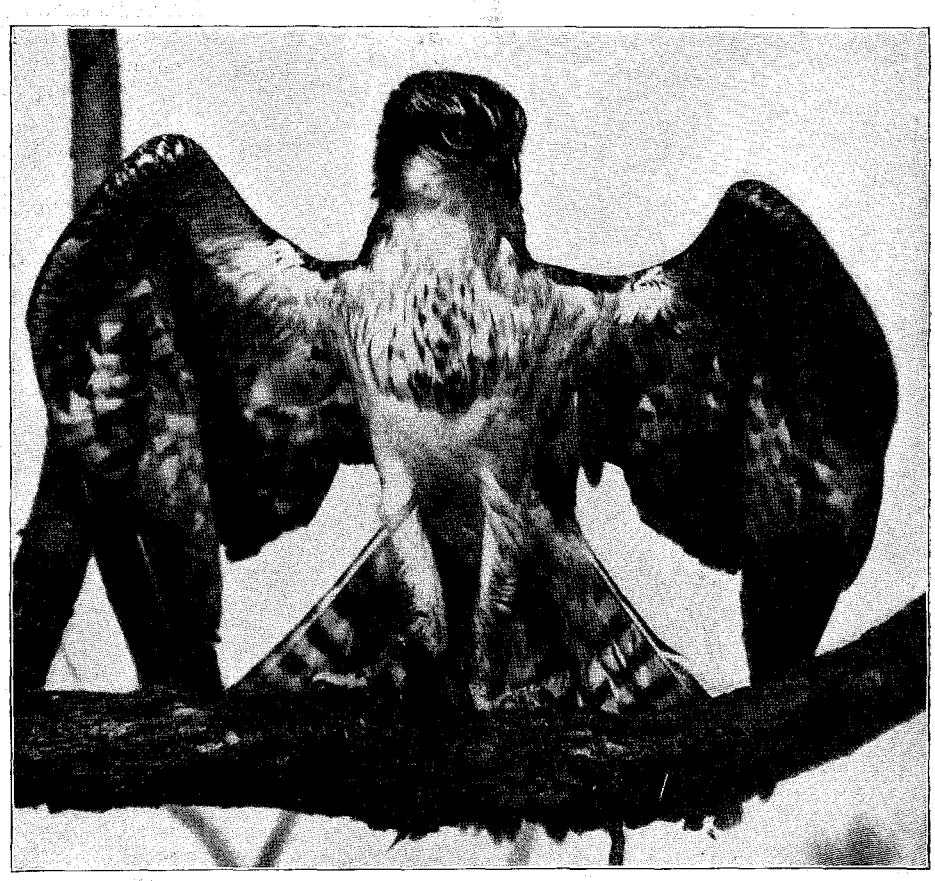
cult task, after all, at least until the nest itself was reached. This huge structure was four feet in diameter and five feet in height, and getting to the top of it was like climbing round a globe from the under side. The problem was solved by pulling out a few sticks, enabling me to get a foothold. As I raised myself over the edge I found two fierce-looking young ospreys, which though as large as pullets and well feathered, lay on the flat floor of the nest, their necks stretched out in front of them. They reminded me of the griffins we see in ancient picture-books. They were not as savage as they looked, and made no resistance when I lifted them up and put them in a sack brought on purpose. I tied a cord about the mouth of the sack, and lowered the young birds to the ground. Meanwhile, the old hawks, instead of attacking me as they sometimes will, seemed to realize that the game was up, and soared away, higher and higher, uttering farewell cries. I came down, shouldered my sack and set off for the station. We had a long railroad journey before us, and it was not until night that we made a stop long enough to enable me to get my charges some food. Unfortunately it was so late that all the stores were closed, so I went to a hotel, and bought a large portion of halibut, raw. On my return to the train I brought my young hawks out and fed them on the seat, much to the amusement of the other passengers in the car. One of the birds, the larger of the two, ate greedily, snatching the food from my hand, but the other refused to eat unless the fish was put into his mouth, when he swallowed it readily enough.

When we reached home I erected for my guests a large nest of oak boughs and leaves on the ground in the garden, making it as nearly like their old home as possible with the materials at hand. For several days the



An osprey's wings half-closed after flapping

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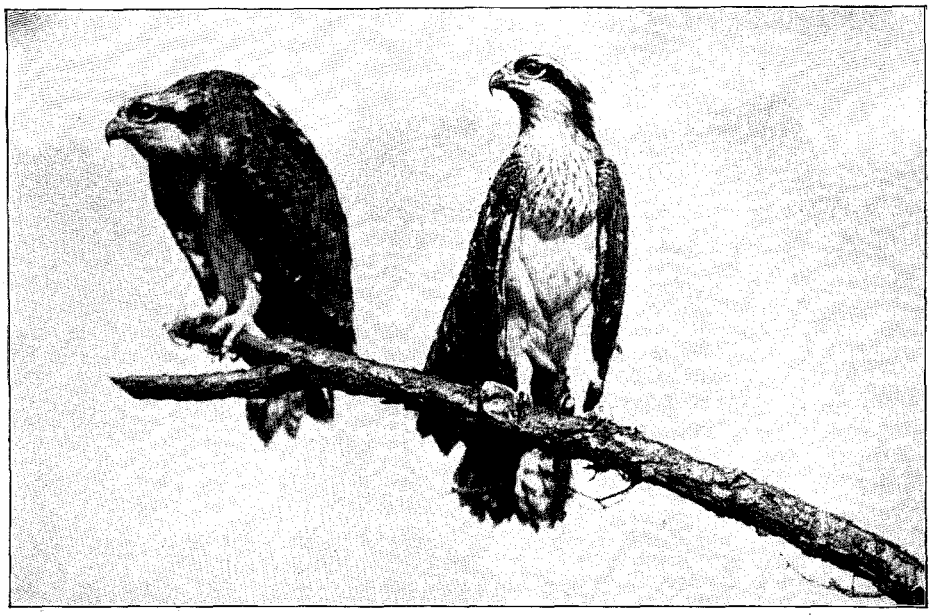

Ospreys watching an enemy.

youngsters spent most of their time lying still, with necks extended and heads prone on the floor of the nest. When they saw anyone coming with food they staggered to their feet, quacking very much like ducks, but in a hoarser tone, sinking to rest again as soon as their hunger was appeased. Their wings were very long even at this age, and so heavy that the little fellows had not strength enough to hold them up, and they hung to the ground when the birds were on their feet.

The appetites of the young hawks increased rapidly, and in a few days they easily managed three and a half and four pounds of solid fish a day between them. At first we used to cut the meat in cubes and feed the birds by hand, but it was not long before they were able to tear up a whole fish for themselves. They often began by picking out the eyes, perhaps because those organs were conspicuous and easily removed. They held their food in their claws, and usually, before seizing any part of it, they would finger it, so to speak, with their bills, as though feeling for a good hold. When very hungry they would pounce upon the fish, raise their crests and lower their wings and tail to the ground, as though to protect themselves against possible robbery, often screaming lustily between the mouthfuls. They would tear off large pieces, jerk them backward into the throat and swallow them. They ate every part of a fish except the harder bones. Tough pieces were removed by a steady upward pull, and the ends of bones were twisted off with a pivotal movement such as a man would use to draw a nail with a pair of pincers. When they had finished a meal they cleaned their bills by thrusting them into the nesting material and turning them from side to side as one would force an awl into wood. Later, they ejected the bones and other indigestible particles in the form of pellets.

As they grew stronger they became able to hold their long wings in place at their sides. They also began to exercise their wings by flapping them steadily in front of their bodies for several seconds at a time, meanwhile rising on their toes. Later, when performing this wing exercise, they would keep jumping up and down, as though testing the strength of their pinions. During a rain-storm also they would flap their wings violently at frequent intervals, and thus keep their plumage comparatively dry. They had one habit which I never accounted for to my satisfaction. When any new or interesting object came in sight they would crane their necks, not forward, but rapidly from side to side, their heads moving in a

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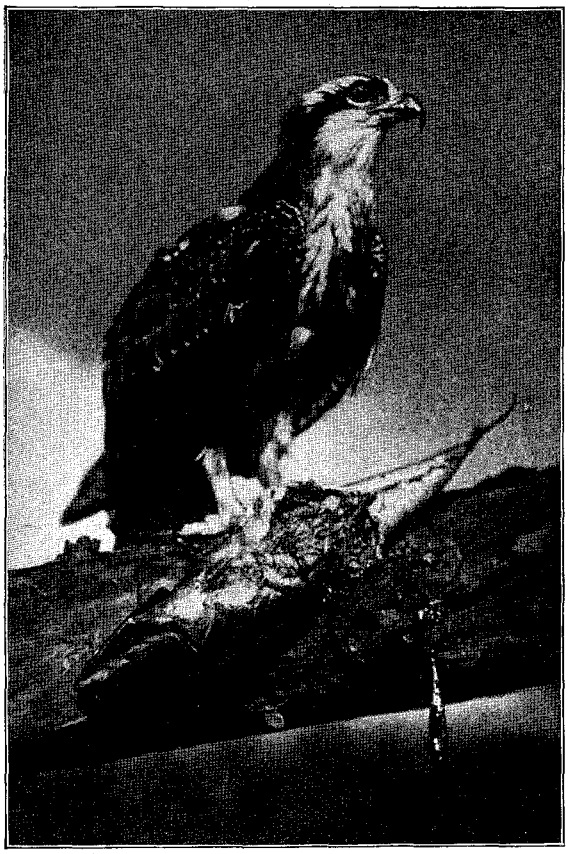
horizontal straight line. It occurred to me that this movement might be necessary in order to get the proper focus.

The larger of the two birds easily maintained his lead, being always stronger and more savage; the other was of a much gentler disposition. Being fishermen by birth, we named them respectively Izaak Walton and Grover Cleveland, two famous members of the same brotherhood.



Looking up from his dinner.

When their wings were thoroughly developed, we began to take the hawks off into the fields to experiment with them and photograph them. One day we had them out in this way, when "Walton," who was perched on the extremity of a branch of a dead tree, made his first attempt to fly; it was exactly three weeks from the day I took the birds from the nest. At first he sank toward the ground, but finding that he could hold his own, he worked his wings harder and harder, and soon arose into the air. He flew away for half a mile, then wheeled and flew back over our heads and clean out of sight beyond a piece of woodland. Thinking he might have alighted within a mile or two, we spent the afternoon in looking for him, but without success, and we returned, never expecting to see him again. Next day, however, as my brother was walking through a wood not far from the house, he heard the well-known voice of the bird, and looking up, saw him perched in an oak-tree. He was hungry, and seeing a friend whom he recognized, called loudly for food. As soon as I heard he was found, I ran over and climbed the tree, but the bird was on such a thin twig that it was impossible to get near him. So I shook the branch and he flew away again, my brother following and endeavoring to keep him in sight. After flying about a mile the hawk alighted on the rocky summit of a hill, whither we hied as fast as our legs would carry us. We soon found him walking about, and stretching his neck as though contemplating another flight. I approached gently, imitating as nearly as I could the quacking sound made by the bird himself. He allowed me to pick him up, and we carried him home for further study. It turned out afterward that we had been closely watched by two little girls, who learned for the first time, perhaps, that it is not always necessary to put salt on a bird's tail in order to catch it. Soon afterward they met a farmer, whom they knew was in the habit of shooting hawks, and explained to him how much easier it was to catch them alive. "All you have to do when you see a big hawk," said one of the little girls, "is to walk along toward him, saying, 'quack, quack, quack,' and pick him right up."

A few days later we had the hawks out again, and again "Walton" flew away. As we were returning without him, my brother remarked, "What a joke it would be if we found him on his perch in the garden when

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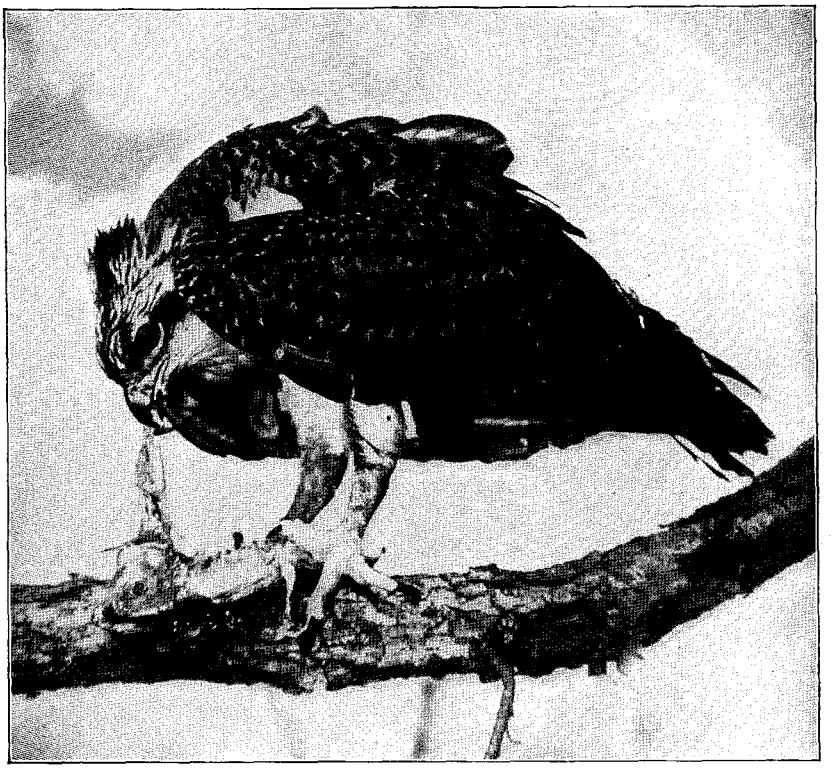

Osprey tearing a fish.

we got home." This was the most unlikely possibility we could think of, yet there we found the hawk, tearing to pieces the remains of a fish. Nor did he attempt to fly away when we approached, so we decided that he should have his liberty, and stay or go as he pleased. For the next few days, however, we kept the other hawk tethered with a strap to his leg, thinking that his presence might be an inducement for the free bird to remain. But we soon set him at liberty also, and ever since these birds have been more tame than domestic poultry. They roost on the chimney, and come down every day for the fish which we always have ready for them. If not annoyed they eat their food in their old nest or on a near-by perch, allowing any of us to walk up and literally slap them on the back. If a stranger appears, however, they raise their crests, their body feathers bristle with anger, and if he persists in approaching they will seize their fish with one foot and fly with it to the chimney, to a neighbor's windmill, or to some convenient dead tree.

The hawks have many visitors, among them red-shouldered, Cooper's, and sharp-shinned hawks, which hover above the house, attracted by the cries of the ospreys, which no longer quack like ducks, but have the piercing call of the adult bird. Sometimes they are attacked by a king-bird, or swooped at by swallows, but beyond raising their heads to follow the movements of these pigmies, they pay no attention to their impudence. The fierce cries of the hawks themselves, however, are highly alarming to some of the other birds. Neighbors' chickens often fly to cover when the hawks are on the wing, and a parrot whose cage is in the window of a house nearby throws herself on the floor and shrieks in an agony of fear whenever one of the ospreys sweeps over the roof. One day a boy came into my garden with a tame crow, and a fish-hawk, happening to fly over at the time, the crow flew squawking through an open door into the cellar.

One day my wife saw "Walton" make an unsuccessful attempt to catch a fish in a

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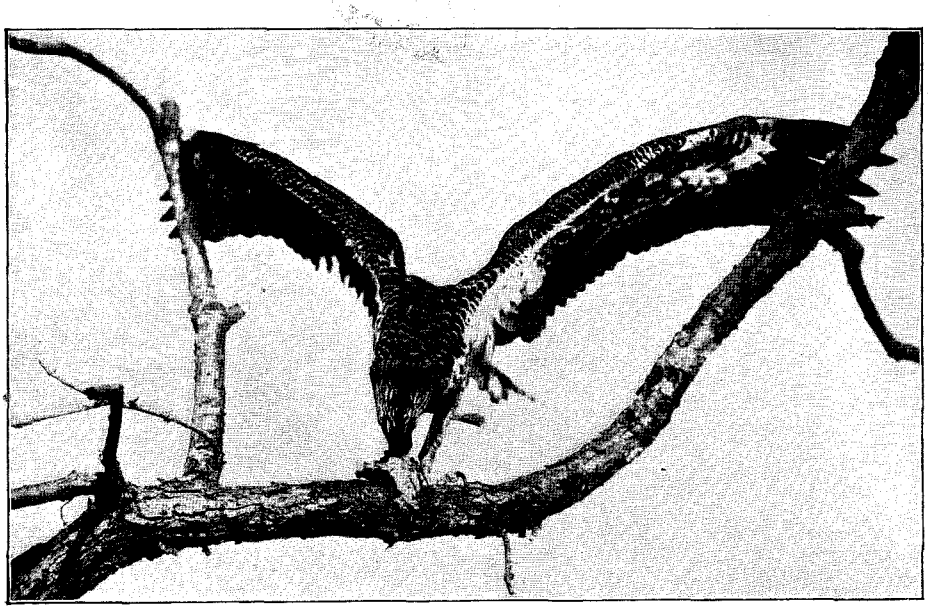
pond near the house, and next morning, when I saw him sail away in the direction of the water, I followed and arrived in time to see him make another plunge. His tactics were similar to those employed by old and experienced ospreys, but the execution was clumsy. After sailing over the pond for a few minutes, he evidently caught sight of a fish, for he paused, flapped his wings to steady himself, and then dropped into the water. But it was the attempt of a tyro, and of course the fish escaped. The hawk disappeared, and when he came to the surface he struggled vainly to rise from the water. Then he seemed to give it up, and so afraid was I that he might drown, that I threw off my coat and prepared to go to his rescue. The next moment, however, he made a mighty effort and arose dripping wet and flew to his old roost on the chimney, where he flapped his wings and spread them out to dry in the sun.

In a few days both hawks became more expert, and now they frequently catch perch and other fish in the ponds and lakes within a few miles of the house. But they still remember a certain little garden where fish may be had by simply screaming for it, and whenever their luck has been poor, back they come and shriek from the house-top until someone appears with their food. They allow us to approach and pick them up at any time, but when feeding "Walton" sometimes strikes savagely right and left with his great bill.

We have often flown them like homing pigeons, for short distances, and they invariably come back. Several times we have taken them up on to the hills and after releasing them watched them sailing homeward through the sun-lighted valleys below.



Osprey exerting great strength to tear off a tough morsel of fish.

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THE AVALANCHE

By Robert Herrick

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

I

THE moonlight stealing in from behind Lefroy touched the folds of the glacier at the base of Mount Victoria. Momentarily the uncertain white light spread until it lay across the majestic bosom of Victoria itself, and the broad snow-fields of the upper slopes glowed icily above the winding glacier. The little lake to which the glacier swept downward was as yet half in the shadow of Victoria and half rippled magically under the breath of evening air. All else was black—the encircling lower hills at left and right which held in their arms the lake, the fir-covered southern rim through which the river rushed noisily into the valley below.

To the group of people on the veranda of the mountain hotel, which stood by the river-mouth of the little lake, the scene presented itself as heart-shaped with the apex at the glowing snow-field of Mount Victoria, four miles away and six thousand feet above in the heavens. Between the sheer precipices of this peak and the sloping flanks of Lefroy there flowed the silver stream of the glacier, like the body of a gleaming serpent.

In the rare night air human voices seemed to die; whatever sounded on the margin of the lake was swallowed by the silence of the mountains.

"That must be our guide now," one of the two men remarked, pointing to a figure at the edge of the water a few rods away. "Hey, Hans, come here!" he shouted.

There was something ugly in the sound of the human voice. The man repeated his call impatiently. The figure by the lake turned, looked up at the hotel, and slowly, with hands in pockets, sauntered toward the veranda.

"Damned independent, these Swiss guides!" the man who had called muttered. "I say, Hans!"

But the heavy figure did not change its gait. When the guide reached the veranda he placed his broad hands on the railing and looked stolidly at the group. His face was young, smooth-shaven, with grave eyes and large, intelligent features.

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"Hans!" the gentleman exclaimed quickly. "We mean to do the Pass to-morrow, and Pelican, too, if the day is fine. They told you in the office?"

"Ja," Hans answered, unmoved, "they told me all right. Who go-es?"

"This gentleman here, Mr. Greenhow, and my wife."

"A woman?" the guide questioned, in his soft, even tones. "No, it cannot be—without another guide—not to Pelican, I thi-ink!"

He turned his head toward the mountains to look for Pelican where it shouldered behind Lefroy.

"And why not to Pelican?" the man demanded sharply, with a trace of arrogance, as if he were not prepared to have his orders contradicted by a servant. "Mrs. Archer and I are old climbers, and Mr. Greenhow is an able-bodied man. You know the other guides are engaged, and I have made up my mind to do it to-morrow."

"I do not take a woman," Hans answered gently, but imperturbably, his soft voice removing the offence of refusal. "One cannot tell what will happen up there behind the clouds. The snow is falling."

"Why, Hans, Mr. Greenhow is the real duffer among us. He doesn't know a crevasse from a hole in the ground, but Mrs. Archer is good for it."

"I do-an't take no woman," the guide repeated stolidly.

"We'll see!"

Mrs. Archer, who had been listening a little apart, raised a silencing hand and stepped from the veranda into the moonlight below.

"Hans!" At the sound of the woman's voice the guide raised his eyes respectfully to her face. "Hans, you are from the Glaurus Canton, aren't you? I did Todi once when I was a girl. Let me go to the top of the pass. Then if you think best, I will stay there while the others go on."

The guide listened, and noted the strong, light body of the woman, her fresh color and regular features.

"Very good," he assented submissively.

"Now tell me where we are to go?"

He pointed the way in the vague, moonlit landscape, across the lake, up the moraine and winding glacier, skirting the big flank of Victoria, up to the summit of the pass on the Continental Divide, now hidden by the crest of Lefroy.

Greenhow listened to the conference between the guide and Mrs. Archer, a smile on his face. When the latter came back to the veranda he asked quizzingly:

"Is that all so about Todi?"

"Yes—didn't it sound plausible?"

"You are always that!" he laughed.

"It's a pity your sister Nora can't be in this," Archer put in. "She will have a day with Judith's mamma, and there are more exciting ways of putting in one's time."

"It is arranged, then," Mrs. Archer resumed, over her shoulder to the two men. "We start very early, Hans says, an hour before sunrise. That means four o'clock at the latest. Hans says that another party goes with the other two guides part way, and it would be best for us to start with them, anyway. It's late! Another look at the lake and old Victoria, and then I'm for bed. Doesn't it make your blood swim to think of being up there to-morrow?"

"It's Valhalla, jewelled and burning," Greenhow murmured.

She stretched her hand lightly toward the "Valhalla" and her lips parted in a smile of content with the phrase. In the moonlight her face had a sombre pallor accentuated by heavy black hair.

"The mountain air can make one a poet?"

"It ought to."

"Perhaps to-morrow even I may be touched with the fire. At what altitude do you suppose inspiration starts?"

"It was good luck our running across you and your sister, wasn't it?" interrupted Archer. "To pick you up like this on our way back from Japan—why we couldn't have figured it better if we had tried! We ought to have a great day to-morrow."

He spoke with the content of one who experiences many similar pleasant fortunes, and, yawning, slipped his pipe into his pocket.

"Bedtime, Judith!"

The three sauntered down the deserted verandas.

"To-morrow, Greenhow!"

"To-morrow!"

II

In the black night before the first trace of dawn figures began to move to and fro in

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front of the hotel along the sandy shore of the little lake. The guide Hans came up from the boat-house where he had launched the skiff, and stared impatiently at the Archers' rooms in the gabled end of the hotel. All was dark there still. Another guide and two climbers came noisily forth from the dining-room, banging the door after them, and tramped down to the shore, their nailed shoes striking sharply on the flinty path. Hans watched them set out and waited. At last a candle flickered in the room above; then Greenhow stumbled out of the dark and hailed the waiting guide. But it was another half-hour before the others appeared—first Mrs. Archer, with troubled apologies; her husband could not be roused from his morning nap. He was snatching a bite of breakfast now, and would be with them by the time they were in the boat.

"An hour too late!" Hans grumbled, tying his pack.

"I know! Don is such a lie-a-bed." she exclaimed, turning to Greenhow.

"The snow will be soft," the guide growled. "It will be a hot day."

"It's cold enough now. Where are the others?"

"Before." Hans nodded across the dark lake where sounded in the distance the throb of oars against thole-pins.

"Wherever is he?" Mrs. Archer exclaimed impatiently.

Before the tardy one appeared the blackness had lifted from the nearer peaks, showing cavernous depths between their flanks. The gray morning mist still covered the lake, and hung about the fir-trees like a mantle loosely thrown from branch to branch.

"The sun will be up before we reach the snow!" Hans commented bitterly.

As he spoke Archer sauntered out of the dining-room, lighting a cigarette. His climbing costume revealed him as a powerful young man, handsome, blond, bronzed with the wholesome suggestion of outdoor sports in his easy motions. The air of comfortable health was, perhaps, too pronounced in his whole being. Polo, hunting, yachting, climbing—in these he spent the round year of joyous sport. To the chorus of reproaches that met him he waved his hand carelessly and struck another match.

"All the time in the world—hey, Hans?" he called out good-naturedly, as one who was master of the elements and did not permit them to interfere with his peace of mind. "A couple of hours from now, Greenhow, you and Judith won't be so keen, eh, Hans!"

And he stepped leisurely into the boat, which Hans held ready; they pushed forth into the lake and were swallowed up forthwith in the low-lying fog. As the guide plied the oars, with a snappy, disapproving jerk of his shoulders, the mist dissipated around them, revealing the lake and the wooded shores in the cold light of dawn. Far above them gray peaks, sharp and toothed, cut the heavens. The mountain lake, flooded by day with brilliant color, was black as a pool at this hour and the oars dipped heavily without a ripple.

"'Then Sir Bediver departed, and went to the sword,'" Greenhow quoted, "'and lightly took it up and went to the waterside; and there he bound the girdle about the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might——'"

"What's that?" Archer interrupted, drawing another cigarette from his case.

"'And there came an arm and a hand above the water and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with sword in the water.'"

Judith Archer finished the quotation with a fleeting smile on her lips.

"Jim and I were just repeating a piece from an old school-book we used to study," she explained to her husband.

The guide listened to the talk with a puzzled pucker of the eyebrows, but Archer leaned back comfortably, tilting his eyes on the imperial slope of Victoria.

When the boat grounded on the moraine the morning light filled well the narrow pass up which lay their road, and in the neutral tones before sunrise the bulky masses of the stony peaks rose broad and fierce into the deep gray sky.

They took their way across the uneven surface of the moraine, following the footsteps of the earlier party, mounting from gravelly flank to flank of the dead glacier which flowed serpentinely from between the sides of Lefroy and Victoria down to the lake. Hans trudged morosely ahead, bearing the pack on his shoulders. Now and then he glanced back at the woman and at Greenhow. Judith Archer walked easily,

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without effort or perceptible breathing, but Greenhow, evidently unused to the mountains, paused often and lagged behind.

"Doesn't feel like a railroad grade, eh, Jim?" Archer chaffed.

Greenhow merely smiled and glanced ahead at the field of snow toward which they were mounting.

When they reached the edge of the retreating glacier all halted and looked back, while the guide tightened his pack. A thousand feet below lay the lake, cupwise in a nest of firs, and at its extreme marge the long roof of the hotel rose from the green forest. A wandering shaft of sunlight, breaking through some lofty pass among the upper peaks, flashed magically across the still waters of the lake, and they shone green from shore to shore.

"'A mantle of pure samite dropped from peak to peak!'" Greenhow suggested, still panting.

"Hein! what do you see?" Hans questioned. "But it grows late. Forwards!"

Another thousand feet up the steep flank of the glacier, across the vast bed of gray ice, and then they paused in awe of the sheer grandeur about them.

Out of that sea of snow, between the rocky peaks that form the continental backbone, there flowed toward them a stream of purest snow, sinuously covering the slopes of Lefroy, banked against the precipices of Victoria, like a thick white road which ended in the grayish glacier. As they gazed upward between the narrowing ramparts of cliffs that made the pass the sun stole over the crest of Victoria.

"See!" Judith Archer waved toward the glittering crest, her face flushing with the excitement of the air, the cold beauty, the grandeur of the heart of the mountains. "Apollo has touched the earth at last!"

"The altitude of inspiration?" Greenhow remarked pantingly.

"Yes," she threw back. "Oh, if one were to live always like this, to see, to feel, to be, like this!"

"It will be a hot day, yes," Hans commented gutturally, shifting his pack.

"Just see how those long-legged Englishmen are steeple-chasing it up there!" Archer pointed to three black specks moving one behind the other up the steep wall of snow that breasted the summit of the pass.

"Ja," Hans nodded approvingly. "They know that the snow will be soft soon. Forwards!"

Moment by moment the sun crossed the crown of Victoria, kindling the snow to a blinding radiance that shone like a core of white-hot metal, creating the atmosphere of day in the heavens. Then in an instant the sun shifted above the shoulder of distant Pelican and shot from that height across the rim of the pass and down the full length of the snow sheet to the feet of the climbers. It leapt along the billowy drifts, kindling a purple day in place of the savage dawn, and mounted over the woman's figure to her face. She gazed steadily into the light, her nostrils dilating, her head reared proudly.

Archer and the guide, a little in advance, were watching the climbers ahead through glasses. Latterly Archer had wearied of quizzing the novice, and Greenhow and Judith Archer had fallen to the rear, the woman feigning fatigue to spare the man the mortification of being the weakest. The guide plodded forward like a low-geared machine, and Archer, carelessly stepping to one side of the narrow path would sink to his waist, with impatient exclamations. The two behind, caught by the majesty of the scene, looked at one another without words, repressing the futile phrases at their lips. As they mounted, the spirit of the earth below seemed to fade from their hearts: as one peels a rose, petal by petal, to the white core of its being, so their souls became freed from the mould of experience, rejoicing in beauty.

Under the black shadow of a spur of Mount Victoria, the woman called to the others to halt and sat down. Hans rested moodily on his ice-pick, grumbling that each minute the snow became worse. They were close enough now to the summit of the pass to see the swirls of snow, driven by the westerly breeze along the sharp arete. The other party, having achieved the summit of the great divide, were resting also, fifteen hundred feet above them. Hans and Archer began to discuss something with much animation, while Greenhow and Judith Archer, feeling the mysterious intimacy of high places, gazed dreamily down to the speck of water they had left.

"It is like one great tourmaline," she murmured.

"The lake?"

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"No; it is more like a milky turquoise—a body of milky-white colored by sapphires and set in emeralds and cairngorms." . . .

"Yes," Hans was drawling. "You can see off there the steps we made. It can be done!" Archer gazed earnestly through the glasses. "It was too late that afternoon, but some day it will be done."

"Let's get over there and have a look at it now," Archer suggested impulsively, his sportsman's pride challenging the hint of a feat unaccomplished.

Hans shook his head stolidly, nodding toward the others. "He couldn't!"

"We'll leave them here—I say, Judith, you don't mind staying here with Jim a half hour or so, do you? Hans and I are going to have a look into that chimney over yonder; he says there's a possible way up the north side of Victoria there."

"No, no," Hans objected. "We can't divide a party. It's against the rules."

"That's all right," Archer replied in his overbearing manner. "I'll take the responsibility. This is no Matterhorn affair, Hans."

"It is not best," the guide replied, not budging.

"Come on," Archer ordered, and without further discussion strode out into the dazzling snow-field.

The guide hesitated still.

"You had better follow him," Judith Archer counselled gently. "We shall do very well here, Hans, until you come back."

The guide reluctantly laid down his pack taking a coil of rope that he had prepared with which to rope the party together for the last pull up the slope. He was muttering something about fools and Americans.

"It is useless to argue with him," the wife said quietly. "The air makes him wild! We shall be quite safe. If necessary, we could get down all right. Hurry, Hans!"

The guide flung his pack into the snow and strode after his agile employer. The man and woman, left behind in the shadow of the mountain, watched the two figures without speaking. When Archer reached the jutting cliff of black rock that formed one side of the "chimney" he turned about and waved a hand and holloaed. In that wonderful clarity of the atmosphere he seemed but a few yards distant, though his voice came to them faintly, as if absorbed by the crags of Victoria. He waved his cap, standing like an athlete on tiptoe for a race—alert, tense, his figure etched like ebony in the glittering snow.

"What a body!" Greenhow murmured enviously.

"Yes," the woman admitted dully.

Then the guide reached Archer, and the two stood for several moments gesticulating.

"He can not persuade him to give it up," she remarked in her ordinary tone of literal statement, which sounded thin.

With a wave of the hand Archer disappeared from sight around the dark cliff; Hans turning for a last time toward them, hesitated, then disappeared also.

"He should not have done that!" Greenhow exclaimed impulsively, regretting his words as they were spoken.

"No," Judith Archer responded heavily, "'he should not have done it. But he has!"

And the man, closely watching her face, saw the serious, sombre look of the woman who hides her secret. Both instinctively glanced up to the summit of the pass, where the other party had been resting. The three black specks had gone, disappeared into the endless space of the heavens. From the pass a thin wind drew down upon them, driving before it dancing swirls of snow.

And suddenly, in the midst of the gleaming snow, up there in cloudland, the pinnacles of rocky peaks rising tier on tier toward the deep heavens, they felt themselves alone! A wistful smile trembled on the woman's lips as his glance caught hers.

III

MINUTE by minute time sped, and they were speechless, awed by the vast silence of the mountains. Then Greenhow spoke, trying to break the oppression that beset them.

"Look at the lake now! It isn't turquoise or tourmaline. All your rich gems are too cold, too hard. It has the gorgeousness of old Gentile's brushwork, and the soft texture of some ancient fabric. It is samite, pure samite!"

"Maybe so," the woman responded indifferently, with no taste for a contest about colors. "Words tell merely lies."

"Yes," he agreed softly; "it seems like jabbering to say most things up here!"

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And for a time each went his own way in thought.

"There was a touch of the Berserk in Don as he stood there against the snow just now," Greenhow mused. "He would make a tremendous fighter. What spirit, what courage!"

"Do you call that courage?" she queried literally, digging her gloved hand into the snow. "To race an automobile, or ride a vicious horse, or break one's neck in the mountains! Men like him crave a risk as other men crave drink. It relieves their nerves. They are like children; they can't sit still; they must shout or giggle—that's all."

"Yet you like the men who do these things?" he questioned.

"You think so?" she exclaimed with light irony, which set his thoughts back to the time he had first known her.

"Nora was praising you only yesterday for a wife of a man like Don, ready for the sport of the moment."

Judith Archer laughed, and the laugh tinkled unmerrily across the snow.

"Neighbor talks of neighbor down there below," she mused ironically. "Of course I am proud of his prowess. And there are reasons why—it is just as well—it is better for him to risk his neck like this—than to do other things."

As he looked inquiringly at her she dropped her eyes. And he began to remember in the silence that followed some things he had known about Archer from the days he had been with him as a young man.

"Well, it is a clean thing," he remarked lamely.

"Yes, without doubt, better than some other things," she admitted shortly. "As I said, it is a kind of—relief, of medicine, for some people."

She had evidently probed that question, and had the final word on it. That she was a woman of other ambitions than those of her husband he felt immediately. In the quickened sympathies of those snowy heights where feelings and ideas existed with the vividness of sensible objects, they read one another's mind in half words. Speech, which customarily had no background, suddenly held unspoken depths. Near the surface lay bright passions and fresh watercourses of thought. The man thought to himself: "So she has learned him, and she nurses him! That big fellow, that athlete! Nurses him, for fear of mishap. So she told the guide to follow him without argument. Oh, she knows him! And her heart is hot within her. But having elected her path, she is of the blood that keeps the road to its bitter end!"

"You have no anxiety now?" he asked. "For, I take it, with Hans there is nothing to fear."

"Fear?" she repeated slowly. "One doesn't fear when one lives al——"

She paused on the brink of her confession, and he turned away his head. But she raised her veil, a quick flush of color shooting over her face, and looked him steadily in the face.

"Don't make me talk. This air is like strong wine. It makes you long to pour out all your heart, just for joy of emptying it of the burdens. And all along the way up here something sang inside me, and all the little thoughts that color my days drab seemed to drop away, abandoned down there on the earth. It makes me giddy! All our little secrets seem so childish up here!"

"Perhaps they are childish."

She drew a long breath.

"If we might leave them there! Do you suppose that is what heaven really is? A going up, up to the higher places and dropping ourselves on the way, all the baser parts we have had down there on earth, until we are fit to see God? After this I shall always think of it so, and when I close my eyes I shall see this cloudless sky rimmed round with these mighty peaks, and below this carpet of driven snow. And such silence, silence without end!

"What am I babbling? You and I live lower down, in another altitude. We must remember that. Down there I hate the women who tell their secrets. And so do you. So let us keep our secrets, let us forget what we are down there, and think and feel for a little while like the old gods!"

"But heart may speak to heart," he protested.

"No, no," she murmured denyingly. "There is no time on this earth where heart may speak to heart, neither here nor elsewhere, ever in all the long years. Look and be glad."

She pointed quickly across the pass to the north, where pinnacle behind pinnacle,

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rampart and bastion and knife-like arete, of ragged gray rock circled in irregular amphitheatres and marched range behind range to the distant horizon.

"The truth of things lies in the hollows behind those peaks where no one has ever been—the sanctuary of the gods in Valhalla. To-day it is so still, so still, and we seem to be near the sanctuary. But it is far away yet, across all those bristling peaks."

Her lips trembled, and the deep black eyes filled with unexpected tears.

"So be it," he murmured; "we will not seek it."

Her gloved hand fell on his arm softly. As they sat there watching the peaks a field of cloud drifted between them and the summit of Victoria, shutting out the distant horizon. Up there above them on the higher slopes of the mountains it was snowing.

"They have been gone a long time," she exclaimed at last.

As she spoke there came from the mountain a deep murmur, like a vast undertow that was rolling in its embrace multitudinous bowlders. Then there followed a muffled roar, which after a moment was hurled back and forth between the precipices of Victoria and Lefroy. Far down the pass there rose a spray of snow, a wreath of smoke. Then silence.

"What was that?" she demanded, looking into his eyes.

"An avalanche! See, where it has cut into that bank of snow on the flank of Victoria."

The breast of driven white along the mountain was cut by a long, irregular, jagged line, as if some hand had broken therefrom a crust of bread and tossed the fragment into the gulf below.

They rose to their feet and stood close to each other, listening.

"The gods have spoken," she murmured.

IV

THE reverberations of the avalanche subsided after a time. The ruffled bed of snow at their feet stretched lustreless to the hoary glacier. Far away to the north towered yet in the sun the great peaks, their serrated edges sharp as swords. It was all unutterably solitary. They drew close to each other in the vast isolation of the mountains and listened. They could hear the pounding of their hearts beneath their thick sweaters. An awe of a fate unrealized—the nameless fear born of the silence and savage indifference about them—bound them fast together.

"They are all right," Greenhow remarked, and his voice betrayed his unspoken fear. "That snowfall was a good deal farther along the edge of the mountain than where they went in. It must be a mile away. And it will probably frighten them back. We shall see them any moment now coming around that cliff."

She shook her head sombrely.

"You don't know him. Men like him make it a point of honor to push on when the risks grow greater. That is their pride" —her lips curled scornfully—"the pride of children! They think it brave, and courage, you know, is always the virtue of aristocrats! Prudence is plebian."

"Well, I'll trust Hans to bring him back!"

She smiled mournfully. In that spirituous air, so near to her, the pulses of his thought quickened, and he read what the woman's life had been these years of gay wandering with her husband. How often had she waited like this with tense nerves while the man took his chances, knowing that it must be thus or worse! The love that had survived for him must be the love of a woman for a wayward child. Her eyes, restless and wistful, spoke of personal defeat. To the man the exuberance of the body and to the woman desolation of the spirit.

"How long have they been gone?" she asked in a whisper. "It might be hours—days!"

"Just thirty minutes," he answered, looking at his watch.

"Time does not exist up here."

"No," he assented; "we have got beyond the reign of time!"

She trembled, as if his words shot too close to her inner thought.

"But we shall go back to it."

As she spoke there broke in the air above them a faint ripping, tearing sound, so faint as scarce to be heard, and then in a few seconds came the heavy plunging and dull thud of the weight of many tons. Beneath the noise could be distinguished the gurgle of falling rocks disturbed by the sliding snow, rolling and dropping over the preci-

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pices. And back and forth, solemnly, deliberately, the cliffs took up the echoes of the avalanche, as if the mountains were talking to themselves.

"Another!" she whispered.

He nodded.

"And nearer?"

"It is midsummer, the 12th of August; there are likely to be a good many as the day advances. Yesterday they began, but there were only a few. I think that we should move back toward the other slope. You see the line where this one fell—it was well to the east of us."

"No, no! We must stay here where they can see us; where they will look for us."

He made no remonstrance, and they stood silently, their hands tightly clasped together, waiting. Far off in some inner gulf of the mountains beyond their sight rolled faintly the solemn thunder of the falling snow.

"They come on all sides," she murmured. "Tell me, would you care if—if they came here also?" she demanded abruptly, shifting her eyes from the mountains to him.

"They will not come," he replied steadily.

"You say that to comfort me," she retorted unsatisfied. "I am not sure," she continued musingly. "I can think things here that I never thought before. It seems as if we had come a long way up the hill of life, and the struggle that goes on down there is well over for us. It would be hard to go back to one's mistakes. Here we are half in heaven already; it's more than any heaven I ever fancied. Up there beyond the pass lies Peace, I know, set in solitude and grandeur. All that! Ah, look!"

She seized his arm convulsively. Greenhow glanced up, following the path of her eyes. Fifteen hundred feet above, on the shoulder of Victoria, rested a ledge of snow, curled and wind swept. It yawned over the cliff like the thick lip of a snow-drift on the roof of a house. A clot of this mass was breaking off.

"Come!" He forced her back toward the other side of the Pass. As they retreated, Greenhow, keeping his eyes on the snowy spur, shouted: "It's coming, all along. Run! run!" and grasping her with one arm, he struggled desperately backward through the clogging snow. The lid of drift, fifty or more tons, gathered itself together for a plunge and hurled itself forth into the pass. It poured off the mountain for several seconds, like a snowy, arched breaker with a crest of fluttering foam. As it struck the pass the snow beneath rose to meet it like froth, and the spume of the avalanche floated back, far up the black crags, fainting down at last like wreaths of steam.

Bits of the fall hit them, pelting them as with pebbles, but they had escaped the main torrent. The woman shook the snow from her head and pointed up the shoulder where the drift of snow had lain deeply many months. Across its face there was a great white gash. She shouted something to her companion which was swallowed in the thunder of the echoes solemnly answering one another across the pass. When the air was silent once more Greenhow looked for the rock chimney around which the guide and Archer had disappeared.

"Where is it?" she whispered.

The spot was one smooth slope of snow, as if some giant mason had freshly slapped his trowel there.

The man stood stunned, speechless, his eyes searching the mountain-side for the chimney.

"Gone—covered up!" he muttered. "I must get over there and see. Stay here."

But she laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"No. Look!"

Immediately above the spot where he proposed to go there still frowned a long drift of snow. But he shook his head.

"They may have got in back under the lee of the rock. And I must find out; they may be in trouble. Curse the folly of it!"

"Wait!" She still held him. "It is mere suicide to cross over there now. Wait until the other party comes back."

"Hans said they were to return through the Valley of Ten Peaks. They are miles on their way there now!"

"Then we must go back below for help!"

"No," he answered slowly, deliberately. "Something must be done at once. It may be too late in a little while."

She trembled, but did not release his arm.

"I cannot let you go," she said with effort. "It is death; it is death!"

"May be not. And if it should be, what better plan is there?"

"No, no!" she cried. "Not for *you!*"

"Listen." He took her trembling hands in his grasp. "Stay here for another half-hour. Here, take my watch and count it,

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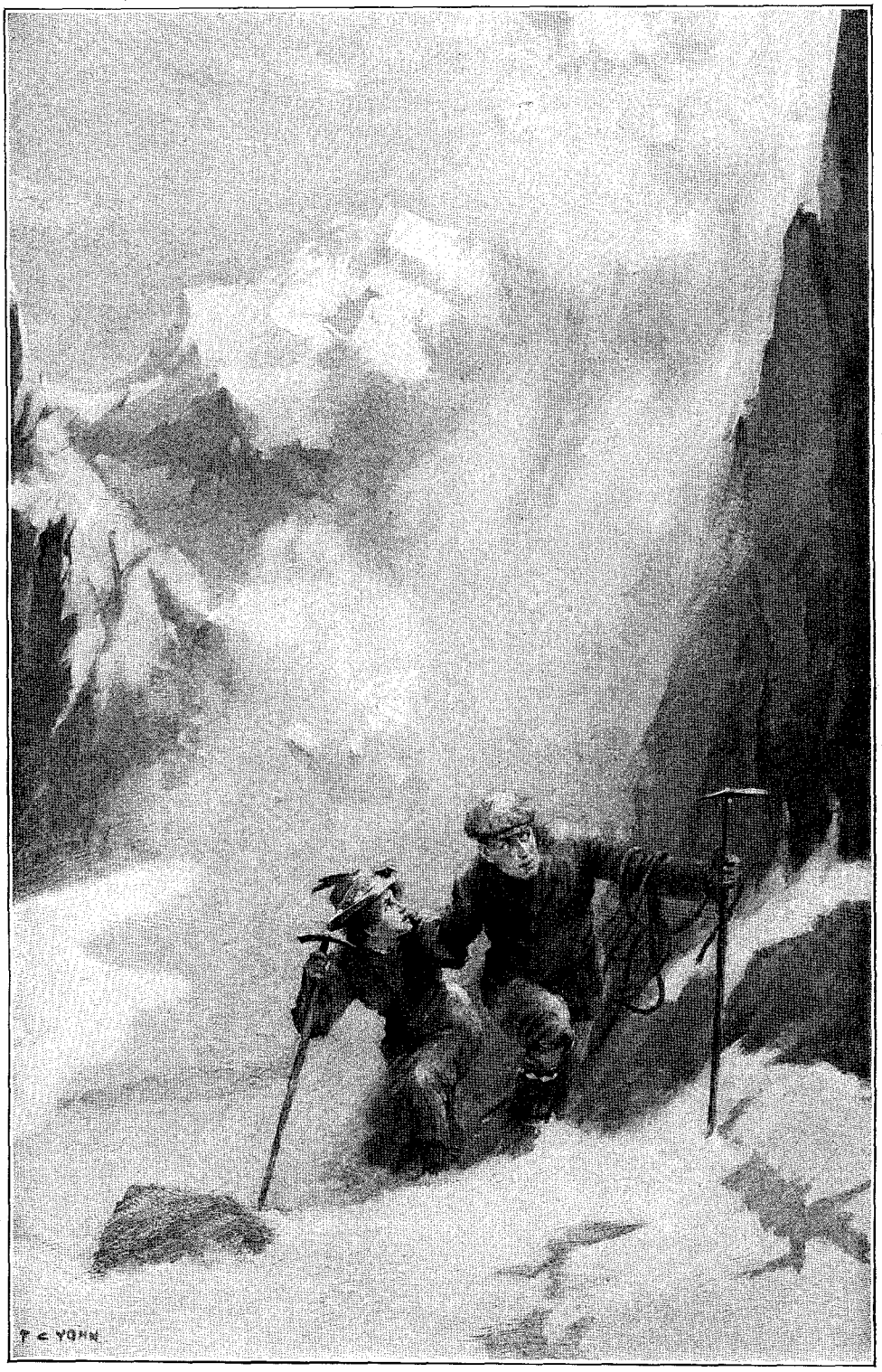

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"It's coming, all along. Run! run!"—Page 712.

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and if you don't see us by that time, then you must go back. Follow this side of the pass, and you should have no trouble. All the falls are from Victoria so far."

"No, no!" she brushed aside his will impetuously. "Why should you walk alone into that pit?"

"Because there is nothing else to be done."

"How long would it take us to reach the hotel?"

"Two hours, at the best. Another five for men to get back up here. And it might be worse then."

She made no reply, and for the space of a minute they looked at each other and divined the thoughts coursing swiftly through their minds. In the silence that had succeeded the deafening surge of the last avalanche, in the dazzling light of the sun, which shone out afresh upon the snow, they seemed two motionless black points on the extreme verge of the world.

"Why must it be so? Why? For you, too? Why should you go into that awful white tomb—looking for the dead, for the dead?" she moaned.

He shook his head and took a step forward.

"Why not both—go down?" she barely whispered.

"Would you have it so?" he questioned fiercely.

Her eyes dropped from his face to the glittering snow. She loosened her clutch upon his arm. Tears stood in her eyes.

"No," she whispered.

"I must go! I must!" he repeated monotonously, looking up at the pitiless peaks beyond, which were resplendent in the vivid sky. "One never knows—never knows."

"Then I go, too!" She glanced up defiantly. "Why should I be left? At last heart may speak to heart. And neither man nor woman has ever known—I have kept my heart to myself until now. But now you know it all."

A little smile wreathed her lips. He placed his hands on her shoulders, and they stood there face to face.

"At last heart speaks to heart," she repeated. "Yes—at the end."

"Then, come!" he shouted roughly.

"Yes," she answered lightly. "I follow you."

Slowly, creeping like insects over the blazing floor of white, the two figures made their way across the pass to the black side of Victoria, where high in the air above hung that deep-banked crust of snow. Up from the south a soft cloud came swimming over the pass and coiled itself lazily around the broad bosom of Victoria. Northward in the Valley of the Ten Peaks and along the sharp pinnacles of the distant ranges the sun still poured its light from the brilliant heavens. Down, far away in the east, lay the broad valley where men lived. As the two neared the opposite wall the pass became dark and gray, and a few flakes of snow fell from the cloud, eddying over the crest of Victoria.

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THE SONG OF THE CLOUDS

AFTER THE FRENCH OF ANATOLE LE BRAZ

By E. Sutton

Breton, I sing those wandering prows to you
  For whom no harbor lighteth on the lee,
High-piled Armadas of th' unfathomed blue,
  The crowding galleons of a shoreless sea.

How oft with them my nomad thoughts would pine
  To cleave the unvexed levels of the sky,
Such flights illimitable and divine
  As haply we may follow when we die!

Silvered or dark, as sun or storm decree,
  Nightly, unheeding of the Shining Seven,
Squadrons of God, they ride eternally
  The sweeping tide-rift of the open heaven.

The ancient stars their lanterns be, that swing
  Glimmering aloft until the dawnlight pales,
Voices and mystic murmurs faintly wing
  From the deep shadows of their towering sails.

* * * * * * * * *

Ah, ships no more, beneath the lucent beam
  Re-orbing duskily with skirts of light,
Angels and winged Powers now they seem,
  Kneeling before the beauty of the night.

Surely that music crystalline they know,
  Those hidden harmonies of our vain desire,
That from the viewless battlements do blow
  Based on the sapphire vault and fringed with fire.

Silence doth keep her temple, hushed with stars,
  The winds are all her worshippers, and lo!
The red moon, waiting at the western bars,
  Swings like a heavy censer, soft and slow.

* * * * * * * * *

Others may change, for toil and time are long,
  Ah, but the Bretons, folk of faërie
Banished to sea-cliffs and the Land of Song,
  Yearn like their clouds beyond the sky and sea!

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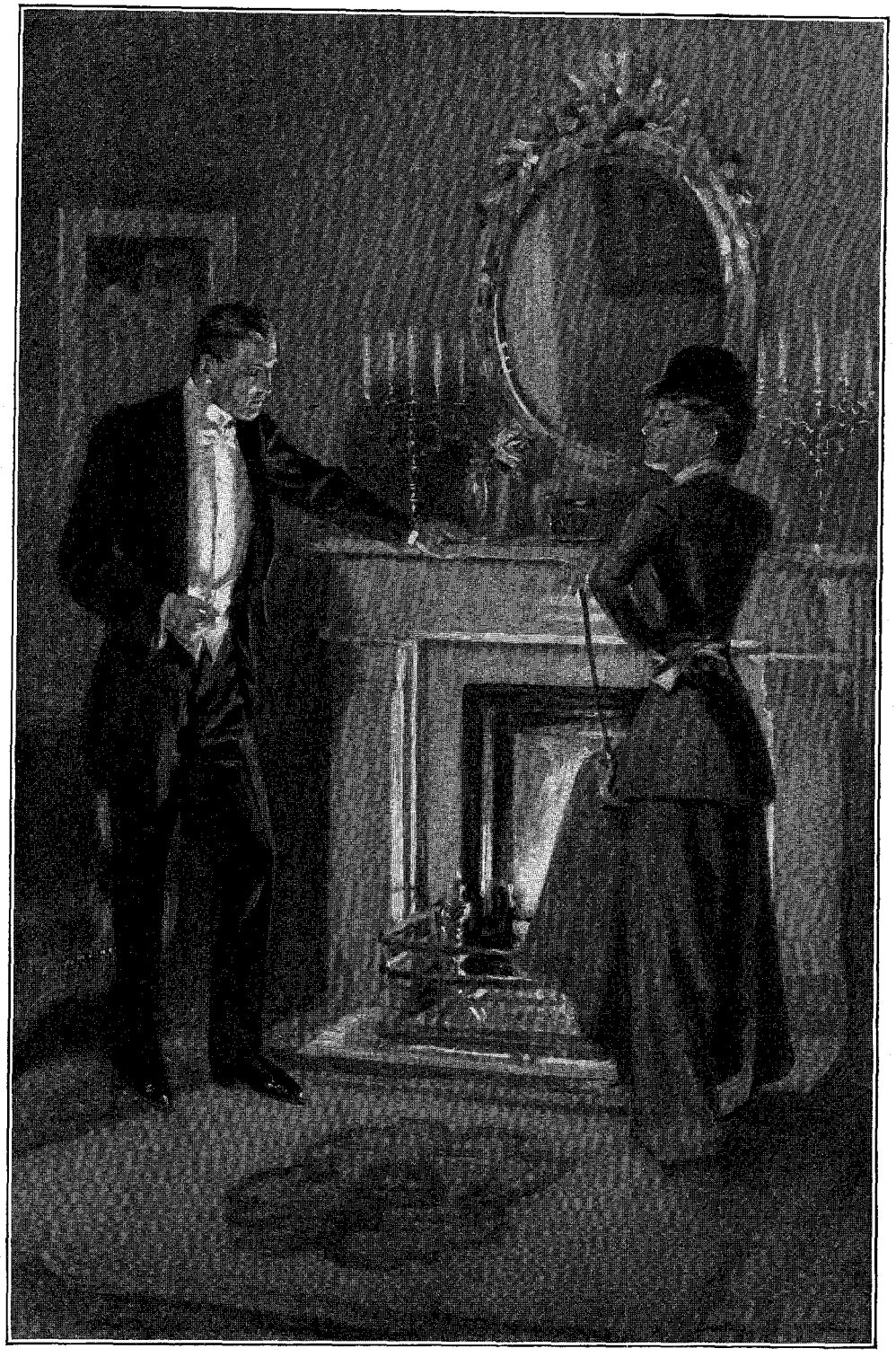

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball

It was the moment both had desired.—Page 726.

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THE FRUIT OF THE TREE

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

BOOK II—(Continued)

XV

WHEN the door closed on Mrs. Amherst a resolve which had taken shape in Justine's mind during their talk together made her seat herself at her writing-table, where, after a moment's musing over her suspended pen, she wrote and addressed a hurried note. This business despatched, she put on her hat and jacket, and with the letter in hand passed down the long corridor from her room, and descended to the entrance-hall below. She might have consigned her missive to the post-box which conspicuously tendered its services from a table near the door; but to do so would delay the letter's despatch till the morning, and she felt a sudden impatience to see it start on its way.

The tumult from the terrace had transferred itself within doors at sunset, and as Justine went down the stairs she heard the click of cues from the billiard-room, the talk and laughter of belated bridge-players, the movement of servants gathering up tea-cups and mending the fires. She had hoped to find the hall empty, but the sight of Westy Gaines's figure looming watchfully on the threshold of the smoking-room gave her, at the last bend of the stairs, a little start of annoyance. He would want to know where she was going, he would offer to go with her, and it would take some time and not a little emphasis to make him understand that his society was not desired.

This was the thought that flashed through Justine's mind as she reached the landing; but the next moment it gave way to a contradictory feeling. Westy Gaines was not alone in the hall. From under the stairway rose the voices of a group ensconced in that popular retreat about a chess-board; and as Justine reached the last turn of the stairs she perceived that Mason Winch, an earnest youth with advanced views on political economy, was engaged, to the diversion of a circle of spectators, in teaching the Telfer girls chess. The futility of trying to fix upon such a problem the spasmodic attention of this effervescent couple, and their instructor's grave unconsciousness of the fact, constituted, for the lookers-on, the peculiar diversion of the scene. It was of course inevitable that young Winch, on his arrival at Lynbrook, should have succumbed at once to the tumultuous charms of the Telfer manner, which was equally attractive to inarticulate youth and to tired and talked-out middle-age; but that he should have perceived no resistance in their minds to the deliberative processes of the game, was, even to the Telfers themselves, a source of unmitigated gaiety. Nothing seemed to them funnier than that any one should credit them with any mental capacity; and they had inexhaustibly amusing ways of drawing out and showing off each other's ignorance.

It was on this scene that Westy's appreciative eyes had been fixed till Justine's appearance drew them abruptly to herself. He pronounced her name joyfully, and moved forward at once to greet her; but as their hands met she understood that he did not mean to press his company upon her. Under the eye of the Lynbrook circle he was chary of marked demonstrations, and even the incentive of Mrs. Amherst's approval could not, at such moments, bridge over the gap between himself and the object of his attentions. A Gaines was a Gaines in the last analysis, and apart from any pleasing accident of personality; but what was Miss Brent but the transient vehicle of those graces which Providence has provided for the delectation of the privileged sex?

These restraining influences were visible in the temperate warmth of Westy's manner, and in his way of keeping a backward eye upon the mute interchange of comment

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about the chess-board. At another time Justine would have been amused by his embarrassment; but the feelings stirred by her talk with Bessy had not subsided, and she recognized with a sting of mortification the resemblance between her view of the Lynbrook set and its estimate of herself. If Bessy's friends were negligible to her she was almost non-existent to them; and, as against herself, they were overwhelmingly provided with tangible means of proving their case.

Such considerations, at a given moment, may prevail decisively even with a nature armed against them by insight and irony; and the mere fact that Westy Gaines did not mean to join her, and that he was withheld from doing so by the invisible pressure of the Lynbrook standards, had the effect of suddenly precipitating Justine's floating intentions.

If anything farther had been needed to hasten this result, it would have been accomplished by the sound of footsteps which, over-taking her a dozen yards from the house, announced her admirer's impetuous if tardy pursuit. The act of dismissing him, though it took but a word and was effected with a laugh, left her pride quivering with a hurt the more painful because she would not acknowledge it. That she should waste a moment's resentment on the conduct of a person so unimportant as poor Westy, showed her in a flash the intrinsic falseness of her position at Lynbrook. She saw that to disdain the life about her had not kept her intact from it; and the knowledge made her feel the deeper need of some strong decentralizing influence, some purifying influx of emotion and activity.

She had walked on quickly through the pale October twilight, which was still full of the after-glow of a vivid sunset; and a few minutes brought her to the village stretching along the turnpike beyond the Lynbrook gates. The new post-office dominated the row of shabby houses and "stores" set disjointedly under a double row of reddening maples, and its arched doorway formed the centre of Lynbrook's evening intercourse.

Justine, hastening toward the group of loungers on the threshold, had no consciousness of anything outside of her own thoughts; and as she mounted the steps she was surprised to see Dr. Wyant detach himself from the idlers and advance to meet her.

"May I post your letter?" he asked, lifting his hat.

His gesture uncovered the close-curling hair of a small delicately-finished head just saved from effeminacy by the vigorous jut of heavy eye-brows meeting above a pair of full grey eyes. The eyes again, at first sight, might have struck one as too expressive, or as expressing things too purely decorative for the purposes of a young country doctor with a growing practice; but this estimate was corrected by an unexpected abruptness in their owner's voice and manner. Perhaps the final impression produced on a close observer by Dr. Stephen Wyant would have been that the contradictory qualities of which he was compounded had not yet been brought into equilibrium by the steadying hand of time.

Justine, in reply to his question, had drawn back a step, slipping her letter into the breast of her jacket.

"That is hardly worth while, since it was addressed to you," she answered with a slight smile as she turned to descend the post-office steps.

Wyant, still carrying his hat, and walking with quick uneven steps, followed her in silence till they had passed beyond earshot of the loiterers on the threshold; then, in the shade of the maple boughs, he pulled up and faced her.

"You've written to say that I may come tomorrow?"

Justine hesitated. "Yes," she said at length.

"'Good God! You give royally!" he broke out, pushing his hand with a nervous gesture through the thin dark curls on his forehead.

Justine laughed, with a trace of nervousness in her own tone. "And you talk—well, imperially! Aren't you afraid to bankrupt the language?"

"What do you mean?" he said, staring.

"What do *you* mean? I have merely said that I would see you tomorrow——"

"Well," he retorted, "that's enough for my happiness!"

She sounded her light laugh again. "I'm glad to know you are so easily pleased."

"I'm not! But you couldn't have done a cruel thing without a struggle; and since you're ready to give me my answer tomorrow, I know it can't be a cruel one."

They had begun to walk onward as they

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talked, but at this she halted abruptly. "Please don't take that tone. I dislike sentimentality!" she exclaimed, with a tinge of imperiousness that was a surprise to her own ears.

It was not the first time in the course of her friendship with Stephen Wyant that she had been startled by this intervention of something within her that resisted and almost resented his homage. When they were apart, she was conscious only of the community of interests and sympathies that had first drawn them together; why was it then—since his looks were of the kind generally thought to stand a suitor in good stead—that whenever they had met of late she had been subject to these rushes of obscure hostility, the half-physical, half-moral shrinking from some indefinable element in his nature against which she was constrained to defend herself by perpetual pleasantry and evasion?

To Wyant, at any rate, the answer was not far to seek. His pale face reflected the disdain in hers as he returned ironically: "A thousand pardons; I know I'm not always in the key."

"The key?"

"I haven't yet acquired the Lynbrook tone. You must make allowances for my lack of opportunity."

The retort on Justine's lips dropped to silence, as though his words had in fact brought an answer to her inward questioning. Could it be that he was right—that her shrinking from him was the result of an increased sensitiveness to faults of taste that she would once have despised herself for noticing? When she had first known him, in her work at St. Elizabeth's some three years earlier, his excesses of manner had seemed to her merely the boyish tokens of a richness of nature not yet controlled by experience. Though Wyant was somewhat older than herself there had always been an element of protection in her feeling for him, and it was perhaps this element which formed the real ground of her liking. It was, at any rate, uppermost as she returned, with a softened gleam of mockery: "Since you are so sure of my answer I hardly know why I should see you tomorrow."

"You mean me to take it now?" he exclaimed.

"I don't mean you to take it at all till it's given—above all not to take it for granted!"

His jutting brows drew together again. "Ah, I can't split hairs with you. Won't you put me out of my misery?"

She smiled, but not unkindly. "Do you want an anæsthetic?"

"No—a clean cut with the knife!"

"You forget that we're not allowed to despatch hopeless cases—more's the pity!"

He flushed to the roots of his thin hair. "Hopeless cases? That's it, then—that's my answer?"

They had reached the point where, at the farther edge of the straggling settlement, the tiled roof of the railway-station rose to confront the post-office cupola; and the distant shriek of a whistle reminded Justine that the spot was not propitious to private colloquy. She halted a moment before speaking.

"I have no answer to give you now but the one in my note—that I'll see you tomorrow, as you ask."

"But if you're sure of knowing tomorrow you must know now!"

Their eyes met, his eloquently pleading, hers kind yet still impenetrable. "If I knew now, you should know too. Please be content with that," she rejoined.

"How can I be, when a day may make such a difference? When I know that every influence about you is fighting against me?"

The words flashed a refracted light far down into the causes of her own uncertainty.

"Ah," she said, drawing a little away from him, "I'm not so sure that I don't like a fight!"

"Is that why you won't give in?" He pressed upon her with a despairing gesture. "If I let you go now, you're lost to me!"

She stood her ground, facing him with a quick lift of the head. "If you don't let me go I certainly am," she said; and he drew back without a word, as if conscious of the uselessness of the struggle. His submission, as usual, had a disarming effect upon her irritation, and she moved toward him, holding out her hand. "Come tomorrow at three," she said, her voice and manner suddenly seeming to give back the hope she had mockingly withheld from him.

He seized upon her hand with an inarticulate murmur; but at the same moment a louder whistle and the thunder of an approaching train reminded her of the impossibility of prolonging the scene. She was ordinarily careless of appearances, but while she was Mrs. Amherst's guest she did not care to be

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seen romantically loitering through the twilight with Stephen Wyant; and she freed herself with a quick goodbye.

He gave her a last look, hesitating and imploring; then, in obedience to her gesture, he turned away and strode off in the opposite direction.

As soon as he had left her she began to retrace her steps toward Lynbrook House; but instead of traversing the whole length of the village she passed through a turnstile in the park fencing, taking a more circuitous but quieter way home.

She walked on slowly through the dusk, wishing to give herself time to think over her conversation with Wyant. Now that she was alone again, it seemed to her that the part she had played had been both inconsistent and undignified. When she had written to Wyant that she would see him on the morrow she had done so with the clear understanding that she was to give, at that meeting, a definite answer to his offer of marriage; and during her talk with Bessy she had suddenly, and, as it seemed to her, irrevocably, decided that the answer should be favourable. From the first days of her acquaintance with Wyant she had appreciated his intelligence and had been stimulated by his zeal for his work. He had remained only six months at Saint Elizabeth's, and though his feeling for her had even then been manifest, it had been kept from expression by the restraint of their professional relation, and by her absorption in her duties. It was only when they had met again at Lynbrook that she had begun to feel a personal interest in him. His youthful promise seemed nearer fulfilment than she had once thought possible, and the contrast he presented to the young men in Bessy's train was really all in his favour. He had gained in strength and steadiness without losing his high flashes of enthusiasm; and though, even now, she was not in love with him, she began to feel that the union of their common interests might create a life full and useful enough to preclude the possibility of vague repinings. It would, at any rate, take her out of the stagnant circle of her present existence, and restore her to invigorating contact with the fruitful energies of life.

All this had seemed quite clear when she wrote her letter; why, then, had she not made use of their chance encounter to give her answer, instead of capriciously postponing it? The act might have been that of a self-conscious girl in her teens; but it was neither inexperience nor coquetry that had prompted it. She had merely yielded to the spirit of resistance that Wyant's presence had of late aroused in her; and the possibility that this resistance might be due to some sense of his social defects, his lack of measure and facility, was so humiliating that for a moment she stood still in the path, half-meaning to turn back and overtake him——

As she paused she was surprised to hear a man's step behind her; and the thought that it might be Wyant's brought about another prompt revulsion of feeling. What right had he to pursue her in this way, to dog her steps even into the Lynbrook grounds? She was sure that his persistent attentions had already attracted the notice of Bessy's visitors; and that he should thus force himself upon her after her dismissal seemed suddenly to make their whole relation ridiculous.

She turned about to rebuke him for his insistence, and found herself face to face with John Amherst.

XVI

AMHERST, on leaving the train at Lynbrook, had paused in doubt on the empty platform. His return was unexpected, and no carriage awaited him; but the ready whip of the village cab-driver signalled his sense of the opportunity. Amherst, however, felt a sudden desire to postpone the moment of arrival, and after consigning his luggage to the cab he walked away toward the turn-stile through which Justine had passed. In thus taking the longest way home he was yielding another point to his reluctance. He knew that at that hour his wife's visitors might still be assembled in the drawing-room, and he wished to avoid making his unannounced entrance among them.

It was not till now that he realized the awkwardness of such an arrival. For some time past he had known that he ought to go back to Lynbrook, but he had not known how to tell Bessy that he was coming. Lack of habit made him inexpert in the art of easy transitions, and his inability to bridge

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over awkward gaps had often put him at a disadvantage with his wife and her friends. He had not yet learned the importance of acquitting himself of the small obligations which made up the daily ceremonial of their lives, and at present there was just enough soreness between himself and Bessy to make such observances more difficult than usual.

There had been no open estrangement, but peace had been preserved at the cost of a slowly-accumulated tale of grievances on both sides. Since Amherst had won his point about the mills, the danger he had foreseen had been realized: his victory at Westmore had been a defeat at Lynbrook. It would be too crude to say that his wife had made him pay for her public concession by the private disregard of his wishes; and if something of this sort had actually resulted, his sense of fairness told him that it was merely the natural reaction of a soft nature against the momentary strain of self-denial. At first he had been hardly aware of this consequence of his triumph. The joy of being able to work his will at Westmore obscured all lesser emotions; and his sentiment for Bessy had long since dwindled into one of those shallow pools of feeling which a sudden tide might still fill, but which could never again be the deep perennial spring from which his life was fed.

The need of remaining continuously at Hanaford while the first changes were making had increased the strain of the situation. He had never expected that Bessy would stay there with him—had perhaps, at heart, hardly wished it—and her plan of going to the Adirondacks with Miss Brent seemed to him a satisfactory alternative to the European trip she had renounced. He felt as relieved as though some one had taken off his hands the task of amusing a restless child, and he let his wife go without suspecting that the moment might be a decisive one between them. But it had not occurred to Bessy that any one could regard six weeks in the Adirondacks as an adequate substitute for a summer abroad. She felt that her sacrifice deserved recognition, and personal devotion was the only form of recognition which could satisfy her. She had expected Amherst to join her at the camp, but he did not come; and when she went back to Long Island she did not stop to see him, though Hanaford lay in her way. At the moment of her return the work at the mills made it impossible for him to go to Lynbrook; and thus the weeks drifted on without their meeting.

At last, urged by his mother, he had gone down to Long Island for a night; but though, on that occasion, he had announced his coming, he found the house full, and the whole party except Mr. Langhope in the act of driving off to a dinner in the neighbourhood. He was of course expected to go too, and Bessy appeared hurt when he declared that he was too tired and preferred to remain with Mr. Langhope; but she did not suggest staying at home herself, and drove off in a mood of exuberant gaiety. Amherst had been too busy all his life to know what intricacies of perversion a sentimental grievance may develop in an unoccupied mind, and he saw in Bessy's act only a sign of indifference. The next day she complained to him of money difficulties, as though surprised that her income had been suddenly cut down; and when he reminded her that she had consented of her own will to this temporary reduction, she burst into tears and accused him of caring only for Westmore.

He went away exasperated by her inconsequence, and bills from Lynbrook continued to pour in on him. In the first days of their marriage, Bessy had put him in charge of her exchequer, and she was too indolent—and at heart perhaps too sensitive—to ask him to renounce the charge. It was clear to him, therefore, how little she was observing the spirit of their compact, and his mind was tormented by the anticipation of financial embarrassments. He wrote her a letter of gentle expostulation, but in her reply she ignored his remonstrance; and after that silence fell between them.

The only way to break this silence was to return to Lynbrook; but now that he had come back, he did not know what step to take next. Something in the atmosphere of his wife's existence seemed to paralyze his will-power. When all about her spoke a language so different from his own, how could he hope to make himself heard? He knew that her family and her immediate friends—Mr. Langhope, the Gaineses, Mrs. Ansell and Mr. Tredegar—far from being means of communication, were so many sentinels ready to raise the drawbridge and drop the portcullis at his approach. They were all in league to stifle the incipient feelings he had

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roused in Bessy, to push her back into the deadening routine of her former life, and the only voice that might conceivably speak for him was Miss Brent's.

The "case" which, unexpectedly presented to her by one of the Hope Hospital physicians, had detained Justine at Hanaford during the month of June, was the means of establishing a friendship between herself and Amherst. They did not meet often, or get to know each other very well; but he saw her occasionally at his mother's and at Mrs. Dressel's, and once he took her out to Westmore, to consult her about the emergency hospital which was to be included among the first improvements there. That expedition had been memorable to both; and when, some two weeks later, Bessy had written suggesting that she should take Miss Brent to the Adirondacks, it seemed to Amherst that there was no one whom he would rather have his wife choose as her companion.

He was much too busy at the time to cultivate or analyze his feeling for Miss Brent; he rested vaguely in the thought of her, as of the "nicest" girl he had ever met, and was frankly pleased when accident brought them together; but the seeds left in both their minds by these chance encounters had not yet begun to germinate.

So unperceived had been their gradual growth in intimacy that it was a surprise to Amherst to find himself suddenly thinking of her as a means of communication with his wife; but the thought gave him such encouragement that, when he saw Justine in the path before him, he went toward her with unusual eagerness.

Justine, on her part, felt an equal pleasure. She knew that Bessy did not expect her husband, and that his prolonged absence had already been the cause of malicious comment at Lynbrook; and she caught at the hope that this sudden return might betoken a more favourable turn of affairs.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed; and her tone had the effect of completing his reassurance, his happy sense that she would understand and help him.

"I wanted to see you too," he began confusedly; then, conscious of the intimacy of the phrase, he added with a slight laugh: "The fact is, I'm a culprit looking for a peace-maker."

"A culprit?"

"I've been so tied down at the mills that I didn't know, till yesterday, just when I could break away; and in the hurry of leaving—" He paused again, suddenly checked by the impossibility of uttering, to the girl before him, the little conventional falsehoods which formed the small currency of Bessy's circle. Not that any scruple of probity restrained him: in trifling matters he recognized the usefulness of such counters in the social game; but when he was with Justine he always felt the obscure need of letting his real self be seen.

"I was stupid enough not to telegraph," he said, "and I am afraid my wife will think me negligent: she often has to reproach me for my sins of omission, and this time I know that they are many."

The girl received this in silence, less from embarrassment than from surprise; for she had already guessed that it was as difficult for Amherst to touch, even lightly, on his private affairs, as it was instinctive with his wife to pour her grievances into any willing ear. Justine's first thought was one of gratification that he should have spoken, and of eagerness to facilitate the saying of whatever he wished to say; but before she could answer he went on hastily: "The fact is, Bessy does not realize how complicated the work at Westmore is; and when I caught sight of you just now I was thinking that you are the only one of her friends who has any technical understanding of what I am trying to do, and who might consequently help her to see how hard it is for me to take my hand from the plough."

Justine listened gravely, longing to cry out her comprehension and sympathy, but restrained by the sense that the moment was a critical one, where impulse must not be trusted too far. It was quite possible that a reaction of pride might cause Amherst to repent even so guarded an avowal; and if that happened, he might never forgive her for having encouraged him to speak. She looked up at him with a smile.

"Why not tell Bessy yourself? Your understanding of the case is a good deal clearer than mine or any one else's."

"Oh, Bessy is tired of hearing about it from me; and besides—" She detected a shade of disappointment in his tone, and was sorry she had said anything which might seem meant to discourage his confidence. It occurred to her also that she had been insincere in not telling him at once that she

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had already been let into the secret of his domestic differences: she felt the same craving as Amherst for absolute openness between them.

"I know," she said, almost timidly, "that Bessy has not been quite content of late to have you give so much time to Westmore, and perhaps she herself thinks it is because the work there does not interest her; but I believe it is for a different reason."

"What reason?" he asked with a look of surprise.

"Because Westmore takes you from her; because she thinks you are happier there than at Lynbrook."

The dusk had fallen so rapidly that it was no longer possible for the speakers to see each other's faces, and it was easier for both to communicate through this veil of deepening obscurity.

"But, good heavens, she might be there with me—she's as much needed there as I am!" Amherst exclaimed.

"Yes; but you must remember that it's against all her habits—and against the point of view of every one about her—that she should lead that kind of life; and meanwhile——"

"Well?"

"Meanwhile, isn't it expedient that you should, a little more, lead hers?"

Always the same answer to his restless questioning! His mother's answer, the answer of Bessy and her friends. He had somehow hoped that the girl at his side would find a different solution to the problem, and his disappointment expressed itself in a bitter exclamation.

"But Westmore is my life—it's hers too, if she knew it! I can't desert it now without being as false to her as to myself!"

As he spoke, he was overcome once more by the hopelessness of trying to put his case clearly. How could Justine, for all her quickness and sympathy, understand a situation of which the deeper elements were necessarily unknown to her? The advice she gave him was natural enough, and on her lips it seemed not the counsel of a shallow expediency, but the plea of compassion and understanding. But she knew nothing of the long struggle for mutual adjustment which had culminated in this crisis between himself and his wife, and she could therefore not see that, if he yielded his point, and gave up his work at Westmore, the concession would mean not renewal but destruction. He felt that he should hate Bessy if he won her back at that price; and the violence of his feeling frightened him. It was, in truth, as he had said, his own life that he was fighting for. If he gave up Westmore he could not fall back upon the futile activities of Lynbrook, and fate might yet have some lower alternative to offer. He could trust to his own strength and self-command while his energies had a normal outlet; but the atmosphere of idleness and self-indulgence might work in him like a dangerous drug.

But Justine kept steadily to her point. "Westmore must be foremost to both of you in time; I don't see how either of you can escape that. But the realization of it must come to Bessy through *you*, and for that reason I think that you ought to be more patient—that you ought even to put the question aside for a time and enter a little more into her life while she is learning to understand yours." As she ended, it seemed to her that what she had said was trite and ineffectual, and yet that it might have passed the measure of discretion; and, torn between the two doubts, she added hastily: "But you have done just that in coming back now—that is the real solution of the problem."

While she spoke they passed out of the wood-path they had been following, and rounding a mass of shrubbery emerged on the lawn below the terraces. The long bulk of the house lay above them, dark against the lingering clearness of the west, with brightly-lit windows marking out its irregular outline; and the sight produced in Amherst and Justine a sudden sense of helplessness and constraint. It was impossible to speak with the same freedom, confronted by that substantial symbol of the accepted order of things, which seemed to glare down upon them in massive disdain of their puny efforts to deflect the course of events; and Amherst, without reverting to her last words, asked after a moment if his wife had many guests.

He listened in silence while Justine ran over the list of names—the Telfer girls and their brother, Mason Winch and Westy Gaines, a cluster of young bridge-playing couples, and, among the last arrivals, the Fenton Carburys and Ned Bowfort. The names were all familiar to Amherst—he knew that they represented the flower of week-end fashion; but he did not remem-

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ber having seen the Carburys among his wife's guests, and his mind paused on the name, seeking to recover some lost impression connected with it. But it evoked, like the others, merely the confused sense of stridency and unrest which he had brought away from his last Lynbrook visit; and this reminiscence made him ask Miss Brent, when her list was ended, if she did not think that so continuous a succession of visitors was too fatiguing for Bessy.

"I sometimes think it tires her more than she knows; but I hope she can be persuaded to take better care of herself now that Mrs. Ansell has come back."

Amherst halted abruptly. "Is Mrs. Ansell here?"

"She arrived from Europe today."

"And Mr. Langhope too, I suppose?"

"Yes. He came from Newport about ten days ago."

Amherst checked himself, realizing that his questions betrayed the fact that he and his wife no longer wrote to each other. The same thought appeared to strike Justine, and they walked across the lawn in silence, hastening their steps involuntarily, as though to escape the oppressive weight of the words which had passed between them. But Justine was unwilling that this fruitless sense of oppression should be the final outcome of their talk; and when they reached the upper terrace she paused and turned impulsively to Amherst. As she did so, the light from an uncurtained window fell upon her face, and he saw that it glowed with the inner brightness which burned in her in moments of strong feeling.

"I am sure of one thing—Bessy will be very, very glad that you have come," she exclaimed.

"Thank you," he answered.

Their hands met mechanically, and she turned away and entered the house.

XVII

BESSY had not seen her little girl that day, and filled with compunction by Justine's reminder, she hastened directly to the school-room.

Of late, in certain moods, her maternal tenderness had been clouded by a sense of uneasiness in the child's presence, for Cicely was the argument most effectually used by Mr. Langhope and Mr. Tredegar in their efforts to check the triumph of Amherst's ideas. Bessy, still unable to form an independent opinion on the harassing question of the mills, continued to oscillate between the views of the contending parties, now regarding Cicely as an innocent victim and herself as an unnatural mother, sacrificing her child's prospects to further Amherst's enterprise, and now conscious of a vague animosity against the little girl, as the chief cause of the dissensions which had so soon clouded the skies of her second marriage. Then again, there were moments when Cicely's thriving graces reminded her bitterly of the child she had lost—the son on whom her ambitions had been fixed. It seemed to her now that if their boy had lived she might have kept Amherst's love and have played a more important part in his life; and brooding on the tragedy of the child's sickly existence she resented the contrast of Cicely's bloom and vigour. The result was that in her treatment of her daughter she alternated between moments of exaggerated devotion and days of neglect, never long happy away from the little girl, yet restless and self-tormenting in her presence.

After her talk with Justine she felt more than usually disturbed, as she always did when her unprofitable impulses of self-exposure had subsided. Bessy's mind was not made for introspection, and chance had burdened it with unintelligible problems. She felt herself the victim of circumstances to which her imagination attributed the deliberate malice that children ascribe to the furniture they run against in playing. This enabled her to cultivate a sense of helpless injury and to disdain in advance the advice by means of which she sought to mitigate it. How absurd it was, for instance, to suppose that a girl could understand the feelings of a married woman! Justine's suggestion that she should humble herself still farther to Amherst merely left in her mind a rankling sense of being misunderstood and undervalued by those to whom she turned in her extremity, and she said to herself, in a phrase that sounded well in her own ears, that sooner or later every woman must learn to fight her battles alone.

In this mood she entered the room where Cicely was at supper with her governess, and enveloped the child in a whirl of passionate

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caresses. But Cicely had inherited the soberer Westmore temper, and her mother's spasmodic endearments always had the effect of confusing and silencing her. She dutifully returned a small fraction of Bessy's kisses, and then, with an air of relief, addressed herself once more to her bread and marmalade.

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me!" Bessy exclaimed, while the little governess made a nervous pretense of being greatly amused at this prodigious paradox, and Cicely, setting down her silver mug, asked judicially: "Why should I be gladder than other days? It isn't a birthday."

This Cordelia-like answer cut Bessy to the quick. "You horrid child, to say such a cruel thing to me, when you know I love you better and better every minute! But you don't care for me any longer because Justine has taken you away from me!"

This last charge had sprung into her mind in the act of uttering it, but now that it was spoken it instantly assumed the proportions of a fact, and seemed to furnish another justification for her wretchedness. Bessy was not naturally jealous, but her imagination was thrall to the spoken word, and it gave her a sudden incomprehensible relief to associate Justine with the obscure causes of her suffering.

"I know she's cleverer than I am, and more amusing, and can tell you about plants and animals and things . . . and I daresay she tells you how tiresome and stupid I am . . . ."

She sprang up suddenly, abashed by Cicely's astonished gaze, and by the governess's tremulous attempt to continue to treat the scene as one of "Mamma"'s audacious pleasantries.

"Don't mind me—my head aches horribly. I think I'll rush off for a gallop on Impulse before dinner. Miss Dill, Cicely's nails are a sight—I suppose that comes of grubbing up wild-flowers."

And with this parting shot at Justine's pursuits she swept out of the school-room, leaving pupil and teacher plunged in a stricken silence from which Cicely at length emerged to say, with the candour that Miss Dill dreaded more than any punishable offense: "Mother's the prettiest—but I do like Justine the best."

It was nearly dark when Bessy mounted the horse which had been hastily saddled in response to her order; but it was her habit to ride out alone at all hours, and of late nothing but a hard gallop had availed to quiet her tormented nerves. Her craving for constant occupation had increased as her life became more dispersed and agitated, and the need to fill every hour drove her to excesses of bodily exertion, since other forms of activity were unknown to her.

As she cantered along under the darkening sky, breasting a strong sea-breeze, the rush of air in her face and the effort of steadying her nervous thoroughbred filled her with a glow of bodily energy from which her thoughts emerged somewhat cleansed of their bitterness.

She had been odious to poor little Cicely, for whom she now felt a sudden remorseful yearning which almost made her turn her horse's head homeward, that she might dash upstairs and do penance beside the child's bed. And that she should have accused Justine of taking Cicely from her! It frightened her to find herself thinking evil of Justine. Bessy, whose perceptions were keen enough in certain directions, knew that her second marriage had changed her relation to all her former circle of friends. Though they still rallied about her, keeping up the convenient habit of familiar intercourse, she had begun to be aware that their view of her had in it an element of criticism and compassion. She had once fancied that Amherst's good looks, and the other qualities she had seen in him, would immediately make him free of the charmed circle in which her interests centred; but she was discouraged by his disregard of his opportunities, and above all by the fundamental differences in his view of life. He was never common or ridiculous, but she saw that he would never acquire the small social facilities. He was fond of exercise, but it bored him to talk of it. The men's smoking-room anecdotes did not amuse him, he was unmoved by the fluctuations of the stock-market, he could not tell one card from another, and his perfunctory attempts at billiards had once caused Mr. Langhope to murmur, in his daughter's hearing: "Ah, that's the test—I always said so!"

Thus debarred from what seemed to Bessy the chief points of contact with life, how could Amherst hope to impose himself upon minds versed in these larger relations? As the sense of his social insufficiency grew

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upon her, Bessy became more sensitive to that latent criticism of her marriage which—intolerable thought!—involved a judgment on herself. She was increasingly eager for the approval and applause of her little audience, yet increasingly distrustful of their sincerity, and more miserably persuaded that she and her husband were the secret butt of their most effective stories. She knew also that rumours of the disagreement about Westmore were abroad, and the suspicion that Amherst's conduct was the subject of unfriendly comment provoked in her a reaction of loyalty to his ideas. . . .

From this turmoil of conflicting influences only her friendship with Justine Brent remained secure. Though Justine's outward adaptability made it easy for her to fit into the Lynbrook life, Bessy knew that she stood as much outside it as Amherst. She could never, for instance, be influenced by what Maria Ansell and the Gaineses and the Telfers thought. She had her own criteria of conduct, unintelligible to Bessy, but giving her an independence of mind on which her friend leaned in a kind of blind security. And that even her faith in Justine should suddenly be poisoned by a jealous thought seemed to prove that the consequences of her marriage were gradually infecting her whole life. Bessy could conceive of masculine devotion only as subservient to its divinity's least wish, and she argued that if Amherst had ever really loved her he could not so lightly have disturbed the foundations of her world. And so her tormented thoughts, perpetually circling on themselves, reverted once more to their central grievance—the failure of her marriage. If her own love had died out it would have been much simpler—she was surrounded by examples of the mutual evasion of a troublesome tie. There was Blanche Carbury, for instance, with whom she had lately struck up an absorbing friendship . . . it was perfectly clear that Blanche Carbury wondered how much more she was going to stand! But it was the torment of Bessy's situation that it involved a radical contradiction, that she still loved Amherst though she could not forgive him for having married her.

Perhaps what she most suffered from was his too-prompt acceptance of the semi-estrangement between them. After nearly three years of marriage she had still to learn that it was Amherst's way to wrestle with the angel till dawn, and then to go about his other business. Her own mind could revolve in the same grievance as interminably as a squirrel in its wheel, and her husband's habit of casting off the accepted fact seemed to betoken poverty of feeling. If only he had striven a little harder to keep her—if, even now, he would come back to her, and make her feel that she was more to him than those wretched mills!

When she turned her mare toward Lynbrook, the longing to see Amherst had become uppermost. He had not written for weeks—she had been obliged to tell Maria Ansell that she knew nothing of his plans, and it mortified her to think that every one was aware of his neglect. Yet, even now, if on reaching the house she should find a telegram to say that he was coming, the weight of loneliness would be lifted from her heart, and everything in life would seem different. . . . .

Her high-strung mare, scenting the homeward road, and excited by the fantastic play of wayside lights and shadows, swept her along at a wild gallop with which the fevered rush of her thoughts kept pace, and when she reached the house she dropped from the saddle with aching wrists and brain benumbed.

She entered by a side door, to avoid meeting any one, and ran breathlessly upstairs to her sitting-room, knowing that she had barely time to dress for dinner. As she opened the door some one rose from the chair by the fire, and she stood still, facing her husband. . . .

It was the moment both had desired, yet when it came it found them tongue-tied and helpless.

Bessy was the first to speak. "When did you get here? You never wrote me you were coming!" she exclaimed.

Amherst advanced toward her, holding out his hand. "No; you must forgive me. I have been very busy," he said.

Always the same excuse! The same thrusting at her of the hateful fact that Westmore came first, and that she must put up with whatever was left of his time and thoughts!

"You are always too busy to let me hear from you," she said coldly, and the hand which had sprung toward his fell back to her side.

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Even then, if he had only said frankly: "It was too difficult—I didn't know how," the note of truth would have reached and moved her; but he had striven for the tone of ease and self-restraint that was habitual among her friends, and as usual his attempt had been a failure.

"I am sorry—I'm a bad hand at writing," he rejoined; and his evil genius prompted him to add: "I hope my coming is not inconvenient?"

The colour rose to Bessy's face. "Of course not. But it must seem rather odd to our visitors that I should know so little of your plans."

At this he humbled himself still farther. "I know I don't think enough about appearances—I'll try to do better the next time."

Appearances! He spoke as if she had been reproaching him for a breach of etiquette . . . it never occurred to him that the cry came from her humiliated heart! The tide of warmth that always enveloped her in his presence was receding, and in its place a chill fluid seemed to creep slowly up to her throat and lips.

In Amherst, meanwhile, the opposite process was taking place. His wife was still to him the most beautiful woman in the world, or rather, perhaps, the only woman to whose beauty his eyes had been opened. That beauty could never again penetrate to his heart, but it still touched his senses, not with passion but with a caressing kindliness, such as one might feel for the bright movements of a bird or a kitten. It seemed to plead with him not to ask of her more than she could give—to be content with the outward grace and not seek in it an inner meaning. He moved toward her again, and drew her passive hands gently into his.

"You look tired. Why do you ride so late?"

"Oh, I just wanted to give Impulse a gallop. I hadn't time to take her out earlier, and if I let the grooms exercise her they'll spoil her mouth."

Amherst frowned. "You ought not to ride that mare alone at night. She shies at everything after dark."

"She's the only horse I care for—the others are all cows," she murmured, releasing her hands impatiently.

"Well, you must take me with you the next time you ride her," he said, smiling.

At this she softened a little, in spite of herself. Riding was the only amusement he cared to share with her, and the thought of a long gallop across the plains at his side brought back the warmth to her veins.

"Yes, we'll go tomorrow. How long do you mean to stay?" she asked, looking up at him eagerly.

He was pleased that she should wish to know, yet the question embarrassed him, for it was necessary that he should be back at Westmore within three days, and he could not put her off with a light evasion.

Bessy saw his hesitation, and her quick colour rose again. "I only asked because there is to be a fancy ball at the Hunt Club on the twentieth, and I thought of giving a big dinner here first," she said carelessly.

Amherst did not understand that she too had her inarticulate moments, and that the allusion to the fancy ball was improvised to dissemble an eagerness to which he had been too slow in responding. He supposed that she had enquired about his plans only that he might not again interfere with the arrangements of her dinner-table. If that was all she cared about, it became suddenly easy to tell her that he could not stay, and he answered lightly: "Fancy balls are a little out of my line; but at any rate I shall have to be back at the mills the day after tomorrow."

The disappointment brought a rush of bitterness to her lips. "The day after tomorrow? It seems hardly worth while to have come so far for two days!"

"Oh, I don't mind the journey—and there are one or two matters I must consult you about."

There could hardly have been a more ill-advised answer, but Amherst was reckless now. If she cared for his coming only that he might fill a place at a fancy-dress dinner, he would let her see that he had come only because he had to go through the form of submitting to her certain measures to be taken at Westmore.

Bessy was beginning to feel the physical reaction of her sharp struggle with the mare. The fatigue which at first had deadened her nerves now woke them to acuter sensibility, and an appealing word from her husband would have drawn her straight to his arms. But his answer seemed to drive all the blood back to her heart.

"I don't see why you still go through the

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form of consulting me about Westmore, when you have always done just as you pleased there, without regard to me or to Cicely," said she.

Amherst made no answer, silenced by the discouragement of hearing the same old grievance on her lips; and she too seemed struck, after she had spoken, by the unprofitableness of such retorts.

"It doesn't matter—of course I'll do whatever you wish," she went on, with sudden listlessness. "But I could have sent my signature, if that is all you came for——"

"Thanks," said Amherst coldly. "I shall remember that the next time."

They stood silent for a moment, he with his eyes fixed upon her gravely, she with averted head, twisting her riding-whip between her fingers; then she said suddenly: "We shall be late for dinner," and passing into her dressing-room she closed the door.

Amherst roused himself as she disappeared.

"Bessy!" he exclaimed, moving toward her; but as he approached the door he heard her maid's voice within, and turning away he went to his own room.

Bessy came down late to dinner, with vivid cheeks and an air of improvised ease; and the manner of her entrance, combined with her husband's unannounced arrival, produced in their observant guests the sense of latent complications. Mr. Langhope, though evidently unaware of his son-in-law's return till they greeted each other in the drawing-room, was too good a card-player to betray surprise, and Mrs. Ansell outdid herself in the delicate art of taking everything for granted; but these very dissimulations sharpened the perception of the other guests, whom long practice had rendered expert in interpreting such signs.

Of all this Justine Brent was aware; and conscious also of the fact that, by every one but herself, the suspected estrangement between the Amhersts was regarded as turning merely on the question of money. To the greater number of persons present there was, in fact, no other conceivable source of conjugal discord, since every known complication could be adjusted by means of the universal lubricant. It was this unanimity of view which bound together in the compactness of a new feudalism the members of Bessy Amherst's world; which supplied them with their pass-words and social tests, and defended them securely against the insidious attack of ideas.

The Genius of History, capriciously directing the antics of its marionettes, sometimes lets the drama languish through a series of unrelated episodes, and then, suddenly quickening the pace, packs into one scene the stuff of a dozen. The chance meeting of Amherst and Justine, seemingly of no significance to either, contained the germ of developments of which both had begun to be aware before the evening was over. Their short talk—the first really intimate exchange of words between them—had the immediate effect of creating a sense of solidarity that grew apace in the atmosphere of the Lynbrook dinner-table.

Justine was always reluctant to take part in Bessy's week-end dinners, but as she descended the stairs that evening she did not regret having promised to be present. She frankly wanted to see Amherst again—his tone, his view of life, reinforced her own convictions, restored her faith in the reality and importance of all that Lynbrook ignored and excluded. Her extreme sensitiveness to surrounding vibrations of thought and feeling told her, as she glanced at him between the flowers and candles of the long dinner-table, that he too was obscurely aware of the same effect; and it flashed across her that they were unconsciously drawn together by the fact that they were the only two strangers in the room. Every one else had the same standpoint, spoke the same language, drew upon the same stock of allusions, used the same weights and measures in estimating persons and actions. Between Mr. Langhope's indolent acuteness of mind and the rudimentary processes of the rosy Telfers there was a difference of degree but not of kind. If Mr. Langhope viewed the spectacle more objectively, it was not because he had outlived the sense of its importance, but because years of experience had familiarized him with its minutest details; and this familiarity with the world he lived in had bred a profound contempt for any other.

In no way could the points of contact between Amherst and Justine Brent have been more vividly brought out than by their tacit exclusion from the currents of opinion about them. Amherst, seated in unsmiling endurance at the foot of the long table, be-

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tween Mrs. Eustace Ansell, with her carefully-distributed affabilities, and Blanche Carbury, with her reckless hurling of conversational pebbles, seemed to Justine as much of a stranger as herself among the people to whom his marriage had introduced him. So strongly did she feel the sense of their common isolation that it was no surprise to her, when the men reappeared in the drawing-room after dinner, to have her host thread his way, between the unfolding bridge-tables, straight to the distant corner where she sat. Amherst's methods in the drawing-room were still as direct as in the cotton-mill. He always went up at once to the person he sought, without preliminary waste of tactics; and on this occasion Justine, without knowing what had passed between himself and Bessy, suspected from the appearance of both that their talk had resulted in increasing Amherst's desire to be with some one to whom he could speak freely and naturally on the subject nearest his heart.

She began at once to question him about Westmore, and the change in his face showed that his work still offered him a refuge from all that made life disheartening and unintelligible. Whatever convictions had been thwarted or impaired in him, his faith in the importance of his task remained unshaken; and the firmness with which he held to it filled Justine with a sense of his strength. The feeling kindled her own desire to escape again into the world of deeds, yet by a sudden reaction it checked the growing inclination for Stephen Wyant that had resulted from her revolt against Lynbrook. Here was a man as careless as Wyant of the minor forms, yet her appreciation of him was not affected by the lack of adaptability that she accused herself of criticizing in her suitor. She began to see that it was not the sense of Wyant's social deficiencies that had held her back; and the discovery at once set free her judgment of him, enabling her to penetrate to the real causes of her reluctance. She understood now that the flaw she felt was far deeper than any defect of manner. It was the sense in him of something unstable and incalculable, something at once weak and violent, that was brought to light by the contrast of Amherst's quiet resolution. Here was a man whom no gusts of chance could deflect from his underlying purpose; while she felt that the career to which Wyant had so ardently given himself would always be at the mercy of his passing emotions.

As the distinction grew clearer, Justine trembled to think that she had so nearly pledged herself, without the excuse of love, to a man whose failings she could judge so lucidly. . . . But had she ever really thought of marrying Wyant? While she continued to talk with Amherst such a possibility became more and more remote, till she began to feel that it was no more than a haunting dream. But her promise to see Wyant the next day reminded her of the nearness of her peril. How could she have played with her fate so lightly—she, who held her life so dear because she felt in it such untried powers of action and emotion? She continued to listen to Amherst's account of his work, with sufficient outward self-possession to place the right comment and put the right question, yet conscious only of the quiet strength she was absorbing from his presence, of the way in which his words, his voice, his mere nearness were slowly steadying and clarifying her will.

In the smoking-room, after the ladies had gone upstairs, Amherst continued to acquit himself mechanically of his duties, against the incongruous back-ground of his predecessor's remarkable sporting-prints—for it was characteristic of his relation to Lynbrook that his life there was carried on in the setting of foils and boxing-gloves, fire-arms and racing-trophies, which had expressed Dick Westmore's ideals. Never very keenly alive to his material surroundings, and quite unconscious of the irony of this proximity, Amherst had come to accept his wife's guests as unquestioningly as their background, and with the same sense of their being an inevitable part of his new life. Their talk was no more intelligible to him than the red and yellow hieroglyphics of the racing-prints, and he smoked in silence while Mr. Langhope discoursed to Westy Gaines on the recent sale of Chinese porcelains at which he had been lucky enough to pick up the set of Ming for his daughter, and Mason Winch expounded to a group of languid listeners the essential dependence of the labouring-man on the prosperity of Wall Street. In a retired corner, Ned Bowfort was imparting facts of a more personal nature to a chosen following who hailed with suppressed enjoyment the murmured

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mention of proper names; and now and then Amherst found himself obliged to say to Fenton Carbury, who with one accord had been left on his hands, "Yes, I understand the flat-tread tire is best," or, "There's a good deal to be said for the low tension magneto——"

But all the while his conscious thoughts were absorbed in the remembrance of his talk with Justine Brent. He had left his wife's presence in that state of moral lassitude when the strongest hopes are infected by the stealing poison of indifference and hostility, and the effort of attainment seems out of all proportion to the end in view; but as he listened to Justine all his energies sprang to life again. Here at last was some one who understood the urgency of his task: her every word and look confirmed her comment of the afternoon: "Westmore must be foremost to you both in time—I don't see how either of you can escape it."

She felt it, as he did, to be the special outlet offered for the expression of what he was worth to the world; and with the knowledge that one other person recognized his call, it sounded again loudly in his heart. Yes, he would go on, patiently and persistently, conquering obstacles, suffering delay, enduring criticism—hardest of all, bearing with his wife's deepening indifference and distrust. Justine had said "Westmore must be foremost to both of you," and he would prove that she was right—in spite of the influences accumulated against him he would win over Bessy in the end!

Those observers who had been struck by the length and animation of Miss Brent's talk with her host—and among whom Mrs. Ansell and Westy Gaines were foremost—would hardly have believed how small a part her personal charms had played in attracting him. Amherst was still under the power of the other kind of beauty—the soft graces personifying the first triumph of sex in his heart—and Justine's dark slenderness could not at once dispel the milder image. He watched her with pleasure while she talked, but her face dwelt in his mind only as the vehicle of her ideas—she looked as a girl must look who felt and thought as she did. He was aware that everything about her was quick and fine and supple, and that the muscles of character lay close to the surface of feeling; but the interpenetration of spirit and flesh that made her body seem like the bright projection of her inner self left him unconscious of anything but the community of their thoughts.

So these two, in their hour of doubt, poured strength into each other's hearts, each unconscious of what they gave, and of its hidden power of renewing their own purposes.

XVIII

IF Mr. Langhope had ever stooped to such facile triumphs as that summed up in the convenient "I told you so," he would have loosed the phrase on Mrs. Ansell in the course of a colloquy which these two, the next afternoon, were at some pains to defend from the incursions of the Lynbrook house-party.

Mrs. Ansell was the kind of woman who could encircle herself with privacy on an excursion-boat and create a nook in an hotel drawing-room, but it taxed even her ingenuity to segregate herself from the Telfers. When the feat was accomplished, and it became evident that Mr. Langhope could yield himself securely to the joys of confidential discourse, he paused on the brink of disclosure to say: "It's as well that I saved that Ming from the ruins."

"What ruins?" she exclaimed, her startled look giving him the full benefit of the effect he was seeking to produce.

He addressed himself deliberately to the selecting and lighting of a cigarette. "Truscomb is down and out—resigned, 'the wise it call.' And the alterations at Westmore are going to cost a great deal more than my experienced son-in-law expected. This is Westy's morning budget—he and Amherst had it out last night. I tell my poor girl that at least she'll lose nothing when the *bibelots* I've bought for her go up the spout."

Mrs. Ansell received this with a troubled countenance. "What has become of Bessy? I've not seen her since luncheon."

"No. She and Blanche Carbury have motored over to dine with the Nick Ledgers at Islip."

"Did you see her before she left?"

"For a moment, but she said very little. Westy tells me that Amherst hints at leasing the New York house. One can understand that she is left speechless."

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Mrs. Ansell, at this, sat bolt upright. "The New York house?" But she broke off to add, with seeming irrelevance: "If you knew how I detest Blanche Carbury!"

Mr. Langhope made a gesture of semi-acquiescence. "She is not the friend I should have chosen for Bessy—but we know that Providence makes use of strange instruments."

"Providence and Blanche Carbury?" She stared at him. "Ah, you are profoundly corrupt!"

"I have the coarse masculine habit of looking facts in the face. Woman-like, you prefer to make use of them privately, and cut them when you meet."

"Blanche is not the kind of fact I should care to make use of under any circumstances whatever!"

"No one asks you to. Simply regard her as a force of nature—let her alone, and don't put up too many lightning-rods."

She raised her eyes to his face. "Do you really mean that you want Bessy to get a divorce?"

"Your style is elliptical, dear Maria; but divorce does not frighten me very much. It has grown almost as painless as modern dentistry."

"It's our odious insensibility that makes it so!"

Mr. Langhope received this with the mildness of suspended judgment. "How else, then, do you propose that Bessy shall save what is left of her money?"

"I would rather see her save what is left of her happiness. Bessy will never be happy in the new way."

"What do you call the new way?"

"Launching one's boat over a human body—or several, as the case may be!"

"But don't you see that, as an expedient to bring this madman to reason——"

"I've told you that you don't understand him!"

Mr. Langhope turned on her with what would have been a show of temper in any one less provided with shades of manner. "Well, then, explain him, for God's sake!"

"I might explain him by saying that she's still in love with him."

"Ah, if you're still imprisoned in the old formulas!"

Mrs. Ansell confronted him with a grave face. "Isn't that precisely what Bessy is? Isn't she one of the most harrowing victims of the plan of bringing up our girls in the double bondage of expediency and unreality, corrupting their bodies with luxury and their brains with sentiment, and leaving them to reconcile the two as best they can, or lose their souls in the attempt?"

Mr. Langhope smiled. "I may observe that, with my poor child so early left alone to me, I supposed I was doing my best in committing her guidance to some of the most admirable women I know."

"Of whom I was one—and not the least lamentable example of the system! Of course the only thing that saves us from their vengeance," Mrs. Ansell added, "is that so few of them ever stop to think. . . ."

"And yet, as I make out, it's precisely what you would have Bessy do!"

"It's what neither you nor I can help her doing. You've given her just acuteness enough to question, without consecutiveness enough to explain. But if she must perish in the struggle—and I see no hope for her—" cried Mrs. Ansell, starting suddenly and dramatically to her feet, "at least let her perish defending her ideals and not denying them—even if she has to sell the New York house and all your china pots into the bargain!"

Mr. Langhope, rising also, deprecatingly lifted his hands, "If that's what you call saving me from her vengeance—sending the crockery crashing round my ears!" And, as she turned away without any pretense of capping his pleasantry, he added, with a gleam of friendly malice: "I suppose you're going to the Hunt ball as Cassandra?"

Amherst, that morning, had sought out his wife with the definite resolve to efface the unhappy impression of their previous talk. He blamed himself for having been too easily repelled by her impatience. As the stronger of the two, with the power of a fixed purpose to sustain him, he should have made allowances for the instability of her impulses, and above all for the automatic influences of habit.

Knowing that she did not keep early hours, he delayed till ten o'clock to present himself at her sitting-room door, but the maid who answered his knock informed him that Mrs. Amherst was not yet up.

His reply that he would wait did not appear to hasten the leisurely process of his wife's toilet, and he had the room to himself

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for a full half-hour. Many months had passed since he had spent so long a time in it, and though habitually unobservant of external details, he now found an outlet for his restlessness in mechanically noting the intimate appurtenances of Bessy's life. He was at first merely conscious of a soothing harmony of line and colour, extending from the blurred tints of the rug to the subdued gleam of light on old picture-frames and on the slender flanks of porcelain vases; but gradually he began to notice how every chair and screen and cushion, and even every trifling utensil on the inlaid writing-desk, had been chosen with reference to the whole composition, and to the minutest requirements of a fastidious leisure. A few months ago this studied setting, if he had thought of it at all, would have justified itself as expressing the pretty woman's natural affinity for pretty toys; but now it was the cost of it that struck him. He was beginning to learn from Bessy's bills that no commodity is taxed as high as beauty, and the beauty about him filled him with sudden repugnance, as the disguise of the evil influences that were separating his wife's life from his.

But with her entrance he dismissed the thought, and tried to meet her as if nothing stood in the way of their full communion. Her hair, still wet from the bath, broke from its dryad-like knot in dusky rings and spirals threaded with gold, and from her loose flexible draperies, and her whole person as she moved, there came a scent of youth and morning freshness. Her beauty touched the man's heart in him, and made it easier for him to humble himself.

"I was stupid and disagreeable last night. I can never say what I want when I have to count the minutes, and I have come back now for a quiet talk," he began.

A shade of distrust passed over Bessy's face. "About business?" she asked, pausing a few feet away from him.

"Don't let us give it that name!" He went up to her and drew her two hands into his. "You used to call it our work—won't you go back to that way of looking at it?"

Her hands resisted his pressure. "I didn't know, then, that it was going to be the only thing you cared for——"

But for her own sake he would not let her go on. "Some day I mean to make you see how much my caring for it means my caring for you. But meanwhile," he urged, "won't you overcome your aversion to the subject, and bear with it as my work, if you no longer care to think of it as yours?"

Bessy, freeing herself, sat down on the edge of the straight-backed chair near the desk, as though to mark the parenthetical nature of the interview.

"I know you think me stupid—but wives are not usually expected to go into all the details of their husbands' business. I have told you to do whatever you wish at Westmore, and I can't see why that is not enough."

Amherst looked at her in surprise. Something in her quick mechanical utterance suggested that not only the thought but the actual words she spoke had been inspired, and he fancied he heard in them an echo of Blanche Carbury's tones. Though Bessy's intimacy with Mrs. Carbury was of such recent date, fragments of unheeded smoking-room gossip now recurred to confirm the vague antipathy which Amherst had felt for her the previous evening.

"I know that, among your friends, wives are not expected to interest themselves in their husbands' work, and if the mills were mine I should try to conform to the custom, though I should always think it a pity that the questions that fill a man's thoughts should be ruled out of his talk with his wife; but as it is, I am only your representative at Westmore, and I don't see how we can help having the subject come up between us."

Bessy remained silent, not as if acquiescing in his plea, but as though her own small stock of arguments had temporarily failed her; and he went on, enlarging upon his theme with a careful avoidance of technical phraseology, and with the constant effort to keep the human and personal side of the question before her.

She listened without comment, her eyes fixed on a little jewelled letter-opener which she had picked up from the writing-table, and which she continued to turn in her fingers while he spoke.

The full development of Amherst's plans at Westmore, besides resulting, as he had foreseen, in Truscomb's resignation, and in Halford Gaines's outspoken resistance to the new policy, had necessitated a larger immediate outlay of capital than the first estimates demanded, and Amherst, in putting his case to Bessy, was prepared to have her

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meet it on the old ground of the disapproval of all her advisers. But when he had ended she merely said, without looking up from the toy in her hand: "I always expected that you would need a great deal more money than you thought."

The comment touched him at his most vulnerable point. "But you see why? You understand how the work has gone on growing—?" he began.

His wife lifted her head to glance at him for a moment. "I am not sure that I understand," she said indifferently; "but if another loan is necessary, of course I will sign the note for it."

The words checked his reply by bringing up, before he was prepared to deal with it, the other and more embarrassing aspect of the question. He had hoped to reawaken in Bessy some feeling for the urgency of his task before having to take up the subject of increased expenditure; but her cold anticipation of his demands, as part of a disagreeable business to be despatched and put out of mind, doubled the difficulty of what he had left to say; and it suddenly occurred to him that she had perhaps foreseen and reckoned on this result.

He met her eyes gravely. "Another loan *is* necessary; but if any proper provision is to be made for paying it back, your expenses will have to be cut down a good deal for the next few months."

The blood leapt to Bessy's face. "My expenses? You seem to forget how much I have been obliged to cut them down already."

"The household bills certainly don't show it. They are increasing steadily, and there have been some very heavy incidental payments lately."

"What do you mean by incidental payments?"

"Well, there was the pair of cobs you bought last month——"

She returned to a resigned contemplation of the letter-opener. "With only one motor, one must have more horses, of course."

"The stables seemed to me fairly full before. But if you required more horses, I don't see why, at this particular moment, it was also necessary to buy a set of Chinese vases for twenty-five hundred dollars."

Bessy, at this, lifted her head with an air of decision that surprised him. Her blush had faded as quickly as it came, and he noticed that she was pale to the lips.

"I know you don't care about such things; but I had an exceptional chance of securing the vases at a low price—they are really worth twice as much—and Dick always wanted to get a set for the drawing-room mantelpiece."

Richard Westmore's name was always tacitly avoided between them, for in Amherst's case the disagreeable sense of dependence on a dead man's bounty increased the feeling of obscure constraint and repugnance which any reminder of the first husband's existence is wont to produce in his successor.

He reddened at the reply, and Bessy, profiting by an embarrassment which she had perhaps consciously provoked, went on hastily, and as if by rote: "I have left you perfectly free to do as you think best at the mills, but this perpetual discussion of my personal expenses is very unpleasant to me, as I am sure it must be to you, and in future I think it would be much better for us to have separate accounts."

"Separate accounts?" Amherst echoed in genuine astonishment.

"I should like my personal expenses to be under my own control again—I have never been used to accounting for every penny I spend."

The vertical line deepened between Amherst's brows. "You are of course free to spend your money as you like—and I thought you were doing so when you authorized me, last spring, to begin the changes at Westmore."

Her lip trembled. "Do you reproach me for that? I didn't understand. . . you took advantage. . . ."

"Oh!" he exclaimed.

At his tone the blood rushed back to her face. "It was my fault, of course—— I only wanted to please you——"

Amherst was silent, confronted by the sudden sense of his own responsibility. What she said was true—he had known, when he exacted the sacrifice, that she made it only to please him, on an impulse of reawakened feeling, and not from any real recognition of a larger duty. The perception of this made him answer gently: "I am willing to take any blame you think I deserve; but it won't help us now to go back to the past. It is more important that we should come to an understanding about the future. If by keeping your personal ac-

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count separate, you mean that you wish to resume control of your whole income, then you ought to understand that the improvements at the mills will have to be dropped at once, and things there go back to their old state."

She started up with an impatient gesture. "Oh, I should like never to hear of the mills again!" she exclaimed.

He looked at her a moment in silence. "Am I to take that as your answer?" he asked at length.

She walked toward her door without returning his look. "Of course," she murmured, "you will end by doing as you please."

The retort moved him, for he heard in it the cry of her wounded pride. He longed to be able to cry out in return that Westmore was nothing to him, that all he asked was to see her happy. . . . But it was not true, and his manhood revolted from the deception. Besides, its effect would be only temporary—it would wear no better than her vain efforts to simulate an interest in his work. Between them, forever, were the insurmountable barriers of character, of education, of habit—and yet it was not in him to believe that any barrier was insurmountable.

"Bessy," he exclaimed, following her, "don't let us part in this way——"

She paused with her hand on her dressing-room door. "It is time to dress for church," she objected, turning to glance at the little gilt clock on the chimney-piece.

"For church?" Amherst stared, wondering that at such a crisis she should have remained detached enough to take note of the hour.

"You forget," she replied, with an air of gentle reproof, "that before we married I was in the habit of going to church every Sunday."

"Yes—to be sure. Would you not like me to go with you?" he rejoined gently, as if roused to the consciousness of another omission in the long list of his social shortcomings; for church-going, at Lynbrook, had always struck him as a purely social observance.

But Bessy had opened the door of her dressing-room. "I much prefer that you should do what you like," she said as she passed from the room.

Amherst made no farther attempt to detain her, and the door closed on her as though it were closing on a chapter in their lives.

"That's the end of it!" he murmured, picking up the letter-opener she had been playing with, and twirling it absently in his fingers. But nothing in life ever ends, and the next moment a new question confronted him—how was the next chapter to open?

(To be continued.)

THE LOST SPIRIT

By C. A. Price

WHERE art thou fled, O Spirit of Delight?
I knew thee once in every passing throng,
Ever I caught a fragment of thy song
Or saw afar thy vesture flutter bright.
No way was then without thee; but for long,
Search as I may, thou still evad'st my sight,
O heaven-born Spirit! hast forsook us quite?
Thou wouldst not do the earth such grievous wrong!
Thy sister, Mirth is here; but she has loosed
The fillet from her hair, unbound it flies,
Jangled the laughter is that rang so sweet;
And she, whose step was seemly when she used
To be thy comrade, now a mœnad hies,
Her shrill jests echoing from street to street.

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JOSEPH DESBIENS: WIDOWER

By Elizabeth Shaw Oliver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

THE white-haired curé sighed wearily, as he shortened his rusty soutane with the aid of three large safety-pins. Marie Desbiens's funeral had tired and saddened him. The pathetic little procession of husband and children following the quaint one-horse hearse, the pall-covered coffin in the cold, white-washed church, the last scenes at the grave; it had all affected him strongly. He had known the dead mother for many years. He could see her now as he saw her at her first communion, an innocent, brown-haired creature, only a little more impressed by the solemnity of the occasion than by the glory of her white dress and flowing veil. He could picture her plainly as she stood before him, timidly, with downcast eyes, on the day of her marriage to lazy, good-looking Joseph Desbiens. He remembered the babies that came tumbling in, and how he had baptized them all. A thousand memories of her crowded his brain, though he tried to dismiss them. Alas, he knew too well how she had worked to make the little home happy, how she had mended and sewed, spun and woven, with never a word of reproach for the shiftless husband. He had seen her lose her youth and beauty in the struggle, and a year before, when he had asked for something to cure her cough, had only received a doleful shake of the head from Duchesne, the village apothecary. Joseph, with the wilful blindness of the selfish husband, had described her sickness to the anxious curé as "une petite maladie de rien." Now it was all over, and she and her two-days-old child were lying in the arms of Mother Earth.

The old curé slipped off his spectacles and polished them furiously with his red cotton handkerchief, then replaced them carefully on his big, aquiline nose, seized his rod, hat, and fly-book and started toward the door. An afternoon by the stream, along with the unmarred beauties of the Creator would make him more lenient, more patient, with his fellow-man. There was a careful knock at the door, and at the curé's irritated "Entrez donc" an obsequious little man in black stole into the room.

"Pardon, monsieur," he whispered, "but if Monsieur le Curé is not engaged, will he not speak with the husband of Marie Desbiens?"

The curé was no lover of the ne'er-do-well, selfish Joseph, but his pastoral sense ever outweighed his personal prejudice. He mechanically replaced rod, book, and hat on the chair and seated himself by his writing-table.

"Tell him to come in, François," he said gently.

The man vanished, and soon there were sounds of heavy boots in the entry. A six-footer in deepest black pushed open the door, and stood for a moment on the threshold. There was an embarrassed pause. "May I speak with monsieur?" he finally blurted out; "that is to say, if monsieur has time," and he glanced tentatively at the curé's fishing-tackle.

"*Mon enfant*," said the old man, and his lined, ugly face was beautiful in its sincerity, "I have always time, time and desire to listen to my people. Thou comest, perhaps, that I may give thee some comfort. Ah, the good Marie! one must not grieve too much; she was so tired."

Joseph looked uncomfortable and shifted from foot to foot. "It is true, monsieur, one must not grieve too much, but it was bad luck to lose her; she should have been still *ben capable*."

The curé's face hardened like flint. "Well," he said coldly.

"Well, Monsieur le Curé," continued Joseph, in self-commiserating accents, oblivious of the priest's changed tone, "it is like this. For the year, as monsieur knows, I have had *des misères;* poor food, ragged children, a dirty house, and Marie always complaining, always coughing. It has been hard for me, me who loves the drink. You, monsieur, have often said, 'Joseph, take care of the *whiskey blanc*.' But with such a

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home what would you! Coming home from the funeral to-day, I meet Georget Hervey, and together we take *un petit coup;* I tell him my troubles as I tell you, and he says to me, 'Marry again, *mon cher.*' It is a good thought, *n'est ce pas*, monsieur? He also knows a girl at Baie St. Paul, and he says she is not too ugly. Georget thinks it is bad in life to waste time. I think so, too; but there is the rule.* I come to monsieur to ask will he not give me a dispensation, so I lose not forty days and go next Sunday with Georget to the Baie. I bring back a good girl who will keep the house and be kind to the children."

As Joseph's eloquence poured forth the curé leaned back in his chair, his fingertips together, his eyes half closed. Indignation, disgust, pity, were successively reflected in his mobile face, to be finally supplanted by a half-humorous tolerance. As the man finished, he opened his eyes and looked at him slowly, from head to foot.

"Poor Joseph!" he said; "poor Joseph! *Eh bien, mon enfant*, it is true thou art unlucky; it is true, thou hast temptation. Go with Georget, thou hast my permission."

Joseph's stupid face lightened with pleasure and relief; with unconscious grace he dropped on his knees beside the curé and kissed the brown, thin hand. "Monsieur le Curé is too good," he said; "Marie, poor girl, has always said it."

The curé winced at the reference to the dead wife, but he held his tongue. As the door closed on the retreating black figure he covered his face with his hands. "Ah, Jean la Ferriere," he murmured, "the good God has created all things, Joseph as well as Marie; who art thou to judge?"

Mechanically he unfastened the safety-pins from his soutane and placed them in his fly-book. "François," he called, "have supper as usual; I shall not go fishing."

Mass was over; the spluttering candles were out, the sacred vessels had been carried to the sacristy. The Sunday crowd of habitants in homespun and the little group of well-to-do villagers in black had filed out of the dreary church. Horses had been unhitched, *planches* and *calèches* righted, families collected; one by one the curé's flock were leaving for their homes.

*In Canada the Church imposes at least forty days of mourning before the widower or widow remarries.

The curé himself, in best soutane and buckled shoes, came out of the sacristy and carefully locked the door behind him. It was a wonderful June day; the great river glistened in the sun like a silver mirror, a perfect reflection of blue sky and slow drifting white clouds. The fields were fresh and green and the neighboring mountains soft with delicate, new foliage; even the scattered houses of little St. Fidèle looked less sordid, less unlovely, than usual. The scent of lilacs and lilies of the valley floated abroad from the *presbytère* garden. The curé, his eyes full of tenderness, was irresistibly drawn in their direction. A man was standing at the whitewashed picket gate, a short, thin man, with a weak, meaningless face, who uncovered his head as the curé came toward him.

"Ah, what a morning, Georget, *mon fils*," exclaimed the priest. "A morning to make one glad; to make one young, to make one understand!"

"Yes, Monsieur le Curé," assented Georget sympathetically, "it is good weather; good for the farmer, good for the carter; we will make much money this summer."

The old curé dropped rudely to earth; the scent of the lilacs grew faint. He drew himself up and assumed a practical, common-sense manner.

"What is it, *mon cher?*" he said. "Is the wife ill or the mare lame?"

"Neither one nor the other, monsieur, but I should like to explain to you a little matter. You saw the new wife of Joseph Desbiens at the mass to-day, *hein?*"

"No," smiled the curé; "unfortunately, I did not think to look at her."

For an instant Georget's pompous manner suffered a relapse; he was deeply chagrined; the first public appearance of the second Madame Desbiens had produced a wave of excitement in the congregation; he could not understand how a matter of such great importance had escaped the curé's eye.

"*Eh bien*, monsieur, if you have not seen her it matters not so much, but I want monsieur to know that she is not of my choice." He cleared his throat and added consequentially, "A man like myself who makes many marriages must guard his reputation."

The curé passed his hand over his mouth, as if to obliterate all signs of a smile. "Well, Georget, *mon fils*," he said solemnly, "tell me thy troubles."

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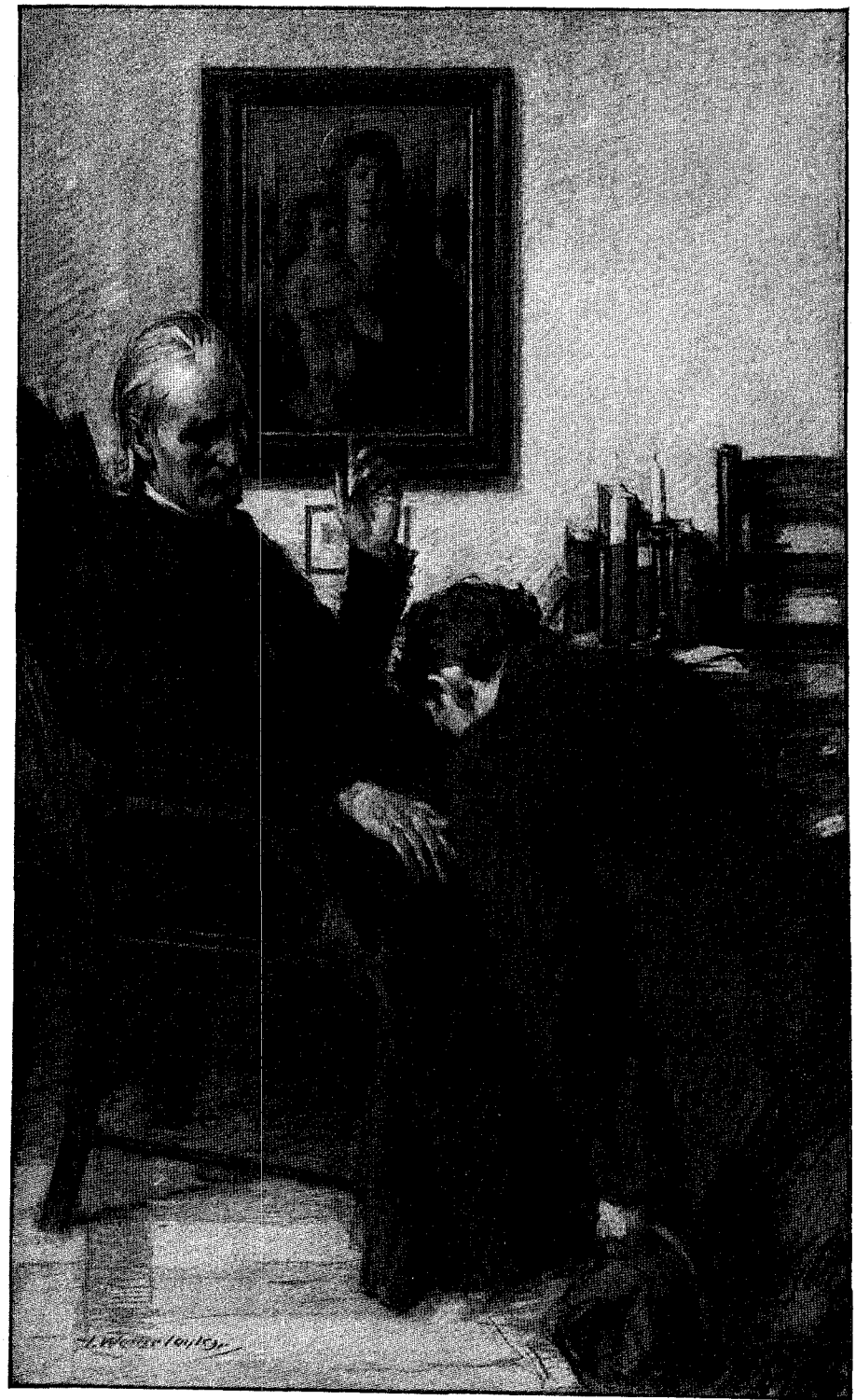

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Monsieur le Curé is too good," he said.—Page 736.

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"It is kind of monsieur to listen; perhaps I am wrong to take his time, but Corinne says I owe it to myself." Georget puffed out his thin chest and looked about him defiantly. A gleam of amusement shone in the priest's eyes at this bolstering up of Georget's courage; everyone in the parish knew who ruled Hervey's house and conscience. Georget cleared his throat, spat thoughtfully and began his story.

"Monsieur knows 'twas I who tells Joseph, 'Marry again'; who asks him to get a dispensation. Corinne and I have often said, the home is not happy. When Marie was in good health things were not right, and in the end she was impossible; always untidy, always complaining."

The curé's shaggy brows contracted angrily. "Marie is where the *bon Dieu* judges, not thou or I," he interrupted. "Leave her, *mon fils*, to Divine mercy." Georget looked disconcerted, but unconvinced. "Well, monsieur, as you please, I speak no more of Marie; but it is certain, for some reason Joseph found my idea good.

"'I go at once to Monsieur le Curé,' he say, 'and if he gives me dispensation we go to Baie St. Paul next Sunday.'

"Four days after the funeral we start at daylight in my *planche*. The girl I have selected for him is young and pretty enough; good on the farm, good in the house; a man of his age should be happy to have her.

"We arrive at the house, monsieur, just at this hour; mass is finished, the family Andette drives up to the house at the same moment. I present Joseph to all the family and I close one eye at *père* Andette to make him know I have brought a husband for his daughter. He understand quick, and soon all leave the kitchen to give him a chance.

"I myself go to the stables and occupy myself in backing the *planche* into the *grange*. What do I hear at the end of five minutes? What do I hear? The voice of the *sacré* Joseph. Pardon, monsieur, the evil word escaped me." Georget flushed with embarrassment and the curé tried to look shocked. There was an appreciable pause before the culprit resumed his narrative. "Yes, monsieur, I hear Joseph, who calls short as if he had not a minute to lose: 'Put in the horse quick, Georget, we should be starting for St. Fidèle.'

"I turn around to see the foolish one almost running from the house; when he reaches me he pulls out his handkerchief and wipes his hot face. 'Bonne Ste. Anne,' he says, 'but she is ugly, thy Louise! If she is called a pretty girl in Baie St. Paul, I try elsewhere. I lose no time with such a one, *je me suis sauvé!*'

"'Joseph,' I say, 'be not a fool; at thy age thou shouldst know virtue is worth more than beauty. She will make thee a good wife, thy children a good mother.'

"But Joseph, as you know, monsieur, is *terriblement entêté;* he snaps his fingers—so in my face. 'That for virtue!' he says. 'A pretty wife or nothing.'

"Imagine, monsieur, that I am discouraged. Corinne and I have been certain, but certain, to make the marriage. Ah, it gives me great pain to do nothing for the little Louise Andette, who is not ugly, I assure you, monsieur, still I see it is best to go and say no more.

"I like not that he speaks so of the girls of Baie St. Paul; Corinne she is of the Baie, so I say to Joseph: 'I know a nice girl, a beautiful girl, Isabeau Villeneuve; she lives one mile up the road; it is true she is no longer a chicken of the spring, but thou art not young thyself; she is *si capable*, can read, write, and is cook of first-class.'

"I know she has a temper, a temper of the devil, monsieur, but I tell it not to Joseph. What would you! He know as well as I, everyone in the world has his fault.

"Joseph looks happy when I speak of Isabeau. '*Bien, mon ami,*' he says. 'We go to see the girl. If she is pretty, she need not be so very young. But quick, we have not too much time.'

"It is but a short drive from the Maison Andette to the Maison Villeneuve. We find them all at the table; the old *père* and *mère* Villeneuve, the two sons and their wives and children. Isabeau she brings a great dish of stew from the stove. Ah, but it is sweet to the nose! As I have said, she is a little old; not less than twenty-eight, but still *ben belle;* tall, straight, the eyes and hair black and the cheeks red like apples. I remark Joseph is content, and *mon Dieu*, when he taste the stew, his face shines like the moon of August. I say nothing, but I feel I see before me the new Madame Desbiens."

Georget paused a moment for breath and then shook his head sagely. "Little is sure in this world, Monsieur le Curé," he observed.

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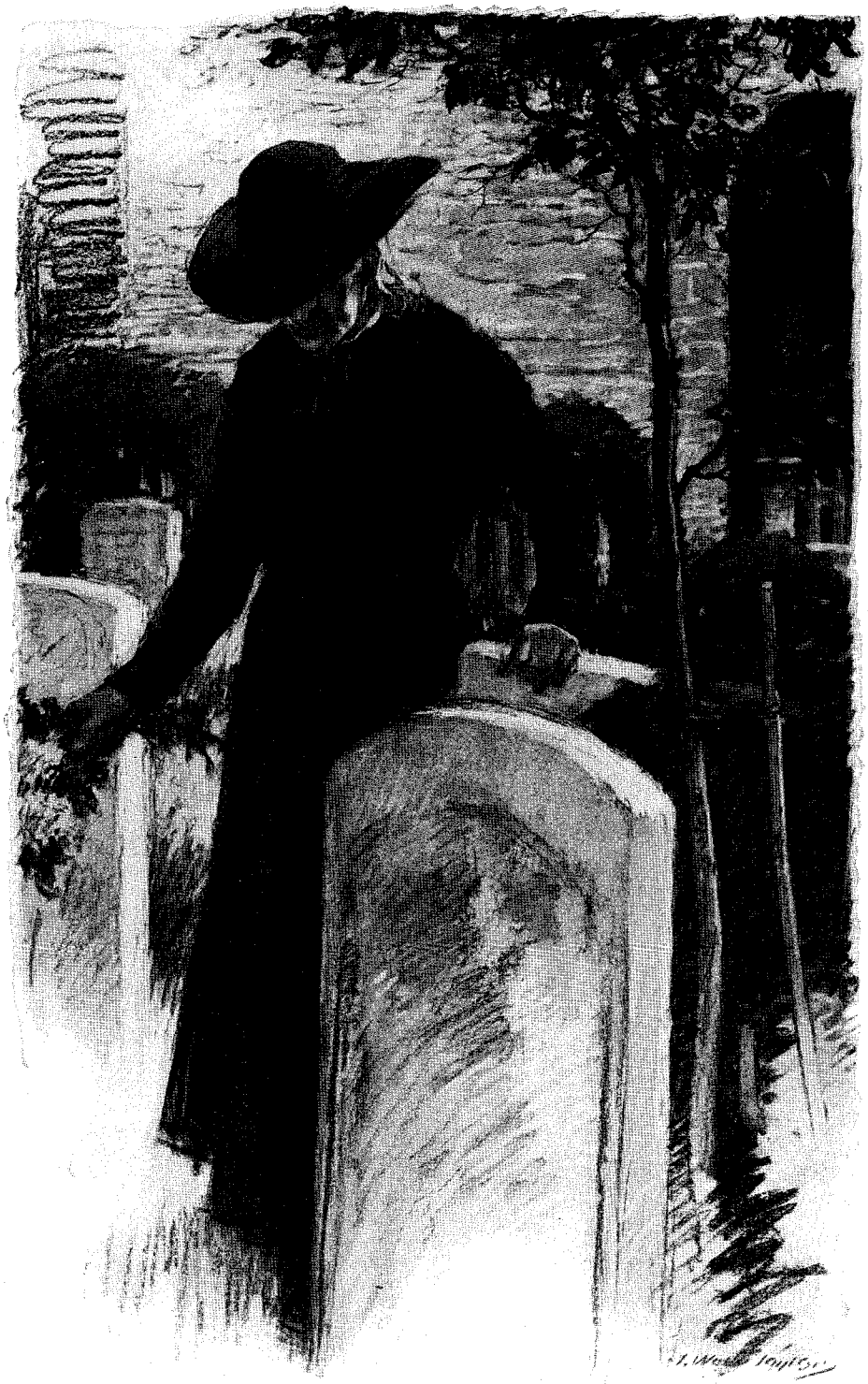

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

He stopped before a new-made, unnamed grave.—Page 741.

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"Unhappily, when we all are seated at table, content with our food, content with one another, the big gray cat, she jump *plon* on the table; she, too, has smelled the stew. She arrive with her paws in the plate of Isabeau and over goes the plate of good food in the lap of the girl.

"Isabeau, she jumps to her feet; her eyes like coals that burn, her face like my *calèche*. She seizes the cat, she throws her on the floor. Monsieur, I tell you not her words; it would not be *convenable*.

"Joseph, he sits up very straight, he opens wide his eyes; one sees he has arrived at a conclusion. A little later, when all is quiet again, he gets up and says, '*Au revoir*,' then he puts the hand on my shoulder and whispers, too loud for *politesse*: '*Bien smarte*, Georget, *et bien faite*, but suppose me, I had been the cat!'

"'*Mon Dieu*,' I say, 'I have had no luck to-day; I cannot please you. Perhaps it is better we turn, when we mount the hill, and drive fast for St. Fidèle.'

"I whip the mare and we start. We have almost arrived at the hilltop when the *planche* gives a jump back, the mare she stops quick and commence to tremble. At once I see the trace has parted; we jump out. Joseph, he puts the stones under the wheels; me, I hold the mare's head. Not far off there is a house. Go, Joseph, I say, go and ask that they lend us another trace. 'All right,' he answer, and walks away. He knocks at the door, and then enters the house; I hear the voices. I wait five minutes, ten minutes; no Joseph, no trace; still I hear talk.

"'Joseph,' I call aloud, '*vite*, *vite*, it grows late'; but he comes not, and I have fear to leave the mare, who is young. I wait still ten minutes, and ten minutes more then I am in anger. I unharness my mare and lead her to the house by her bridle.

"As I arrive, Joseph, he opens wide the door. '*Ola* Georget, *mon ami*, thou art tired?' he says.

"I look at his hand, he has no trace; I look at his face, he has not the air to be ashamed, and I am still more in anger. I speak loud. 'Thou art a worth nothing, a lazy dog; tell me, where is the man of this house? I myself will ask for help.' 'He is gone out,' answers Joseph, 'but his sister, who is here, says we may go to the stable and choose what we will.'

"I hear what he tells me, but I speak not with him; I have reason, *n'est ce pas*, monsieur? I turn round and walk to the stable.

"I hear him come after me. 'Georget,' he says, soft, like you speak to a child, 'you know the widow Bergeron, *hein?*'

"'No,' I answer short, and I search among the harness for a good trace.

"He starts again. 'She is not ugly and still young,' he says, and then adds as if he talked not with me, 'she has *beaucoup de butin*.'

"Then, monsieur, I begin to be wise, I think. 'Does Madame Bergeron live in this house?' I ask.

"'Yes,' he answers, and he takes out his pipe and fills and lights it. He smokes a little and look very serious, then he says: 'I have talked with Madame Bergeron, Georget, I find her not so bad. She is not *tout a fait mon affaire*, but what would you? We have spent a day doing nothing; next Sunday I have promised to drive an *étranger* to *Lac des Grosses Truites*. It is wise, I think, that I take her. Be not angry and mend the harness. I will arrange all, and when the brother comes we will go to the priest.'

"So, Monsieur le Curé, you see me, I have not made the marriage. I answer not for their happiness. The *veuve* Bergeron is uglier than Louise Andette and not so young; worse tempered, I am sure, than Isabeau Villeneuve, and I have heard *pas instruite*.

"Why did Joseph take her after refusing the others? you ask, perhaps, monsieur. It is my question, too, but I find no answer but this: It was a long day; perhaps Joseph, he was tired."

The curé had listened to the long recital patiently, attentively. There was a hopeless look in his tired old eyes, but he put his hand affectionately on Georget's shoulder. "Disquiet not thyself, *mon fils*," he said. "I doubt not that the widow Bergeron and Joseph will be happy. Tell the good wife I come soon to taste of her excellent soup. Adieu, *mon enfant*."

He opened the picket gate and passed into the budding garden. "I have vowed to say twenty masses for the repose of poor Marie's soul," he muttered dreamily. "Is it necessary? She has been twelve years the wife of Joseph Desbiens. The *bon Dieu* and the blessed Mother could have left her but a moment in purgatory; she must be playing now with her baby in the gardens

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of paradise. Jean, Jean," he reprimanded, suddenly straightening up and squaring his stooping shoulders, "blaspheme not, blaspheme not."

A branch of lilacs swept across his face. He looked up smiling and gathered a handful of purple bloom from the gnarled old tree. Retracing his footsteps, he passed through the picket gate, across the open green before the church door and entered the little graveyard on the farther side. He stopped before a new-made, unnamed grave, and, stooping down, laid the flowers on the brown earth.

IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY FRANCE

BY BARRETT WENDELL

III—THE FRENCH TEMPERAMENT

AN attempt sympathetically to understand a foreign people, however cordially disposed, must always be fraught with delicacy—not least because you can never be quite sure that you may not inadvertently fall into errors, or infelicities of phrase, which may expose you in turn to unhappy misconception on the part of the friends whose character you are endeavoring to explain. Delicate anywhere, such an effort seems especially so when it concerns the French; and this for more reasons than one. As the whole world knows, they are full of sensitive feeling, and like all swiftly emotional human beings, they are almost equally ready to welcome sympathy and to resent misunderstanding. What seems less generally understood is that, at least in comparison with Americans, they often seem, when mere acquaintance deepens into friendship, remarkable for the last quality which the simple ease of their manners and the extreme frankness of their mental habits might have led you to expect. This is something which comes to seem like personal reticence.

No people could be more free or more kindly in their general talk, none could receive you in a spirit more genuinely and delightfully friendly. None, when they welcome you in their homes, could make you feel the welcome more unreserved, less clouded by any shade of consciousness that you are not quite of themselves. And yet, after many a pleasant hour with them, often full of stimulating intellectual interest, you may find yourself surprised, on reflection, that you have not really come to know these friends any better than before. At least, if you have, it is not because they have told you anything more of their inner lives; it is only because the eager animation with which they have talked about the widely various subjects which have happened to occur has incidentally implied their more intimate personal characteristics. It would be a grave error, I think, to conclude from this that they have meant to hold you, as a visitor, at any distance; or even that, without intention, they have in any manner done so. The better I came to know them, the less I was inclined to believe that there was any shade of difference between their treatment of me, as a foreign friend, and their treatment of the French friends whom they welcomed at the same time. Even among themselves, it seemed to me—in the full confidence of immemorial friendship—they were far less apt than we to stray into speech, or even into thoughts which, as distinguished from confident, might be called confidential.

It was more than once my pleasant privilege, for example, to dine with a company of men who had been friends from boyhood. Nothing could have been more spontaneous than the eagerness with which they seemed to enjoy meeting each other familiarly and strengthening at each such meeting the tie which had held them together through years of busy work, in some instances crowned with conspicuous success. Nothing could

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have been more delightful than their alert, helpful interest in whatever concerned any of their little group—their sympathy with the trials of one, their complete enthusiasm when another achieved some object of his effort, or some just reward for work well done. One felt as one might feel when received into the full and confident intimacy of some affectionate club of congenial classmates, graduated years ago from an American college. Such an experience is not only pleasant; it is tender. You remember those who have so welcomed you with something like their own contagious sentiment of mutual good-will. And yet all the while, when I was with these French friends —who were among those, I hope, who shall always stay friends — I was aware, even when they were talking most freely with one another, of a certain quality which would hardly have characterized such a company at home. It was not easy to define. It was not reserve; yet it had some touch of reserve. It seemed based on a deep, impulsive, instinctive sentiment that the inmost truth of personal feeling could not decently be revealed—that such truth should be kept sacred for occasions almost of confession, devout or mundane, as the case might be. To unveil it, as we might unveil it at home, I sometimes came to fancy, would have seemed to them like some shameless exposure of spiritual nudity. I can find no better name for the quality which I seemed to discern in these friends than an instinctive modesty of the spirit.

Indefinite, elusive, though this quality be, nor yet in any degree implying similar reticence in other matters than spiritual, there can be no doubt that such a quality is deeply characteristic of the French. Though perhaps I have explained it infelicitously, I am sure that it is there to explain. I am sure, too, that one must understand it sympathetically, even though one cannot articulately define it, before one can fairly understand the mutual misapprehensions which have so long obscured the personal intercourse of the French with their neighbors, the English, or with us of America. To put the matter most gently, there can be no question that, broadly speaking, the French are apt to appear in English or American eyes, and the English or Americans in French eyes, as somewhat deficient in a virtue equally respected by all three—the virtue of candor. Now all three of us understand that this opinion, so far as it concerns ourselves, is mistaken. No fervor of French conviction could ever bring Englishmen and Americans honestly to agree that the typical nature of England—which so far as this consideration goes includes that of America as well—is perfidious and hypocritical. Nor could all the virtuous indignation ever expressed across the Channel or the Atlantic ever induce honest Frenchmen to conceive their national character as intentionally insincere. There can be no doubt, however, that these misconceptions have long had, on both sides, the rooted sanction of prejudice. Our present business, accordingly, is not so much to confute the prejudices as to seek for something which shall explain them.

This may be found, I think, in the different aspects in which the quality of candor presents itself to the divergent national tempers in question. The English ideal of candor, which I conceive to be substantially ours of America, too, is intimately personal. A candid man, we are apt to think, reveals to us, at any moment, exactly the condition of his inner life, in all its troublesome complexity of thought and emotion. So long as he does not keep this hidden we are more than merciful to the manner in which he may confront the specific problems of life and of philosophy; we see no everlasting reason, for example, why he should put himself to any inconvenient pains in order that his principle and his practice—or his assertions and the facts which they concern—should agree. If he let us know himself as unreservedly as he can we believe him completely candid. The French ideal of candor, on the other hand, is rather intellectual than personal. It admits, it almost demands, a degree of personal reticence which, by tempers like ours, might well be held to pass beyond the extreme of prudence; but when it confronts problems, whether of life or of philosophy, it rigidly demands a degree of intellectual frankness which our less alert mental habit has hitherto allowed us cheerfully to neglect.

The difference we are trying to understand is not, to be sure, a contradiction; it is rather a question of ethical emphasis. Frenchmen and Americans would equally admit that ideal candor in all its heavenly perfection should be intellectual and per-

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sonal alike. To the French, however, the intellectual phase of this virtue presents itself as the more essential; to us the more important phase of it seems to be the personal. As a nation the French are no more untruthful than we are hypocritical. Yet the fact that each of us is apt, at least in unthinking moments, to suspect the other of the national vice in question goes deep in the characters of us both. And, beyond question, this unlucky tendency to misapprehension makes profound mutual sympathy or insight no easy task for one who should attempt to explain to either nation the temperamental nature of the other.

What is more, when anybody tries to give some account of the national temperament of the French, another difficulty presents itself, obvious the moment you begin to travel about the pleasant land of France. In America we have an artless way of deploring the ignorance of foreigners who suppose the United States to be the home of a single and homogeneous people; we smile at the ingenuous way in which Europeans confuse North and South, East and West; we wonder how anybody can pretend to intelligence who does not recognize as fundamental such distinctions as we all feel at home to differentiate New England from the Middle States, Virginia from Ohio, California from Nebraska. With equal artlessness we of America seldom trouble ourselves to remember that France extends from the Netherlands to the Pyrennees, and from the Atlantic to the Alps; that it borders on Belgium, on Germany, on Switzerland, on Italy, on the Mediterranean, and on Spain; that even well within its borders no two of the old provinces, whose names and traditions survive almost as lustily as if they still had political existence, have been alike either in origin or in history. The little differences in our own country on which we lay such emphasis are, at most, the results of two or three centuries. Those which must meet the eye of any traveller in France are sometimes older than Roman Gaul—lost in the inscrutable distance of prehistoric antiquity. There are few regions in the world where you shall find more incessant variety of landscape than in France, which so many travellers have known, within human memory, only from the trim lowlands which flit by the windows of railway carriages between Calais and Paris, or between Paris and some Continental frontier. Flanders, Normandy, Britanny; Auvergne and the Cevennes; Provence, the Gironde, Perigord; Burgundy and Champagne, have each their distinct aspects, as various as if they were in different continents or different planets. Each has its own immemorial forms of human expression as well; above all, its own architecture, most surely evident in the country churches which still imply everywhere the pervasive power of that religion which used to dominate them all. Each, too, has its own type of human beings, ancestrally distinct from the rest. If ever country or nation were composite, it is the France of this very day.

And yet, as you begin to know France with some approach to familiarity, there grows upon you the feeling that this composite, incongruous variety of humanity can somehow be generalized, despite the luxuriance of its incompatible detail. Partly, perhaps chiefly, because of the dominance of Paris —that extreme centralization of national life which attracts the strong and the restless from every nook and corner of France toward the capital—you come to perceive that in many ways the French are really at one in some such sense as untutored foreign prejudice has been apt to suppose. Years ago, no doubt, this impression would have been somewhat deeper; for it would have been confirmed by obvious peculiarities of personal appearance, even in imperial Paris. However various among themselves, the French as a people used to look their part. John Leech, for example, caricatured them, in a spirit as far from sympathetic or appreciative as that in which French caricaturists were apt, in his time, to portray the teeth and the taste of English girls. In his least happy efforts, the while, you were bound to admit that his wasp-waisted men, with pegtop trousers, fantastic hats, and inconceivable methods of hair-dressing, looked like what any traveller might see in Paris and nowhere else. This specifically French aspect of humanity, most familiar perhaps in the waxed mustaches of Napoleon III, began to disappear, I think, with the fall of the second empire. It is so much a matter of the past at this moment that your first impression of Parisians, whether in the streets, in any public assembly, or in their own pleasant society, is rather that they look and dress like other people than that they display peculiarities. In feature, in obvious manner,

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in costume, they rarely delight us with such oddities as we used to fancy typically French. Until people begin to speak you may often be at pains to know whether they are going to address you in the language of France or in your own. The vivacious, erratic Frenchman of traditional fancy is as obsolete as that unwinsomely insular sort of Englishman who once justified the "Goddam" of Beaumarchais. This change, I think, is not wholly external. It goes far more deep than the extending prevalence of London fashions. It is one of many evidences that the French are less disposed than of old to consider the rest of humanity as barbarians. But it does not mean, in any sense whatever, that the French are not still as French as they ever were.

At the present time, however, the most instantly obvious trait of their national character is far from such as prejudice might have led you to expect. Whatever else the French have been, they have managed, throughout the past, so to present themselves to foreign eyes that foreign tradition is everywhere agreed in expecting them to be at least volatile and gay, if not completely frivolous, in their general manner and address. So far is this from the case now that I can hardly believe any people anywhere to seem more deeply, more impressively, more startlingly serious than the French seem both in formal intercourse and still more when you come to know them. This phase of their nature is perhaps more evident among rather young people than among people old enough to remember other days than these on which we are fallen. One of my most agreeable talks in France was with an elderly gentleman in whom the solemnity of the present time had not quite overcome the more gay traditions of social and conversational habit which had prevailed in his youth. With a deep sense of the perplexity of the situation he expressed in epigrammatically happy phrase his despairing wonder as to what could become of a nation which was passing into the hands of a generation so austerely in earnest as the dutiful sons who were then gathered to meet me at his table. So far as I could conjecture, their respectful reception of his melancholy pleasantry was in some degree complicated by regretful conviction that it was deplorably deficient in seriousness.

Yet, however deep this seriousness of temper now so evident among the younger French, it is not a bit priggish; it is as far as possible from the smug religiosity which associates itself with our conception of serious-minded youths in England or America. It is in no wise incompatible with courage and courtesy as profound and as punctilious as any which ever illustrated the traditions of elder France. It involves, however, a degree of self-control which must surely surprise a stranger prepared by prejudice to find French behavior generally characterized by impulsive volatility. A little incident which came to my knowledge in travel will illustrate what I mean; for when I had begun to know French people well it impressed me not as exceptional, but rather as what one might expect of them.

It happened that a well-educated man of thirty or so—a *licencié*, who had formerly contemplated an official career—found himself compelled by the illness of a chauffeur to take personal charge of an automobile which had been let to some Americans for a journey through some rather remote country regions. Something went wrong with the machine; so, while his travellers were at luncheon at a wayside inn, he attempted, though not an expert machinist, the troublesome mechanical task of putting it in order. Exactly what happened to him the party in his care did not understand. A commotion in the street called them out to the painful discovery that, by reason of some unexpected start of the machinery, he had broken both bones of his right forearm. The poor fellow was in great suffering and deathly pale, but as quiet as if nothing had happened to him. His first words were to express intense regret that his awkwardness should have resulted in an accident which must interrupt, for a little while, the pleasure of their journey, which he had undertaken to conduct. In all simplicity, his only thought seemed to be of the inconvenience which his misfortune had brought to others. The nearest medical attendance was in a large town, six or eight miles away. The only means of getting him thither was a jolting country cart. For some half an hour after it stood ready he refused to start, devoting himself, in spite of his pain, to what he declared to be obvious duties—such as arranging that his automobile should be duly stored in a barn until it could be sent for, and despatching telegrams for someone

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who should come, as soon as possible, to replace him. Then he finally consented to jolt off toward the distant surgeon. He had not uttered a syllable of complaint; he had not shown a trace of excitement; his only reference to the accident was a repeated regret that it must inevitably annoy other people.

They had to follow him by railway, two or three hours later. On their arrival at the hotel where he had been driven they found that he had been taken to a hospital, for the reason that in the surgeon's opinion the setting of his arm would involve a degree of pain requiring anæsthetics. They anxiously followed him thither, to find that he was no longer there. When he had discovered that anæsthetics would confine him to his bed for some hours, it appeared, he had insisted that the bones should be set without them. He had things to do, he had informed the surgeons, which would not permit him the luxury of lying still, even for a single day. He had borne the operation without a moan or a quiver. Then he had hurried off to the nearest telegraph office. Before he reported to his employers at their hotel, late in the evening, he had arranged that their automobile should be brought on to them at once, and had received assurance that a man who could replace him as driver should start to do so the very next day. Nothing could have surpassed his quiet, self-neglectful devotion to duty; unless, indeed, it were the simplicity with which he seemed to assume that this was a matter of course.

And yet, a few days before, these same American travellers had been startlingly reminded that he had a high temper. A French gentleman who had lost a pair of spectacles at a hotel where both parties were passing the night had so far forgotten himself as to inquire whether they might not perhaps have been stolen by the chauffeur who had placed himself at the disposal of the American tourists. His suspicion, it may be added, was perhaps faintly justified by the range of anecdote, often without foundation, which prejudices the reputation for minor honesty of professional chauffeurs in France. Before the inquiry had been pushed, the missing spectacles had been discovered under a pillow in their owner's bedroom; and before the suspicion had reached the knowledge of the spirited youth whom it concerned their owner was miles away in his own car. He had left behind, however, a record of his name and address. These the youth whom he had suspected of petty thievery was presently observed to be noting down. At the moment, he quietly explained to the head of his American party, he was not in a position which would quite justify him in demanding satisfaction of a gentleman; but his employment in his present capacity was accidental and temporary—an act of courtesy on his part to his employers and to their clients. He had a brother and a brother-in-law who were officers in the army. As soon as his present business was finished he should ask them to put themselves in communication with this gentleman who had taken the liberty of doubting his character. It was probable that when the situation was explained the gentleman would take the occasion to express regret. If not, he would have to fight a duel.

Whether this incident led to anything further, I have never happened to know. It clearly showed that, for all the self-control of the man when duty was concerned, the traditional animation of French temper is no fiction. If worst came to worst, it meant that the two Frenchmen involved would by and by meet one another somewhere, in the presence of friends and of surgeons, and would cross swords or fire pistols. It was highly improbable that, in any event, either would be more than scratched. The mere fact of the meeting would suffice to settle the point of honor in question, to everybody's satisfaction. The parties, thus introduced to each other's notice, might perhaps become good friends. And, according to the view of such matters now conventionally accepted among ourselves, the whole affair would have been ridiculous.

Again, there is no reason why we should trouble ourselves to consider whether our opinion is wiser than theirs or not. Beyond question, the two opinions are widely different; and until we try to grasp theirs we cannot pretend sympathetically to understand what manner of men they are. In one point, French and English agree: whoever does not cherish a sense of personal honor is not exactly what either of us would call a gentleman. In past times gentlemen have been apt to resent any imputation on their honor by challenge to mortal combat. Dur-

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ing the nineteenth century this custom has disappeared in both England and America; in France, it has been so modified that contemporary duels rarely hurt anybody. Wherefore we have grown to suppose that the whole thing, with them, has become a mere pretence; just as they seem disposed to think that, with us, the sense of honor has fallen into abeyance. They are mistaken, of course; but no more so, I believe, than we are. The difference really goes deep in our national tempers; it turns on the fact that they are at once more searchingly intelligent than we, and far more disposed to believe in the importance of a formal system. The only circumstance which we take the trouble to notice in modern French duels is that they seldom do much harm; the fact which is uppermost in the French mind is the obviously implied one that, whether a duellist come to any manner of grief or not, a man cannot take part in a duel without deliberate risk of his life. His act, though probably only conventional, may turn out to be fatal. And even though, in general, it happily prove a mere formality, it involves, on the part of all concerned, a brave acknowledgment that anyone who pretends to belong to civilized society must hold himself responsible for any deviation from the code of conduct which its traditions prescribe and which its existence involves.

So far as general behavior goes, I think, there is little to choose between us. Our neglect of punctilio during the past century has not resulted in wide increase of misconduct. Their insistence on punctilio, as was evident in the incident of the traveller's spectacles, has not resulted in universally faultless behavior. And neither they nor we are so much given as our ancestors were to killing people with whom we may happen to disagree. We should not be ourselves, however, if we did not bluntly see only the formal exterior of their insistence on regularity of system; and they would not be what they are if they did not find our indifference to system reprehensible. They are far more alive than we to all that formal system implies. Which is one chief reason why they care so much for it.

This passion of the French for system is among their most pervasive traits as a nation. The considerations on which we have just been touching have reminded us how animated their temper remains when chance involves any violation of the respect due to their persons or to their dignity. In matters of this kind, any of us can easily sympathize with their impulsive reaction of feeling, however little we may approve the form which their acts of resentment take. A more puzzling phase of their emotional sensitiveness appears when it is excited by some cause which we should personally regard as secondary. Anybody can understand why men should grow highly excited when personal dignity or personal interest is concerned. It is harder to see why mature people need lose their heads and their tempers over abstract propositions. Yet hardly anything is more frequent among the French, with their persistent attachment to intellectual candor. Nothing is more apt to rouse them into animated display of feeling than inquiries concerning the validity or the prosperity of any system—established or ideal—which commands their approval.

Among the general questions frequently discussed nowadays in France, for example, is that of divorce. It chanced one day to occur at the house of an intelligent and interesting woman who had previously impressed me as remarkable for repose of manner. This range of speculation revealed her in a new character. She became almost dramatically animated in her intensity. For various reasons—we were not all of the same way of religious thinking, for one—the ecclesiastical aspect of divorce was not mentioned. The purely social aspect of it was quite enough to excite her to an eloquence which I cannot pretend to reproduce. The substance of her discourse, however, was too vivid to be forgotten. She took, as her example, a concrete, though apparently imaginary case.

Suppose, she said, that a man marries a young girl of irreproachable character, an ideally honest woman. Their life has its hardships and its trials. The wife not only has her domestic duties—the monotony of her housekeeping, the bearing and the care of her children; as an honest woman she is the constant counsellor of her husband in the questions which perplex his own career and his conduct of the family fortunes. The years pass. The penalty of her devotion to duty is that it must leave plain trace on the charms of her person. She is no longer young, and she looks her age. Her husband, meanwhile, is not yet so advanced in years as to be insensible to the allurements of

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youth. A young girl, somewhat older than his daughter, becomes a member of the household, in the character of governess. The honest wife admits her without suspicion to the *foyer*—the family circle. The husband cannot fail to find her appearance more attractive than that of his elderly mate. The girl proves to be of an intriguing disposition. Well, that sort of thing is bad enough at best; but under the time-honored system of marriage, the governess of intriguing disposition can be sent away, and—even if the husband prove so errant as not to relinquish his interest in her—at least the *foyer* is safe. What is more, this unlucky experience will have taught the wife a lesson which shall prevent such domestic misadventure in future.

But suppose such liberty of divorce as your self-styled reformers seem to urge. They would stop at nothing short of absolute freedom in the matter of elective affinities; that needs no discussion. The governess of intriguing disposition will be all smiles for the fatuous husband, and all smiles at the fading wife—the fading of whose charms may well be hastened by such vexation. The poor woman will weep in secret, which will be unbecoming. She may have the artlessness to imitate some pretty detail of the governess's costume, which will evidently make her look ridiculous. She may so far forget herself as to complain, or even to plead; which will render her husband still more sensible of the coy charms of the governess with a turn for intrigue. And meanwhile this demure young person will be far too intelligent to rate her charms at anything less than their full value—legitimate marriage. One can see the whole pathetic story at a glance. It is needless to dwell on details. The infatuated husband applies for divorce. As a matter of course, he obtains it; to deny it would seem to the authorities a tyrannical denial of their cherished principle of liberty in marriage—a contract which, according to them, should subsist only so long as it remains agreeable to both parties concerned. The devoted wife, prematurely old from suffering and from her unfailing attention to domestic duty, is sent to live and die as she may on what may chance to be left of her inconsiderable dowry. The triumphant governess of an intriguing turn takes her place at the *foyer*, as its duly wedded mistress. A new family succeeds the old one, whose interests are thus utterly ruined. And, as anyone can see, such incidents can lead to nothing less than social chaos.

It is possible that the vividness of my friend's narration has betrayed me into some exaggeration of her hypothetical case. If so, it is a tribute to the art of her improvised discourse. For her story carried one with it unresisting. She did not pretend that it was true; but it was intellectually conceivable, to the most eloquent detail, and each new detail made it more like a reality. What is more, she appeared to feel that she was presenting to us a pathetic and valid argument in favor of the orthodox principles of marriage.

Of itself, no doubt, this little incident had no importance. Very likely it was forgotten in an hour by everyone else who happened to be present at the tea-table which it enlivened. It has lingered in my memory not because it was exceptional, but for the contrary reason that it was so deeply, so typically French. Elsewhere than in France, such a discussion, at least under just these circumstances, would have lacked, I think, several characteristics which here were marked. Throughout her vivid statement of an imaginary case this Frenchwoman was intensely, contagiously serious. She made one feel as if a great principle were really at stake; as if the occasion were one which should forbid any manner of levity; as if what we thought, when she had finished, would affect the future of society and of morals. It was just such a tirade as we have been accustomed to think pieces of stage convention when we come across them in the comedies of the younger Dumas. Again, her views concerning the matter in question defined themselves with the utmost precision. Not an outline was blurred, not a detail was neglected; you felt as if you had been privileged to look through an intellectual microscope inconceivably delicate in adjustment. Incidentally, too, her intellectual candor was uncompromising; she frankly recognized and plainly set forth a range of human error which the custom, and indeed the impulse, of an English or an American woman in similar circumstances would have been disposed to ignore or to veil. The French state of mind in this matter has no shade of conscious effrontery; neither has the English or American any conscious tinge of preaching or of hypocrisy. There is a deep difference, however, be-

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tween people, like ourselves, who are comfortably disposed to believe that things are as they ought to be until the contrary is shown, and people, like the French, who frankly recognize that things are as they are—in which truth they find no reason for pretending things as they are to be what they ought to be. The formal conventions of life are in many respects similar with us and with them. The difference is that we of English habit do not look beneath the conventions; accordingly we do not value them merely as conventions, we hardly appreciate their full importance except in cases where we complacently find them to coincide with actuality. The French, on the other hand, look beneath conventions with uncompromising keenness, and candidly admit what they discern there. This, on the whole, they are disposed to regard as too dangerous not to be repressed by all imaginable insistence on conventional system. Conventions to them are not precisely truths, but neither are they pretences. They are the fortifications of society, which can be abandoned only at the risk of social peril. In which consideration we may find something to explain the impassioned animation with which my friend stated her honestly uncompromising conclusions about the question of divorce.

Whatever she discerned was vividly distinct; the simile of the microscope comes to mind again. You felt amazed at the precision of her perception and at the intensity with which she concentrated her powers on the task. But, as with the microscope—or with a telescope, either, if the comparison seem a bit invidious—the field of observation was rigidly limited. You could not have grasped what lay within it unless, for the moment, you had neglected what lay outside. The very limitation of her sketch was among the facts which enabled her to make it masterly. At the same time this limitation prevented it from being comprehensive. The moment you stopped to consider her imaginary case, you could see that there was nothing to prove it typical, any more than there would have been if one who should wish to generalize about the heavens should base his reasoning on what he saw through a telescope directed to some single point thereof, undisturbed by the swimming passage of planets. And yet, my friend would not have been so admirably French as she was, if her hypothesis had not seemed to her exhaustive, and if the conclusion she drew from it had not appeared to her, at the moment, absolutely, universally, conclusively true.

For, as you come to know the French, you grow to feel that no quality is more deeply characteristic than their passionate devotion to what, in the widest sense of the word, we may call philosophy. The trait in question, which has its origin in an intellectual activity far beyond our habitual conception, involves immense divergence of opinion and of conviction. As everyone knows, there has never been a people since the Greeks themselves who have been less disposed than the French to remain contentedly unanimous. And their uncompromising love for precision of phrase has long made the term philosophy suggest, at least among themselves, something not at peace with dogmatic religion. Philosophy, as I conceive it at this moment, embraces such cosmic and social conceptions as they thus seem disposed to confine it to; it embraces as well, however, that other meaning of the term which in past time defined philosophy as the handmaiden of theology. The real distinction between devotion to philosophy like theirs and the neglect of philosophy which is so apt to characterize ourselves lies in the fact that a Frenchman is rarely content until he has reduced his views of life to a system, and that, so long as affairs in this wicked world proceed with reasonable prosperity, we see no particular reason why we should trouble ourselves to think about them. We are content with commonplace, with common sense; the French are passionately, alertly eager to understand, to explain, to control.

Accordingly, whatever the shade of your French friend's opinion, you shall seek far for a Frenchman in whose heart two assumptions are not so rooted that they seem to him, as a matter of course, sanctioned by all the force of passionate emotion. The first is that life, in all its bewildering complexity, can be generalized. There is no phase of it which may not be simplified, if we will, until we can perceive it clearly, firmly, finally, in all the precision of fixed, immutable system. How deeply this conviction is rooted in the temper of France is evident from the intense conservatism which underlies all the vagrant radicalism of their utterance in recent years. It is implied in their

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intense devotion to system in such external matters as those which we have considered together—the constitution of their universities, their acceptance of national centralization, and the orderliness of their social structure. It appears even in that less obvious trait of their character with which we begun our present attempt to understand them more intimately. Their personal reticence, in its marked contrast to their philosophic candor, implies, as we come to appreciate it sympathetically, their devotion to system. The vagaries of any individual temper seem to them things which should be kept subordinate, even in the most friendly intercourse, to the larger truths, the general principles, which we must recognize and support as the true guides of life. The assumption that everything can be generalized and reduced to system lies at the very root of their emotional existence.

Along with this lies a second assumption, quite as dear to them: even though fact be unwelcome, they ardently believe that you must never shrink from acknowledging it. There is nothing in this philosophic conviction which should preclude the polite vagaries of social amenity. As is the case with any other society which has persisted long enough to make the inconveniences of earthly accident habitual, their respect for casuistry is instinctive; and their appreciation of the rudeness inseparable from excessive personal candor, in word or in act, is keen. The very fact that things are not always what they seem, however, is one to be candidly admitted. To see things as they are, before we can reduce them to system, is evidently a prime duty of intelligence. In this passion for fact, taken together with their passion for system, we may find, I think, an explanation of what we have been apt to feel the bewildering paradox of their national character.

For when we come to consider together these two almost equally passionate philosophic impulses, we cannot long avoid perceiving that they are bound to be more or less contradictory. What is true concerning fact and system throughout human experience remains true as ever in France, for all the passion of the French to reconcile them. No system of anything was ever so formulated as finally to include all conceivable fact. Unforeseen facts, incompatible with accepted system, must always occur everywhere. Radium, for instance, seems at this moment to be irradiating unexplored regions among the placid generalizations of physical science. And you cannot forever protect principles by the conventional assertion that an exception only proves the rule. For the essence of an ideal rule is that it shall be unexceptionable.

Now, when facts fail to agree with systems, you can take one of three distinct courses, besides this makeshift one of saying that the intrusive facts are only what everybody ought to expect; and French temper, with its impulsive love of precision, is far more ready than ours to take one of the three. Either you may attempt forcibly to reduce fact to system; or you may virtually ignore fact, admitting it, if you like, but treating it as negligible; or, if fact prove too stubborn, the final course open to you is to reform your system, in order to make it correspond with fact. If your philosophic impulse persist, you must almost certainly take one of these courses in the end. Which you shall take in any given case depends on extremely complicated conditions—not the least of which may be found in the peculiarities of your individual temperament. Which any Frenchman will take, it is hard to predict. The one sure thing is that, whichever he takes, he will take it so passionately that anyone who takes another will seem to him an enemy.

To illustrate what I mean, I may perhaps touch on a matter which, as the whole world knows, was deeply disturbing every corner of French society at the time when I was in France. It still involved such intense feeling that one could not tactfully mention it. All the more, one felt it close to the surface of emotion everywhere; and one felt, as well, that people of quite equal honesty—equally good gentlemen, I mean, in our best sense of the word—were to be found on both sides. From our present point of view, this was the most interesting phase of it. I refer, of course, to the Dreyfus affair. Amid all its confusion, two facts remained clear: one was that everybody, having come to his own conclusion about it, was honestly convinced that everybody who had come to a different conclusion was reprehensible; the other was that no foreign visitor, whatever his personal sympathy, could quite admit this to be the case.

For the dispute really turned, I think, not

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on questions of fact, but on one of principle. Everybody admitted that the established system of law, having regularly accepted certain statements of fact, had proceeded to condemn an individual who stoutly asserted his innocence. Everybody admitted that some contrary and unofficial statements of fact had subsequently brought the justice of his sentence into question. In other words, it was plain that the regular working of a system did not agree with an alleged state of fact. What is more, efforts to suppress the alleged facts became out of the question. One of two courses must be chosen: Either the incompatible facts must be ignored by the supporters of the system, very much as the Christian Scientists of America now ignore malady, under the convenient name of "error," or else the system itself must be exposed to hostile scrutiny. The true question was whether the case should be reopened after sentence had been duly passed.

This seems to me the crucial point. The complications which ensued were embittered by prejudice, until the mutual sentiments of Frenchmen grew as rancorous as those of Americans were during our Civil War of forty years ago. The basis of this difference was apparently that both sides, with eager French love for logical system, regarded the question as an abstract one. To each it turned on unquestioning belief that a familiar legal maxim ought at any cost to be carried to its extreme conclusion. The difference between the parties was that, while both would probably admit both maxims, one held that the fundamental principle of public conduct is *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum*, and the other that it is rather *De minimis non curat lex*. At bottom, I think, there were these two distinct impulses, not quite formulated by anybody, and turning not only on political conviction and on class prejudice, but also on peculiarities of individual temperament. One sort of man assumes, as a matter of course, that the rights of the individual should be maintained at all hazard, no matter what may happen to institutions. Another sort of man assumes institutions, as a matter of course, to be so needful for the welfare of society that occasional wrong to an individual—even though in itself deplorable—is of no importance in comparison with the loyal maintenance of the system which has had the misfortune to inflict it. When a conflict between these contradictory assumptions takes place, it is sure to be violent anywhere.

More than anywhere else in France. The dispute once started, everyone seemed impelled to consider it in much the way in which my French friend, at whom we glanced a little while ago, considered the question of divorce. The fundamental position was assumed as axiomatic, morally beyond dispute, sacred. Facts which seemed to justify the position—whether real or imaginary, or based on evidence, on hearsay, or on scandal—were eagerly emphasized. Principle and facts were used in impassioned processes of logical reasoning. Whatever this reasoning might lead to—including the villainy of anyone who did not agree with it—became an object of faith. The actual point in dispute, at least as I apprehend it, was quite lost from sight. Yet, in final analysis, you could always reduce it to the question of whether the case ought to have been reopened. People whose faith in institutions was paramount thought not; to reopen it would be to question, to weaken the authority of the law, the army, the Church. In any given case, of course, the Church, the army, or the law might err; nothing on earth is free from danger of error. But the less we dwell on this, and the more we insist on the benefits which such institutions bring us, and which the weakening of institutions might impair, the better for everybody. In comparison with the stability of society, the interests of any individual are negligible. *De minimis non curat lex.* In contradiction to this view, people who were disposed to care more for individuals than for institutions held that the only loyal course was to scrutinize afresh every fact in the case, old and new. If institutions had involved injustice to anybody so much the worse for institutions: *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.*

Of course, there were immense complications. Dogmatic attachment to different systems of religion or of politics entered into the matter. Catholics and Jews, Radicals and Reactionaries, naturally arrayed themselves against each other, and found in the fact fresh warrant for their belief that their opponents were villainous. And everybody was most bitter of all against people who on general principles should have taken his side, and who, in point of fact, took the opposite. For, as we have seen, the choice of sides often turned on questions

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of individual temperament. Neutrality became impossible, until even an attempt, like ours, to consider the matter impartially, in distant perspective, may probably seem partisan to everybody concerned. In any event, if it should be brought to their attention, it would seem immensely incomplete—neglecting innumerable considerations which anyone who pretended to an opinion on this matter ought always to keep in mind. Had our object been to arrive at any decided opinion about the case, in any of its bewildering aspects, or even to simplify it into a clear statement of the facts, we should certainly have had to consider the matter more deliberately. Already, however, we have gone far enough, I think, for our only purpose here. This was to point out some deep characteristics of French temperament. From the very moment when the case was first brought forward, the French took sides, with precision, with logic, and with intense animosity. Nothing in their recent history can better illustrate the peculiarities of their emotional impulse when they are brought face to face with a situation where—in any sense of the terms—system and fact are shown to be so far at odds that some readjustment is needful.

Throughout the controversy, too, nothing was more evident to a friendly foreigner than that the moral weight of French character had thrown itself about equally into one scale and the other. This means more to us, just here, than any of the matters in dispute—whether of law or of fact. What we have been trying to realize is a deep temperamental characteristic of the nation which we are attempting sympathetically to understand. They passionately love system; their alertness of intelligence makes them passionately fond of reasoning; their most passionate impulse is to philosophize everything into order; yet all the while they passionately desire to recognize fact. When fact and system clash, accordingly, nothing can keep them from deep emotional disturbance, which at once intensifies and limits into undue concentration their processes of reasoning. And thus arise, throughout the course of their history, tragic antagonisms of conviction.

For a Frenchman would be something more, or something less, than characteristically French, if at any given moment his convictions on any subject in serious dispute had not an intensity rare among other peoples. Whatever the question, his first impulse is to define his views of it. As a matter of conscience, his efforts to define them will not rest until they have resulted in a precision of which the very clearness involves limitation. If this were not the case, he could hardly be true to himself; if a bit untrue to himself, if not unflinching in his intellectual candor, he could not be an honest man. Almost unknowingly, then, he proceeds to make for himself a new little logical system. He honestly believes in it, at least for the while. He cherishes it, even to its remote implications, not only with instinctive devotion to his principles, but also with some of that jealousy with which any creative artist, or for that matter, any parent, cherishes his own offspring. At any given moment he could not be himself if he were not uncompromising. To tolerate convictions or opinions contrary to his own would be to yield himself contemptibly to a contradiction of right and of truth, surely mischievous and often wicked.

If I have made myself clear, I have perhaps done something to explain how some of the most obvious peculiarities of the French, often puzzling to foreigners, and surely less menacing to national persistence than foreigners might expect, spring from an excess of their national virtue—intellectual candor. As individuals or as partisans they never quite appreciate the limitation, as distinguished from the precision, of their opinions and their convictions. The results of this are familiar to everybody. Superficially they take the forms of *demonstrations*, amusing or alarming to foreign spectators, as the case may be. During the winter when I was in Paris, for example, [the teacher of history at a secondary school gave expression to some opinion about Jeanne d'Arc which offended the prejudices of his pupils, boys sixteen or eighteen years old. These youths accordingly hooted down his lectures, refused to attend his classes, and assembling in public places indulged themselves in comically eloquent tributes to the character of the Maid of Orleans. This particular incident, I believe, was settled by transferring the obnoxious schoolmaster to an institution of learning where the boys were more disposed to agree with his political bias. When the characteristics displayed by these rebellious youths show themselves more profoundly among their elders the matter cannot

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be so easily disposed of. Throughout French history, they have involved terrible mutual misapprehensions on the part of men equally honest and equally admirable. More than anything else, I think, they have led to those fatally uncompromising dissensions which again and again have prevented tolerant co-operation at crucial moments. The deepest weakness of the French as a people seems to be their inability to take confidently united action. They know one another better than they can know any foreigners. That is one reason why their history has taken such a course that an English writer, who knows them well, has lately declared, in discussing their republican doctrine of fraternity, that no Frenchman can ever hate a foreigner quite so intensely as he hates Frenchmen of other opinions than his own.

At a French dinner-party, I happened to hear a phrase which, in this connection, seems to me deeply significant. It was during the disturbances about Jeanne d'Arc to which we have just referred. The schoolmaster was believed to have intimated that, according to his reading of the evidence—duly confirmed by the decree of the ecclesiastical court which sent her to the stake—her character left something to be desired. His pupils, when you began to sift their eloquence, appeared to maintain—in accordance with the decree of the equally regular ecclesiastical court which rehabilitated her memory—that she was blameless to the point of beatitude. The question gave rise to animated, though friendly, dispute among a company of French people assembled at table. Everybody there was alertly intelligent, everybody knew his history with surprising accuracy, everybody took eager interest in the somewhat academic discussion; and the range of opinion extended from not guilty, through not proven, to guilty. In the midst of the dispute, one of the company gave utterance to a principle which everybody seemed disposed to accept as axiomatic—"*Il n'y a qu'une vérité*," he exclaimed: "There is only one truth; a fact is a fact, or it is not; that is the whole story."

Everybody assented; and the discussion went on, so far as I remember to no definite conclusion. For my part, I did not venture to interpose. Yet I felt at the moment, as I have felt ever since, that no incident could better have illustrated at once the uncompromising intellectual candor of the French, and the most insidious limitation of it.

Take, for example, the case then in dispute, that of Jeanne d'Arc. Concerning her actual conduct in this world, of course, the aphorism was completely true. Either she was spotless, or she was not; and by carefully studying the evidence about her we may very likely reach, in the end, a pretty substantial opinion, one way or the other. But, suppose for the moment that the weight of the evidence should prove to be against her; suppose that we were forced to admit her frailty, as a matter of history. That would doubtless be a truth; and in her own time it might have been held pretty comprehensive. Nowadays, however, the case is different. It will soon be five hundred years since she gave up the ghost in the market-place of Rouen. Throughout these five centuries a tradition—a legend, if you will—has been tending to consecrate her memory. Even though she were proved in fact to have been worse than scandal ever pretended, nothing could prevent the equal truth that thousands and thousands of her countrymen have lived and died in the faith that she was the pure and inspired saviour of France. But for that tradition, even though she had been untainted as driven snow, she would to-day be nothing but a picturesquely eccentric soldier. That tradition itself, even though she were proved to have been the dregs of a mediæval gutter, is a fact which must still be reckoned with. There are at least two truths about Jeanne d'Arc—the truth of history and the truth of tradition. If they coincide, so much the better. If they prove hopelessly at odds, there is no reason why we should not reverence the monuments which perpetuate her name; for what they really consecrate is not what she actually was, it is what generations of posterity have fervently believed her to be. There is more than one phase of truth, after all; and the most deeply significant, the most lasting, the most pregnant, is not always that of mere reality. Oftener, I grow to feel, it is that of the ideal to which some fleeting reality—even though scrutiny may prove it sordid—has given inspiring and deathless life.

Such a distinction as this a thoughtful Frenchman would be apt to admit. Distinctions, even when not very fine, appeal to minds so fond of exactness as those of the French. At the same time, the precise dis-

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tinction which we now have in mind would seldom occur to them spontaneously. Their instinctive, impulsive love of system would prevent them from feeling its force until they had carefully considered it. There is something alluring in that phrase, to which the whole disputing company assented—*Il n'y a qu'une vérité.* Truth is single; it must remain forever immutable, unqualified. Their system of the eternities is based on this axiom. To question it would be preposterous —until you stop to think.

And meanwhile, let truth be single as you please, and let each one of us, with all the candor in the world, set himself the task of learning it; and you shall always find human beings at odds. The more alike they are in fundamental character, the more sharp their dissensions must be, and the more intolerant they must be of each other. Let them love system and love fact, as the French do. Let them be beset by the temptation to admit fact only in forms which may harmonize with system. Let them grow to maturity each amid the intensely strong traditions of his class and kind. Let each, as well, be conditioned by the accidental fact of the temper, the disposition, with which he chances to have come into the world. And the world he must live in must be, from beginning to end, a world of insoluble discord.

And yet, you would never understand the temper of the French if you stopped here. The excess, the fineness, the limitations of their strongest virtues, involve them in constant unrest, passionately resentful of their own images in the likeness of their compatriots. At the same time, there are some very deep impulses in which they remain deeply at one. This tendency you can feel in some of the phases of their character at which we have already glanced. The very fact of their school-boy demonstrations reveals their eager response to the appeal of a common sentiment. And when such a sentiment proves to be broadly, deeply, lastingly human, it springs to life with wonderful strength and tenderness.

How full of tender feeling the French are must be evident to anyone who comes to know them in their family lives. A constant phase of this tenderness—this impulsively deep human sympathy, at its purest and most true in the presence of poignant experience inevitable in the course of nature,—must be familiar to anyone who has ever travelled in France. Nowhere else does everyone, of every rank, respond with such instant, whole-souled, consoling sympathy to the presence of death. We are sometimes apt to think garish the conventional pomps of a French funeral. We should rather linger in thought on the reverence with which the French bare and bow their heads throughout the streets while the sad procession passes. The impulse may be momentary, the act of sympathy forgotten almost before it is done. But the fact of it remains deeply, beautifully significant. When, for a little while, the French can find themselves at one, in response to some great human emotion, you can be sure that they are at one with beautifully sincere intensity. That is one reason why you grow to love them so well.

THE TENSES

By Jessie Wallace Hughan

ONE cried, "*I have,*" while shadows of her fears
Bedimmed the present joy with coming ill;
"*I shall have,*" laughed another, but the years
Rolled o'er her hope, and left her waiting still.
"*I have had,*" said the third, "and am content;
My joy is past and I have held the whole;
Nor time, nor change, nor disillusionment
Can tear my perfect treasure from my soul."

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OFF THE TRACK

By Charles Buxton Going

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. T. DUNN

ALL along one edge of the Prado of Sandoval, the administration buildings of the Dos Bocas Development Commission blinked at the sunglare from behind double barriers—an outer screen of gray-green eucalyptus-trees and an inner one of white columns and light semicircular arches. Clifford stood gazing out of one of the sashless windows, which gaped from the thick cement walls behind these slim defences against the heat. The double row of palms across the Prado was streaming in the trade-wind; beyond was a long, purple glimpse of the sea. But the abstracted look in his eyes suggested that his mind was elsewhere, and his fingers kept, mechanically, a place in the pages of his note-book. For the third time during the ten minutes he had been waiting he opened it and frowned at the tabulated figures.

A clipping fluttered out and he stooped to pick it up again, reading the short paragraph through with an obvious satisfaction which was not lessened by the fact that he already knew it, word for word:

> The *Review* learns, at the moment of going to press, that Mr. Westerton Clifford, C. E., has resigned the position of division engineer to the W. & N. R. R., to accept an appointment with the Dos Bocas Improvement. His extensive experience and distinguished success in handling earthwork on a large scale will make him invaluable to the colossal enterprise with which he has associated his future. The commission and Mr. Clifford are alike to be congratulated on an arrangement which assures profit and prestige to both parties.

He turned, replacing the clipping and pocketing his note-book, as another man entered the room—dressed in white, like himself, and with the same semi-military air, but showing several shades more of bronze in his face.

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanwood," said Clifford, holding out his hand.

"Oh—good-morning, Mr. Clifford. I couldn't distinguish your face, at first, with the light behind you there. Is the chief inside, do you know?"

"Yes; Brownson's been with him for the last fifteen minutes. I'm waiting my turn."

"Is that so? I got a wire this morning that he wanted to see me, just in time to catch No. 2. Smith's close behind me. All the division engineers seem to be foregathered at headquarters. What's up?"

"I'm not sure. There's a report the old man's ordered a state-room on to-morrow's boat, and that he's going up on account of some mix-up at the capital. Probably wants to get reports and leave instructions all around."

"Oh! Likely enough. Well—I wish I had the job of going North for mine!"

Clifford smiled with the indulgent superiority of the novice.

"Oh, that's all right, old man," Stanwood continued good-naturedly; "it's very lovely, at first, and all that"—he waved his hand comprehensively at the view out of the window; "we've all been through that stage. Wait till you've been here a year. It isn't the chigoes in the bush, and stegomyia breeding in your bath sponge, and fleas all over the shop; that's easy enough to get used to. It is the fifty per cent. discount in the efficiency of everything, machine or human, that breaks your heart and makes you sigh for God's country."

"Ah," exclaimed Clifford, "that's where our chance lies. Why" (pulling out the note-book again), "look at these figures I've been compiling: Cost of excavation, Maximilian Cut, for the past six months. They're frightful. Why I——"

He broke off at the sound of voices and the opening of the door of the inner office. The chief engineer, following Brownson out, stood in the doorway, his heavy shoulders seeming almost to touch the jambs, and the forward thrust of his head emphasizing the uncomfortable peculiarity of the direct gaze he fixed upon the other men. His voice,

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however, was of curiously pleasant quality, as he answered their almost simultaneous "Good-morning, Mr. Burtonshaw."

"Good-morning, Mr. Stanwood; good-morning, Mr. Clifford. Which of you gentlemen has been waiting the longest?"

Stanwood stepped a trifle back, with a gesture of deference. Burtonshaw silently held the door for Clifford to enter, ignoring his murmured suggestion, "After you, sir," and standing with fixed insistence until the younger man, in some little embarrassment, had passed into the room.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Clifford?" said the chief. The assistant took the place at the side of the desk and Burtonshaw, slipping down very low in his own chair, stared at him for a long, awkward interval. When at length he spoke, it was without any sign of consciousness of the preceding silence.

"How do you find things on your division?"

"The work lacks concentration. There is no coherence in the attack. There are seven types of excavators and shovels, four of them obsolete, and only one really efficient. The engines are not adapted to the duty, and the dump-cars are unsuited to the material. The unit costs are accordingly high."

Burtonshaw opened his mouth in a wide, silent laugh, looking around as if seeking someone to share the joke. Clifford, to whom this trick of manner was unfamiliar, reddened and shifted uneasily in his chair for some uncomfortable moments before the chief spoke again, beginning in a tone of singular gentleness but with the air of reciting memorized sentences:

"Our work so far, you understand, is necessarily tentative. We are doing what we can with what we have, and that is mostly a legacy from our predecessors, that unfortunate Belgian company that failed. We are scarcely more than gathering data, you understand, for the final plans. That is what I had in mind in arranging this conference. I am going North by to-morrow's steamer, and may be away six weeks. Dispose your equipment to obtain the best efficiency you can, of course, so long as the work is continuous and is applicable to any variant of the plans which may finally be adopted. But I desire you to keep your costs, so that we may take out accurately any element we need—what it costs to excavate a yard of each class of material under all sorts of conditions, by each shovel and excavator, to haul it over each system of tracks, and to deliver it at each dump. Do I make it clear?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered Clifford.

"That is all, then. Brownson will be in charge of headquarters. Good-morning, Mr. Clifford."

With a sudden and absurd sense of vacancy, the younger man found the interview ended before he supposed it was begun. The masterly attack on things as they had been, which he had been arranging in his mind, was left facing empty air before he had done more than deploy his forces. He made a sort of futile gesture toward his note-book—opened his lips to speak—and found himself finishing an unready and rather ungraceful exit as the concentrated, imperturbable gaze of the chief actually seemed to usher him out of the door. An uncomfortable feeling—a species of minor chagrin—enveloped him as he walked across the Prado; once or twice he muttered, half unconsciously, parts of the speeches he was mentally making in the interview which had not taken place.

He gave his fragmentary, self-conscious outline of the conference that evening to Stanwood, who listened, smoking quietly and mentally filling in the gaps in the story.

"You didn't know 'Old Burt' before you came down?" he asked at length.

"No. I had seen him when he was president of the society and I had heard of his Sphinx gaze. By George, he is inscrutable!"

Stanwood held his cigar at arm's length, carefully flicking off a speck of ash. "Do you know, to me he seems wonderfully transparent?"

Clifford looked at him startled; then, laughing a little shortly: "Well, can you read what was in his crystal mind to-day, then?"

"That's easy." Stanwood straightened in his chair. "Easy! He knew things were wrong on that division; that's why you were brought here. He knew, in a general way, I mean, why they were wrong. You showed him, at the first go, that you knew exactly. That was enough for him. The particulars of the remedy were your business. Fix 'em, and then show him."

"But to have me tabulate and analyze the costs, and then not even——"

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"My dear fellow, for your information—not for his. He knew the totals were too high, but he didn't give a damn for the details, for they were the details of bad practice, which, since you had come on the job, was now ancient history. But he was clear enough in showing the interest he would have in details hereafter, wasn't he?"

"He certainly was," said Clifford thoughtfully.

"Because he expects you, as a specialist in that work, to get figures that will be the basis of his biggest calculations. That's all there is to it, as I see it."

After some minutes' silence, Clifford rose with the air of one whose self-satisfaction was quite restored.

"Well, it's up to me to show what economical dirt-moving is, I guess." Stanwood rose also, looking at his watch.

"That would seem to be part of the game. And you'll find the old man keen enough to examine the outcome. Good-night, good luck!"

As he crossed the court the wet air blew in his face, driven before a flapping gust from the north. By the time he had climbed the stairs and tramped the long gallery to his room he could hear through the open windows the heavy splashing of the shower.

"That has the real rainy-season sound," he thought; "Brother Clifford may find economical dirt-moving more difficult than he expects. Well—new experience is broadening, if not always agreeable."

The wet season was indeed beginning; by the end of a fortnight Clifford found himself facing the work in the big cut under a downpour which could cover the whole region a foot deep in a month. While the rain was falling labor in the open was practically impossible; during the few hours of steamy sunshine between showers (they scarcely averaged one in four) it seemed impossible to do much more than repair the damage of the floods. The heading in his cost book—"Dry Excavation"—leered at him ironically. Entries of quantities removed dwindled daily smaller and smaller; the curve of "cost per cubic yard" climbed like a peak of the Himalayas. Yet, with things as they were, he saw no way to increase the output of the shovels nor to reduce the other labor.

Revolving these conditions in his mind, he dropped off the Dos Bocas Railway train at the Maximilian siding. It was one of the rare mornings when it did not rain, and loaded dump-cars passing on the way to the spoil banks showed that work was in progress. Clifford walked alongside a line of empties waiting to go up and climbed into the locomotive cab.

"Are you hauling from the No. 2 shovel this morning, Donaldson?"

"No, sir; from the No. 3. No. 2 is buried in a clay slide."

"The devil! When did that happen?"

"Last night, or early this morning, I guess. She ain't not to say all buried—I hear Mr. Crehan give orders they should get the boom clear first so she could help dig herself out." After a moment he went on impassively: "No. 27's off at the bank switch this morning, and a cut of twelve cars is in the ditch up to the excavators."

"Oh!" said Clifford wearily; "how did it happen this time?"

"Spread rails!" Donaldson answered shortly. "The No. 27 is longer even than most of these engines, and they're all too long and too stiff. She just naturally butted the outside rail over. And them cars—why, Mr. Clifford, I see it myself—there was three rail lengths turned right over in one stretch, like. These here French rails is too high and too narrer on the base, even if they was laid solid and spiked good. Look out there, sir—she starts kinder rough." The engineer, getting his signal from the switchman, was slacking back to start. They got under way noisily, Donaldson leaning far out on his side of the cab and feeling his way over the yielding track. Once he ducked in and shouted something to his fireman, who in turn lurched close to Clifford, sitting forward on the fireman's seat, and yelled in his ear, grinning the while:

"He says watch out here, sir—the track was awful soft comin' out."

Clifford nodded, apparently undisturbed, but noticed the sag critically as they passed over the place. Hastily scribbling a note on a pocket pad, he threw it out to the foreman of a track gang a little farther on. He seemed to be concerned chiefly in scanning the raw sides of the great cut into which they had entered—a vast, artificially terraced trough driven across the ridge of the hills. Above it hung the fringe of the tropical forest. In its bosom lay a muddy, slowly spreading lake, unwelcome offspring of

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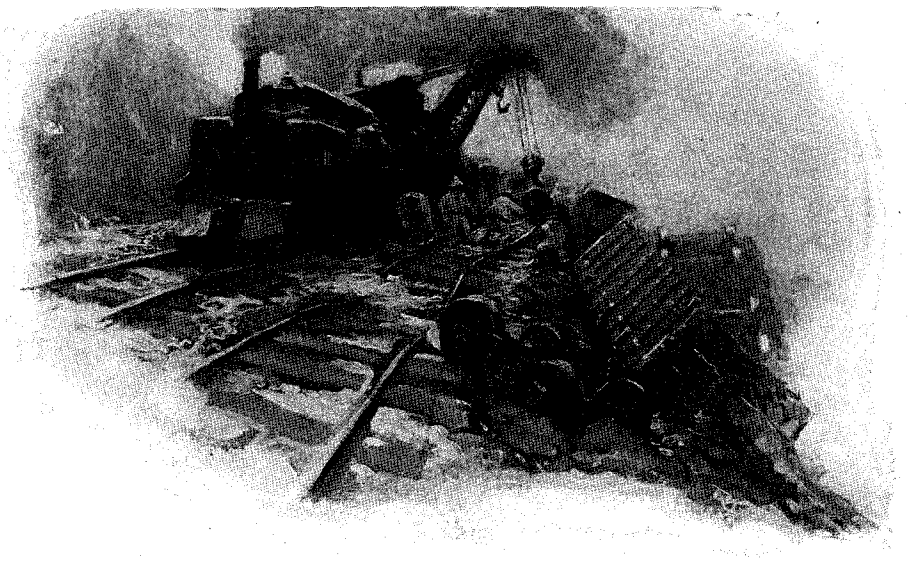

Derailments waxed in number day by day.—Page 758.

the rains. The bare slopes of colored clays and sombre rock were dripping, glistening, slippery and scored by oozing trickles and runnels of water.

"Dry excavation!" muttered Clifford to himself bitterly, climbing down from the cab as they jolted to a stop. "A lovely job! Good-morning, Crehan. How are you getting on with digging out No. 2 shovel?"

"Pretty good, sorr, for a shtart. We'll have her cleean by to-morrer night, barrin' too much rain. 'Twill be hand diggin' an' twicet movin' f'r most of the dirt, though—we can't load to the cars the way she lies."

"Well—the main thing is to get her at work again as soon as you can. Too bad to lose this fine morning."

"It is, sorr; it is too bad. And her the best shovel we had on the job. Wu'd ye think it good to move the No. 3 to help dig her out, Mr. Clifford?"

"Um. I hate to stop the work on this face—but go ahead. It'll be moving dirt, anyway. Here—let Donaldson couple on to the shovel and place her for you. I'll be along directly."

He looked back from across the cut on his way to the wreck at the excavators, and saw the engine and shovel crawling slowly on their mission of rescue. Fifteen minutes later a ragged negro workman brought him a soiled scrawl from Crehan.

Mr. Clifford deer Sir engine 27 and Shovel No. 3 is off the top bench swich they are layin acrost both tracks Pleas send the recking crain and crew from the excavatiors as soon as posible. Respfty J. Crehan.

By the time they had the wheels all on the rails again it was late afternoon—and raining once more. Clifford, soaked and muddy, saw the shovel started afresh for the landslide and was about to leave when word came that one of the excavators had "laid down." The track on which it stood, softened by the weather and the constant backflow of water drawn up in the buckets, had slid away. The whole machine had been saved from tipping into the cut only by the bucket ladder, and that was badly buckled. Clifford, chewing savagely on a soaked cigar stump, glared at the streaming landscape.

"Jack her back and shore her up safe," he snapped; "and, Crehan! Strip that crippled excavator and shop her, and shut down all the excavators to-night. They're simply eating up money. Put your whole attention on the shovels." He strode down the soggy track toward the station; the foreman, shaking his head dubiously, turned back up the cut.

"'Twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's wish anny of 'em should be shut down—but orders is orders. Well, well—sure 'tis hell f'r weather. Now, then, what are yez all doin' at all? Get yer tools on to thim cars and get

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up out o' this. Do ye think she'll hang there all night waitin' f'r yez?"

That evening the division engineer went over his latest figures, carefully and despondently. For the following week he "lived with the job." He withdrew from every unfavorable spot in the excavation, and concentrated on the easiest and least troublesome faces. He put all his spare forces at bettering the track. But it was ill ballasted and worse drained, and in spite of all he and Crehan could do, the derailments waxed in number day by day. This blocking of the tracks kept the shovels idle half the time, waiting for cars. At the end of the week the output had fallen to one-half and the cost had risen to three times the normal. On Sunday, Clifford called the foreman to headquarters.

"Crehan," he said, "we will stop the digging in the Maximilian cut for the present. Lay off all the labor you can. Clean up, and send any extra men you have to keep to Mr. Stanwood and Mr. Brownson."

"We will—yes, sorr." The Irishman's thin gray face changed from blank surprise to distress. He stood hesitant, turning his hat nervously around in his hands.

"Well?" said Clifford, somewhat irritably; "is there anything more?"

"No, sorr," Crehan replied hastily; "thim's the orrders, sorr—ye wouldn't let us thry a bit longer, Mr. Clifford? 'T might be betther weather——"

"No," said Clifford sharply; "it's simply wasting money to dig dirt now. I won't stand for it, so long as I am on the job. That's all there is about it."

"To be sure, sorr," respectfully interposed Crehan. "Yure the ingineer; 'tis f'r me to take the orrders, sorr. But—ye'll excuse me, Mr. Clifford; I'm gettin' to be an old man. I've been on jobs wid Mr. Burtonshaw since I were a young lad—and —I wance miscarried his orders, sorr——"

A sort of haunting terror leaped for a moment into the foreman's eyes, and his face worked silently. Clifford, who had been on the edge of dismissing him angrily, checked himself; he recalled hearing of some tunnel accident, years ago, caused by a foreman's neglect of Burtonshaw's instructions. There was still a little resentment, however, mingled with the condescension of his tone.

"You are very conscientious, Crehan. Don't disturb yourself. I am making the plans on this division; be good enough to see that they are carried out to-morrow, will you? Good-day."

"I will, sorr. Good-day, sorr." Crehan went out, subdued; but as he passed through the narrow streets of Sandoval to the men's boarding-house, he kept muttering to himself over and over:

"'Twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's plan—'twas not Mr. Burtonshaw's plan—and by God, Mr. Burtonshaw's plan's got more behint it than thim young ingineers sees!"

The chief.

"Do I understand, Mr. Clifford, that you have suspended the excavation absolutely for the past month?"

Burtonshaw, the day after a delayed return, was again addressing the division engineer across his office desk.

"I have, sir," answered Clifford. The assured confidence with which he had ap-

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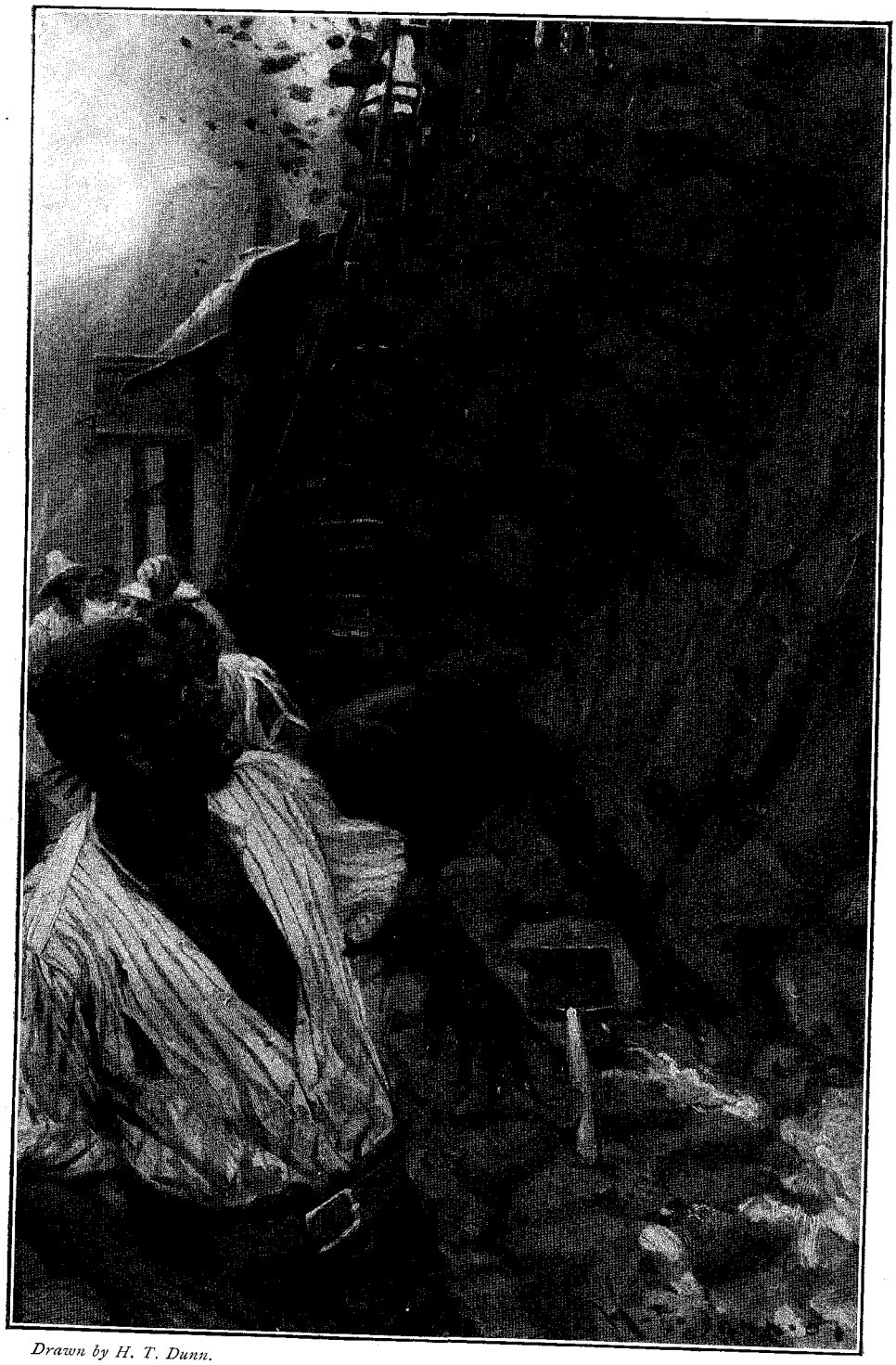

Drawn by H. T. Dunn.

The clay slide.

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"Get yer tools on to thim cars and get up out o' this."—Page 757.

proached the interview was dissolving in a very uncomfortable nervousness.

"On what grounds, may I ask?"

"On the grounds of economy. We spent more time getting the engines and cars back on to the rails than we did running them in service. The shovels were operating at barely one-fourth of their theoretical capacity. The costs, as that sheet will show you, were three times what they should be. It was simply wasting money."

Burtonshaw pushed aside the data sheet impatiently, rising and pacing the room back and forth several times before reseating himself at the desk. His gaze seemed to bore the younger man through. At last he spoke with great deliberation:

"It is impossible for you to know, Mr. Clifford, how I proposed to use your work or to co-ordinate it with that of others. It is unnecessary for you to understand my plan, but I might expect you to follow it. At this time, I do not care how much it costs to move that earth if the cost is due to necessary conditions. I do not care how often the engines jump the track, if the derailments do not result from mismanagement. I do not care how little the shovels turn out, if it is as much as they can ever be counted upon to move at this season. But I do want to know, and I must know, beyond cavil, what results are possible and what expenses are inevitable with the means now at our command. Do you understand that one of

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the questions at issue is the scrapping of equipment which we have taken over at $10,000,000?"

Clifford hesitated a moment, silent.

"I am satisfied on that point, to a moral certainty," he said at last.

"Then can you impress your moral conviction upon a political administration and a nation of laymen fifteen hundred miles away? Can you——" The chief broke off, seizing the sheet of figures and holding it out toward Clifford. "You show here a total of 30,000 yards excavated in a period of three weeks. We have to face a total of 60,000,000 yards to be moved, and to deal with arrangements for a period of ten years. Can you justify to yourself, to me or to that vast suspicious constituency watching us, any conclusions based on such premises?"

The huge bent shoulders of the chief suddenly seemed to Clifford to be bowed by a gigantic load of which, in angry mortification, he saw himself forming a part. A phrase of the *Review* personal circled in his mind, irritating, insistent, as if it were being whispered into his ears: "*His extensive experience and distinguished success in handling earthwork on a large scale make him invaluable.*" The contrast between the poor flattery and the mortifying facts in which he was plunged struck him with a sense of miserable sickness. Then a hot tide of self-justification broke over him.

"I certainly supposed," he began assertively, "I was to use my experience and judgment——"

"In organizing the work—in directing it to the best attainable efficiency—in continuing it against every obstacle, but not in suspending it." The chief rarely interrupted any speaker thus. Now he sat gripping the corners of the table before him, his whole presence the embodiment of an overmastering purpose against which Clifford's defence broke as if it had run upon a rock. "Can you go before the country," Burtonshaw continued tensely, "with any fundamental plan which must depend vitally on unit costs, and confess that you shut down operations and abandoned work at a very critical point in ascertaining those costs? You stop in alarm because a few yards of earth moved cost a dollar fifty a yard. Can you assure me that the attempt to carry on work through the rainy season would not run that cost up to two fifty—or three fifty—a yard? If so, shouldn't I know it—*must* I not know it—to control all future plans and estimates?"

"But, Mr. Burtonshaw, much of our high cost was caused by the wretched track, and that is not a necessary part of any future operations." Clifford's angry resentment of the experience through which he was passing flashed out in his tone, and he was conscious in the same moment that the chief recognized it and ignored it in his reply.

"Precisely—and that is why I told you to dissect and analyze your figures so that we might separate and detect that very component." The chief rose, his heavy shoulders and forward-thrust head seeming to tower over the mortified assistant. "Mr. Clifford," he concluded, with slow deliberation, "you have lost a priceless, and I fear unique opportunity to secure data of inestimable value."

Clifford rose also, white and trembling. He waited some time to control himself, and finally spoke in a voice quite unlike his own:

"Will you accept my resignation now, sir, or shall I put it in writing?"

Burtonshaw stared at Clifford for a long, and, to the young man, a distressingly awkward interval. When at last he spoke his voice had regained its usual almost musical tone, but as he began the assistant thought his question had been ignored.

"We are dealing with a large problem, Mr. Clifford. We must look at things in a large way. You have been controlled solely by ideas of absolute economy. What we need is absolute knowledge, at almost any price. The misunderstanding has already cost some necessary data. If it costs a necessary assistant in addition, will not the work—will not I—suffer a double loss?"

Clifford felt a warm tingling flush and knew that his face was burning. He straightened up and met the older man's eyes squarely.

"Mr. Burtonshaw," he said, "I've been off the track. I'm sorry you have had the time and trouble jacking me back. But I can stay on now, I think—and the rainy season is not over yet, either. Shall I get to work?"

Burtonshaw's wide, silent laugh seemed to fill the room with its noiseless enjoyment. He looked from side to side, as if gathering

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in the world at large to share it. Then Clifford saw his chief's hand extended.

"Good!" said the old man. "Good! And now let's study these figures a bit."

"By gad, he's big!" whispered Clifford to himself, crossing the Prado fifteen minutes later. "He's big! No wonder Crehan has stayed with him for a lifetime!"

THE POINT OF VIEW

EVERY June, when flitting time comes, and the birds of passage gossip of White Star, and Cunard, and North German Lloyd, and of French and Dutch lines, I, too, find myself touched with the fever of flight—with a desire for winging to distant lands. Then I dream a little of the countries that I would visit; and I should go, I think, only that before I have completed my itinerary the fever subsides, the desire ebbs away, the dream fades. I find that there are lands which do not attract me, and that concerning others I have illusions. The lands that do not attract me I do not wish to visit; the illusions I do not wish to destroy.

A Stay-at-Home's Lands of Illusion.

Take, for instance, France. When I think of France, I always see green lanes, and meadows, and vineyards, and gardens with quaint white cottages nestled everywhere among them, and two-wheeled tumbrels drawn by oxen. Also, there are wooden-shoed and blue-bloused or short-skirted peasants, who make Millet pictures against the sky. There are winding placid streams, too, and châteaux, and time-hallowed villages where the people have gone on, unchanged in habit and speech, since Joan of Arc began her march to Rheims.

Unless I think of Paris. When it is Paris, it is always night, and there is a gay procession on the pavements—singers from the *café chantant*, dancers from the ballet—a medley of mask and fancy dress that capers and sings in the gaslight, and here and there on some high parapet a white *pierrot*, keeping company with the moon. This is the France of my illusion, and I want to keep it. I am afraid if I went there, the cottages would not all be white and the fields would not all be green. I am afraid there would be fewer two-wheeled ox-drawn tumbrels than motor-cars. I am afraid the peasants might be wearing leather brogans, made in Lowell, and cheap, ready-made ugly coats and dresses, and that they might not stand against the sky at evening and bow to the benediction of the angelus. I am afraid the châteaux would show modern additions and American plumbing, and that the sightseer would be scattering bits of paper about and shivering the old atmosphere of romance with shrill laughter and with frivolous comments in voices harsh and high of key.

And then Paris: something tells me that it would not be always night there and a gala procession, and that I might find it hard to discover the white *pierrot* keeping company with the moon. I do not like to risk losing the green lanes and the châteaux and the Paris of my illusion. So I do not go to France.

Then there is England. My reading and my observation teach me that the English language is spoken in that country. I have read selections of the literature printed there, which did not appear to differ materially from our American idiom, and I have met native persons from several English localities and in various walks of life, some of them barely off the steamer. Certainly most of these were able to speak something which very closely resembled English, each in his own manner and variety, though with scarcely more social and geographical differences than one might discover here at home. Yet I have never been able really to persuade myself that they had not acquired the tongue on the voyage over and used it in America as a matter of courtesy and convenience. I have never been able not to believe that in their native land and in their own homes they would, by heredity and of necessity, employ a lan-

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guage which only one born of the race and perhaps of the immediate neighborhood could comprehend without lessons.

If I should visit England it is quite possible that I should find myself undeceived. I might find them not only printing their books and their periodicals substantially in our written forms, but actually employing a colloquial speech which would fall no more strangely on the ear than that of those English visitors whom I have greeted on the docks, or than the lingual embroideries which I should be bringing home myself, perhaps, after a month or a week spent in the purlieus of Regent Street or Trafalgar Square.

I do not wish to lose my English illusion. I should not like to discover that it is not really a foreign country—to find, indeed, that we have laid the burden of our language and our literature and our customs upon that nation so completely that unless one examines a time-table or a bill of fare he might still believe himself at home. I want to continue to think that England is just foreign, and unusual, and that I should have to learn the language out of a word-book. So I do not go to England.

I consider Italy. My Italy consists of purple distances and creamy villas with terraces and colonnades, and olive groves and vineyards that stretch away and blend into a violet haze under the farthest hem of the horizon. I do not think of Venice as Italy, or of Rome, or Pompeii. I know those places, too, in the lands of illusion, and Venice is all moonlit water and white palaces, and Rome is moonlight, too, with palaces and the Coliseum, and the moonlight reaches to Pompeii and lies white and still among the ruins.

Florence is my Italian city. Men wear doublet and hose in Florence, and trunks, and when they dislike anyone very much they dispose of him with a long keen rapier or perhaps drown him in the Arno. There are fascinating shops in Florence. They are along a bridge, and you buy curiously wrought gold things in them, and gems. One Benvenuto Cellini has a shop there, and you must be polite when you barter with him, for he is easily angered and is uncommonly quick with weapons.

Oh, there is a lot to call one to Florence! The great ones of Italy, and the great wonders—all the art treasures and the architecture, all the romance and the tragedy I have gathered there. But then, I do not go to Florence. I have heard that Benvenuto is dead—that is the report—though I suspect that he is only sojourning in Rome or Paris until one of his "affairs" has been settled at home. Still, it is possible that I should not find him in his shop, and I fear I should have to be wary of my purchases in other shops, or in returning home I should find myself bringing gems and filigree things back to their native land. Perhaps the men of Florence no longer wear doublet and hose and settle their affairs with the rapier and the Arno, but have descended to custom tailoring and the damage suit. The art and the architecture must be there, but I have seen them so long as one sees the objects beyond the looking-glass, in a glamour of unreality, that I hesitate before testing the direct glare of the real. And Venice might not be all music and moonlight and palaces—white without, and dim-carved-and-tapestried within. I have heard that steam-launches are on the canals there, and God knows what other desecrations may be on the way. And Rome might not be all moonlight, either, or Pompeii, and as for the purple vine-lands and olive groves, with the enchanted villas, one who has been in Italy once told me that Italy is not purple at all. I do not believe that, of course. I saw a painting once—it was called "A Dream of Italy." I do not know who painted it—it was a long time ago and I have forgotten the artist's name. I suppose he never became celebrated or I should have heard it again, and recollected. It does not matter—that picture was full of opalescent mist that blended away into the violet distance, and in it I recognized all the objects and the wonder that I knew there, and it was my Italy—the Italy I do not like to lose.

(I have not overlooked Germany—I have avoided it. Germany is one of the countries which to me does not seem attractive. I have no illusions about Germany. I find no romance and no mystery in its people or its language. We have more of both in New York City than in any city in Germany, except Berlin. The German city is constructed on the modern commercial standard, its institutions aim to out-Americanize even America. Its military officials crowd one off the pavement and run him through with a sword if he objects. I do not wish to be run through with a sword or even smacked briskly with the flat of it. No, the Germany I know is not attractive to me, though it may be an illusion, too, in which case I am satisfied not to disturb it.)

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I SHOULD end this matter here if it were not for the Orient. The Orient has a spell which one does not lightly resist. I need not distinguish as to locality. Among the lands of illusion the Far East is just the Far East, and the "Arabian Nights' Tales" comprehend it all. Emperors and princes, loaded with jewels, mounted on camels or richly caparisoned horses and protected from the sun by silken canopies carried by slaves. Sultans with splendid turbans and pointed shoes—dark-visaged men with burning eyes—who sit cross-legged on a dais and nod to the Grand Vizier when a head is to fall. Story-tellers who weave marvellous tales of genii and magic and jewelled caves, and who tread warily the trail of fancy, knowing that any halting or misstep may invoke the fatal nod.

The Unvisited East

And then the traffic of the East. Long caravans winding across the desert, loaded with rich bales of rare carpets from those vague interior lands where men and women sit in the sun and weave with the warp and woof of heredity and tradition, in colors and patterns whose very existence has to do with magic and the influence of the evil eye. Wide, shouting market-places where the costly things are flung about for inspection and where one may pick up a priceless treasure for a song. Gay, narrow streets, crowded with bazaars where mesmeric Eastern perfumes hang about rare fabrics and hover among strangely wrought trinkets and uniquely mounted gems. Dim corners wherein one may by chance discover a magic lamp that shall summon the genii of ancient days. Gorgeously clad merchants, with baggy trousers—dark-faced mysterious men who mutter "Allah" and swear by the Prophet's beard. And just outside, the squatting magicians who could never perform their marvels without the aid of invisible powers, who perhaps toss a rope circling into the air, and then climbing it disappear from view. And everywhere color and mystery and magic—all the men mysterious, and all the women doubly so because their faces are veiled from profaning eyes.

I dwell long upon the Far East of my illusion. Yet I do not visit it. I believe it is all there, of course. But I can't take any chances. I can't take the risk of finding my emperor and my prince riding in a barouche, my sultan clad in a Prince Albert coat studying modern military tactics. It would grieve me to find my caravan reduced to a mule train, or to a few skeleton camels, loaded with bright new aniline rugs and glass jewels or gaudy cottons from Manchester. Perhaps the busy, shouting market-place would not be the fascinating outpouring of lavish and heaped-up riches I have known so long. Perhaps I might fail to pick up the priceless jewel for a song. Perhaps the last magician who ascended the circling rope into the viewless air has not yet returned. Perhaps I should not like the mesmeric nosegay of the bazaar; perhaps the dress of the shopkeeper might seem just stage property and unreal, and not truly a part of the picture I have known; perhaps the genii would not appear when I rubbed the lamp he sold me. I bought a lamp once in an Oriental bazaar on this side of the water. It was old and it was Persian—anyone could see that. But when I rubbed it—a little too smartly, maybe—nothing appeared but the brand of a Chicago manufacturer. It filled me with misgivings. When I consider the Orient for my journey, I remem the story of that lamp, and I cling fast to the Orient of my illusion, which I would not willingly disturb. And then, perhaps, I look up the New England time-tables, and pack a bag, and so carry my Lands of Illusion with me to enjoy somewhere among the solid hills.

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THE FIELD OF ART

MURAL PAINTING AND DRAMATIC ART

WHEN he decides to paint a picture on his easel, the artist may make his conditions—those conditions which must be complied with if the spectator would see aright what is shown. But, when he is commissioned to paint a given wall surface, there are certain conditions necessarily imposed upon the artist. A commonplace statement if you choose, but one that expresses, I think, the difference between the painter of pictures and the mural painter.

There is something of this same difference between the work of the writer for readers and that of the dramatist. The conditions in the case of the mural painter are such as are necessarily brought to the mind of the beholder by the character of the building in which the painting is placed; not merely its being a court-house or a theatre, or what not, but by the particular—the undefinable—condition of the mind, brought out by the work of the architect. The painter may surprise that state of mind, or he may treat it gently; he may even combat it, but consider it he must if he is to gratify it. There are expectations in that mind which may not be neglected by the artist.

To proceed instantly to an example, the work of Puvis de Chavannes in the Panthéon in Paris is so well known that it needs but mention to convince. Without detracting from the work of the other artists there represented, it may be said that Puvis, of all others, answers expectations. What he has done looks as easy to do as a sonnet of Shakespeare. One artist, in trying to analyze, says it is because Puvis has kept the wall surface in his painting; another, that he has eliminated unnecessary details, or that he has avoided dark spots; but I prefer to generalize and to say that Puvis has answered to the state of mind superinduced by the great work of Soufflot; by the famous church itself.

And there is a parallelism between the conditions under which a mural painter must work and those that confront the dramatist. Voltaire said, "The only way to judge of a play is to see it played, because it is necessary to see it in place to judge it properly." Molière has used almost the same language, "It is well known that comedies are written to be played," and he would only permit those to read his plays "who had eyes to discover in the reading the play as seen on the stage." Now I question if there is a mural painter of experience who has not repeatedly used similar words in speaking of his own work. There are certain conditions that assert themselves when a painting is seen amid its surroundings that seem impossible to completely understand except when the work is seen in place.

If there were nothing but this point of similarity in the work of the mural painter and that of the dramatist, it would be interesting; but the more I read of the conditions of dramatic art the more do I see reflected those that have confronted me. It must be true, of course, that the grammar of painting is the same, whether it be applied to the style of a wall painting, or that of an easel picture. It would seem absurd to suppose that a man lacking in knowledge of the technique of painting could successfully execute a wall painting. But we all know that many painters of ability have produced wall paintings that are singularly inadequate; and we know also that men have written plays that are delightful to read and tiresome to see. How often have I seen photographs of mural paintings that attracted me, only to be followed by disappointment on seeing the paintings in place. Recently I went to see Gérôme's wall paintings in the Church of St. Severin in Paris. That Gérôme was an artist of great ability, his picture of the "Cock Fight," painted when he was but twenty-two, has proved conclusively, yet these wall paintings in St. Severin seem to me but commonplace. I should not have looked at them a second time had I not been interested in seeing just what a great painter of easel pictures would do with a wall painting. I can well believe

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that, seen in his studio, they would have delighted me, for there he made his own conditions and doubtless complied with them.

And this suggests another experience I had some years ago. I was recovering from an illness, the days were long and the hospital seemed to be enveloped in an atmosphere of routine and sequence. Some essays of De Quincey fell into my hands and I recall with what pleasure I read them. Their matter escapes me now, but the easy way in which the mind was led from one paragraph to another was a delight. Later, in the activity of New York life, I found these same essays tiresome. My surroundings had changed, my mind did not respond; whereas some enchanting stories of Guy de Maupassant, with their quick turns of thought, seemed fitted to my mood; and so, too, Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills." He seemed to skip whole chapters, and tell me the result, just as life in New York does. Is there not a suggestion here?

I do not know how to define my expectations at the theatre—that takes a Sarcey or Brisson; but you may bore me even with beauty at the play, if it is not dramatic beauty.

I find another parallelism in reading what De Julleville said of Alexandre Dumas: "He had the sense of the theatre, and not only did he know how to compose a drama, in view of its being played, but without writing well in a literary sense, he wrote well for the stage. His language may be poor, but it seems good on the stage. It has defects which are not noticed in the representation, and good qualities which there come out markedly." Now, I think nothing is more apt to occur to a mural painter than to have just such conclusions brought to him out of his own experience. He will surely discover that certain faults of painting, when his work is seen in his studio, are not faults at all when his painting is seen in place; and certain qualities that are not apparent in his work when seen in his studio become quite evident and quite important when seen on the wall.

I take up another paragraph from De Julleville; he is speaking of a twelfth-century play, representing Adam and Eve: "This drama," he says, "is not without literary merit; we may admire the skilful management of the scene where the demon cajoles and seduces the woman. . . . The demon and the woman are real people and living; this seducer knows how to speak the language of seduction; this woman, weak, credulous, and curious, is, if not the type, at least a sketch of the character. The scene in which they struggle is not a dialogue between two cold abstractions." These words have suggestions for us painters! Do they not imply that we should make our figures expressions of real life, which is fundamentally the same in all ages? Whether our figures represent Adam and Eve, or Ceres, or the early settlers of our own country, should we not make them living realities rather than cold abstractions? Just how we are to do this is a matter for each painter to decide for himself. But might it not be advisable for us to paint De Julleville's words on our studio walls—"Reality rather than abstractions"? Americans are keen-witted, and will never be satisfied with anything less real than what they have learned in the struggle for their own existence.

In speaking of realities and expectations, let me quote from an Oriental writer. "It is because of this secret understanding between the master and ourselves that in poetry or romance we suffer and rejoice with the hero and heroine. Chikamatsu, our Japanese Shakespeare, has laid down, as one of the first principles of dramatic composition, the importance of taking the audience into the confidence of the author. . . . 'This,' said Chikamatsu, in criticising a play submitted to him, 'has the proper spirit of the drama, for it takes the audience into consideration. The public is permitted to know more than the actors. It knows where the mistake lies, and pities the poor figures on the board who innocently rush to their fate.'"

The word expectations has not been used here, but has it not been implied? "But," the Japanese says, "after all, we see only our own image in the universe, our particular idiosyncrasies dictate the mode of our perceptions." Was it not a perception of these truths that made De Julleville admire, in the old mystery play of "Adam and Eve," the exposition of one of the fundamental relations of life?

And does not the dramatic unity of action about which we have all read so much have its counterpart in pictorial unity? If mural painting has one requisite, it is that the impression produced be one of unity; unity with itself, unity with its surroundings. Scatter my attention and you will lose it. No amount of excellence of aggregated detail

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will hold my attention, if it be not also congregated. Our paintings are surrounded by architectural details which, no matter how complicated, must be conceived on a structural principle. Put them together indiscriminately, and no matter how beautiful they may be in themselves, they will not make a successful building. And, with this requirement definitely established by the architect, does not the mind of the beholder expect the same principle to run through all parts of the building, whether those parts be of marble or of paint? We will accept *des longueurs* in a novel, if they are interesting in themselves; but at the play we shall yawn. We may put down a novel and take it up again to-morrow, but once the curtain is raised the mind must be led to a conclusion, and led inevitably, until the end of the play. I will not give my attention to-morrow if it is not won to-night. And I will not look at a wall painting again unless it delights me when first seen. And remember that I shall be in a frame of mind that first time that I see the wall painting which will not be of the artist's choosing. It will be fixed by architectural conditions over which the painter can have but little control. They will rather control him, and if he has heeded their suggestion they will give him a setting which will emphasize whatever of merit he puts into his work.

But where, it may be asked, may examples of mural painting be seen that fulfil expectations? Of course, we must go to Italy; Venice first, or perhaps Rome, but that is a detail. If we will analyze the great painting of Veronese on the ceiling of the ducal palace, his "Venice Enthroned," we may see how completely the artist has marshalled his forces in a manner that might have been used by the dramatist. A great festival has been suggested; an attendant crowd, guards, horsemen, a palace—all unreal, if you choose, but all united in a way that makes the appeal one of unity. But the painter La Farge says that this picture "has only conformed to external rules; . . . if the architecture be imaginary, we are reassured by the relative reality of its inhabitants. . . . All is fancy, all is impossible, except that these are the figures of the scene, and since they are there in their proper place and perspective, the sight must be true." Veronese has complied with that desire for unity which is inherent in the mind. Abstractions he has used, the necessities of the space at his disposal required him to do this, but he has made these abstractions as real, yea, more real, than the actual things and men that furnished the basis for his imaginings. And so we might discover these truths in any of the great works of mural painting with which Italy abounds.

But if we turn to Italy to see these perfect examples of mural painting we need not be discouraged and think that mural painting is definitely and immovably fixed. No art can live that does not change as peoples and conditions change, and the work of Puvis can assure us that we may paint in a manner different from that of the men of the past, and yet hold the same fundamental principle. We may express our own individualities as truly as the great painter of Verona expressed his. Perhaps the dramatist may again come to our aid. Voltaire said, speaking of the drama, "All kinds are good except the tiresome kind."

And from how many different sources may both the dramatist and the mural painter draw material and yet remain original! De Julleville says: "Tartuffe owed something to twenty different authors: to Boccaccio, to Aretino, to Regnier, to all the old story-tellers, satirists, and moralists who have painted hypocrisy. A novel of Scarron furnished to Molière the striking scene between Tartuffe, Orgon, and Damis. . . . But in spite of these particular borrowings the play is entirely the work of Molière, and remains one of the great creations of his genius." Now anyone who has studied the work of Raphael knows how extensive were his borrowings. Everything that came to his hand he used, but in using the work of others he made it his own as truly as though he had painted from an actual scene in nature. His originality was never embarrassed because others pointed to what he saw. "He infused into manners the undefinable charm that we know by the name of Raphael."

Words of Rubens apply here, too. "There are," he says, "painters for whom each imitation is useful; others, for whom it is so dangerous that it may almost annihilate art in them. In my opinion, in order to reach supreme perfection, 'tis necessary not only to become familiar with the statues, but to be steeped in their innermost meaning. Yet such knowledge must be used with prudence and with entire detachment from the work; for many unskilled artists, and even some of

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talent, do not distinguish matter from form, nor the figure from the substance which ruled the sculptor's work."

Nor is this way of working that Rubens suggests at all a difficult one. I have frequently pictured to my mind the landscape brought to my attention by the work of a Japanese artist; and I have painted from that landscape which I saw in my mind without in any way copying the work of the Japanese. Indeed, it is in no way difficult to walk about in that landscape, and to make a picture of it from another standpoint.

It might be well to consider for a moment the matter of the choice of subject for our mural paintings, for most wall paintings are for public buildings, and the subject-matter then becomes one of great importance. Like the dramatist, we have a public to appeal to as well as a class of refined critics, and if our work is well done we should satisfy both. Certain it is that Jupiters and Junos will not appeal strongly to audiences made up largely of those whose knowledge of the Greek gods is confined to what they have read in a classical dictionary. But suppose we represent, as Veronese did, sights that our fellow-citizens have seen, or that are real to them by the course of their natural reading. There is nothing that prevents our choice of such subjects, any more than there was anything that prevented Veronese telling his audience what they already knew something about. That Veronese had an advantage in the picturesque dress of the day may not be disputed, but a disadvantage should not be construed into a discouragement. Surely the wonderful story of the development of our own country gives us as great opportunity as we could wish for, and the fact that so many novels have been published of late in which the author has shown his intimate knowledge of the conditions in the settlement of that part of the country in which he was born should be to us painters an indication of the desire in the popular mind. There is perhaps not a State in the Union that is without a history peculiarly interesting. The hemp-fields of Kentucky played an important part in the development of that State, and California and gold-mines are intimately associated. Should we not make use of these facts? Mural painting should not make demands on the technical and artistic culture of the beholder. It should gratify that culture where it exists, but its appeals must be made to the public; nor need we have any fear that realism will rob us of our opportunities for imagination. The story of Lincoln and his development is certainly realistic, and it is as certainly imaginative to a high degree. The eternal verities, with which mural painters must deal, the verities of space and line and color, may as well be applied to the hemp-fields or the gold-mines as to the realities of Venice. Light and shade fall upon the homespun gown as truly as upon brocades and satins, and the delightful patterns they make are no respecters of materials.

And geometry, too, has laws as applicable to one kind of subject as to another. Its mysteries were not exhausted by the Italians. Gothic architecture is as truly a setting forth of the principles of geometry as is the architecture of the Renaissance.

Still another matter might be worth our attention. The mural painter of to-day is made from the artist who has learned his *métier* in the usual way of painting from the living model, and his tendency, perhaps, is inevitably toward painting well what he can see before him in his studio; but this is far from a free rendition of life. Instead of painting Abundance Rewarding Labor, he may easily, though unintentionally, paint a picture of one model giving another model a cornucopia filled with wheat and apples. And here again, as a last example of the parallelism between dramatic art and mural painting, let me quote from De Julleville again: "One may interest himself even in marionettes, provided he may imagine that they represent men and women, but one finds no interest even in men and women when they are at best but marionettes."

W. B. Van Ingen.

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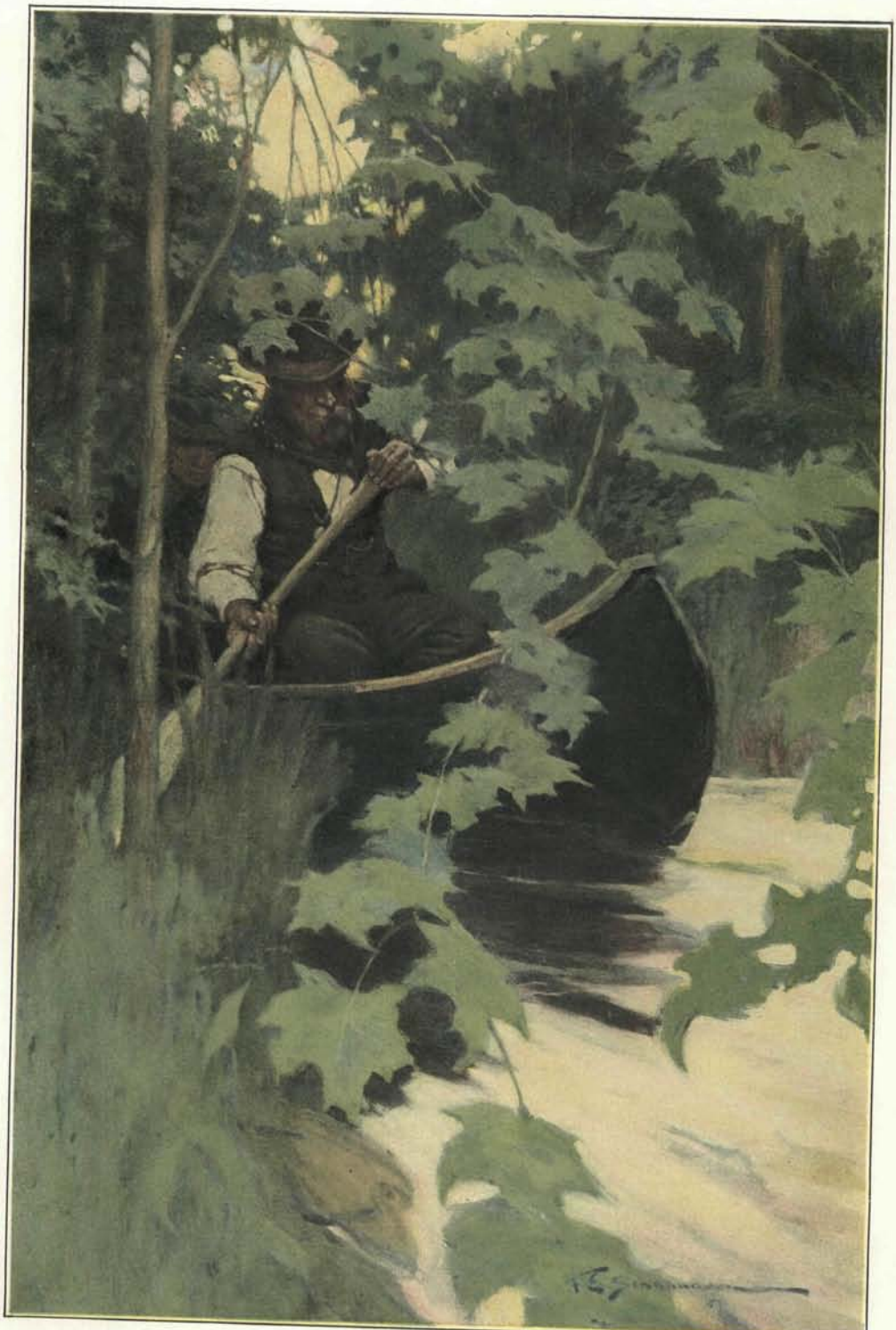

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

It was no easy task to guide the boat down the swift current.—Page 664.

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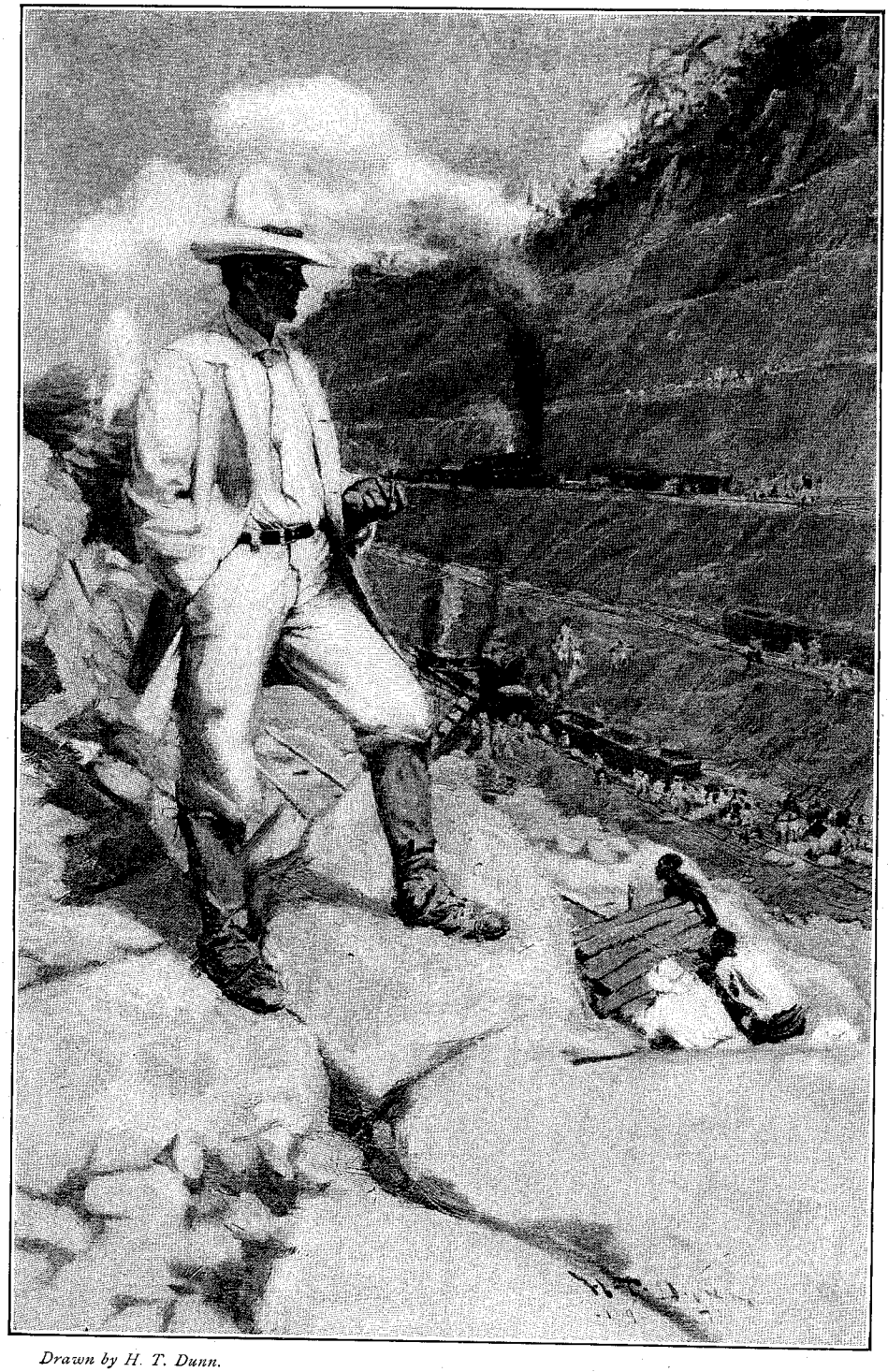

Drawn by H. T. Dunn.

He looked back from across the cut.—Page 757.

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